JANUARY • 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

"Man in the Moonlight"

When a woman confides in a man, she may give him secret power over her marriage

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY CECILE GILMORE

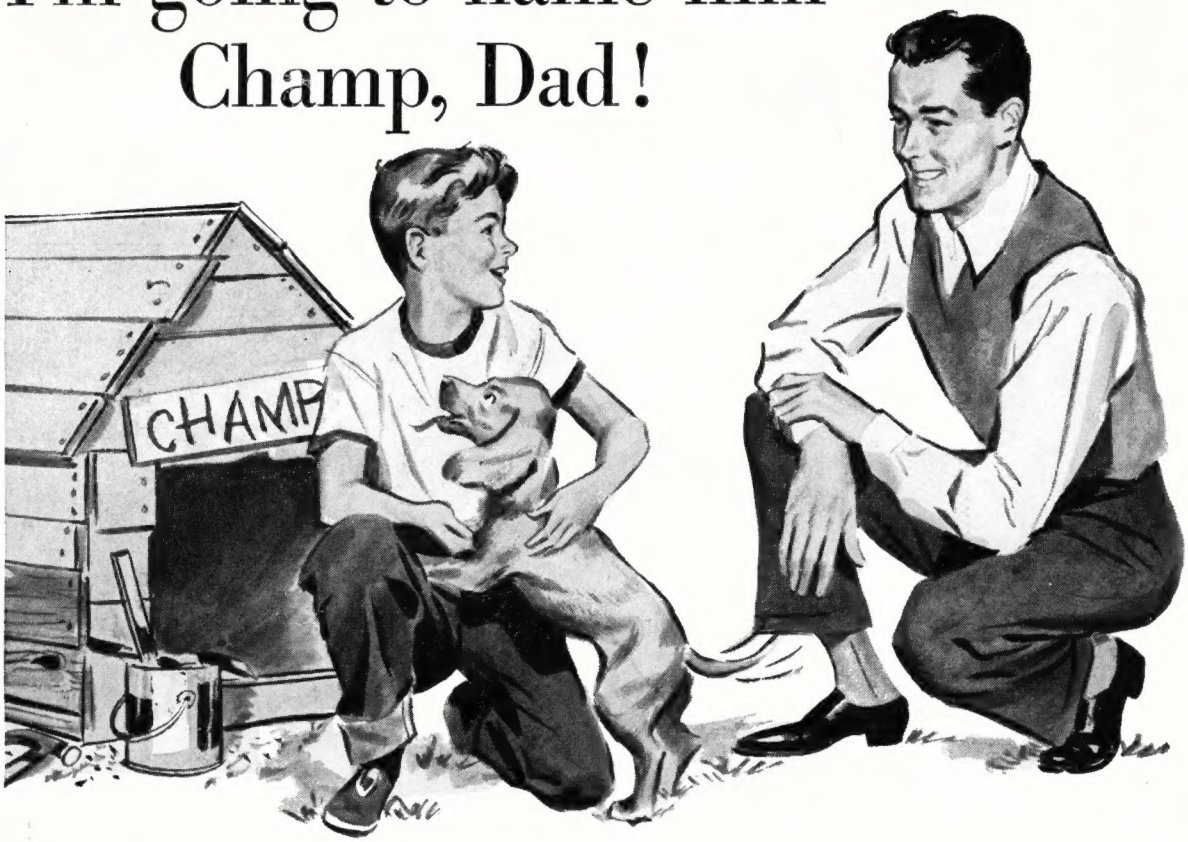
Is This Murder—or Mercy?

A frank report on the moral and legal aspects of hospital-performed abortions

WHAT MEN REALLY THINK OF WOMEN!

At last, the lowdown on how males rate the opposite sex

I'm going to name him Champ, Dad!



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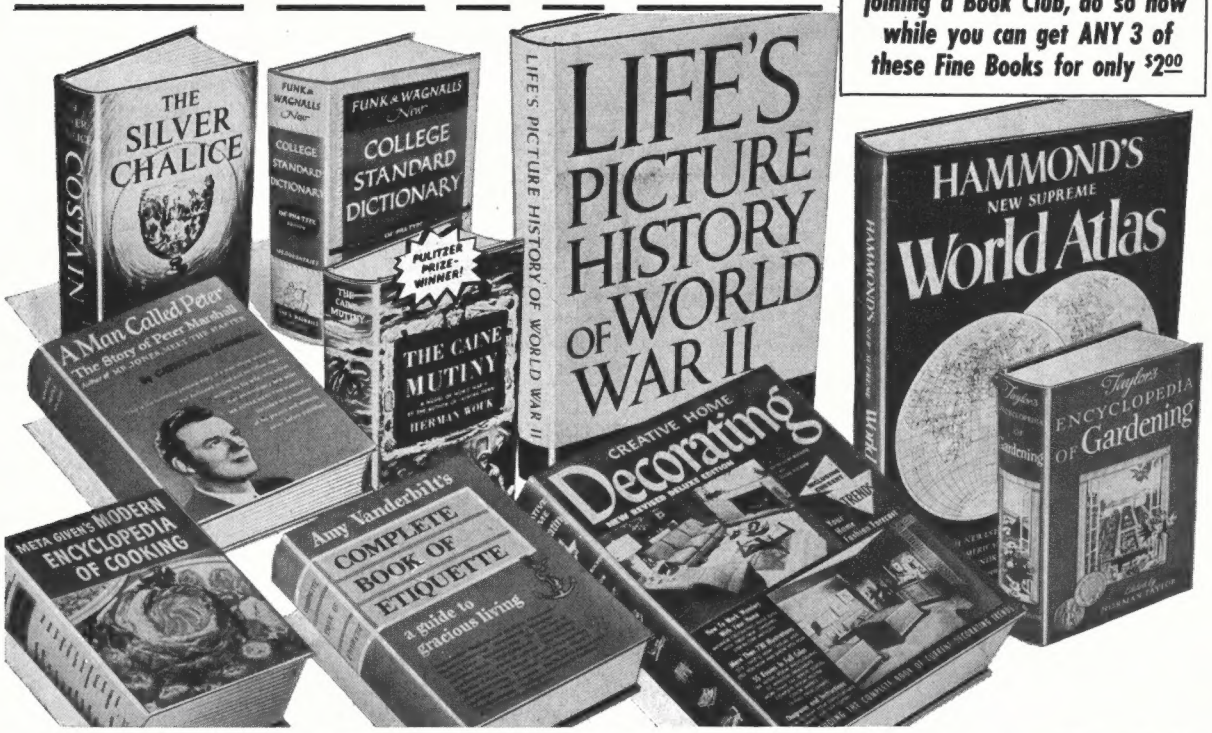
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PICTURE of the Month

If this were just a picture about Hollywood, it would be just another picture, but it's more than that. This is a picture about people—interesting people. These people happen to live in the fabled and fabulous world of sables and swimming pools, of loveliness and loneliness. It is called "The Bad and the Beautiful" because it is about a man of consuming ambition, who used people to achieve his ends. He has the great quality of creativeness, but as a social force he is personally destructive—an amazing performance by Kirk Douglas.

But it is also about a woman—a woman who is beautiful and who happened to love this bad man. Here's Lana Turner in her most exciting dramatic role. The severest critic will have to admire her acting as she plays a movie star, catapulted into fame by the genius of her mentor. Hers is a life of romance and rapture and pain. Her love is pulsating, with but one alloy—the mad desire for a niche in filmdom's Hall of Fame.

With these brilliant stars, is one of Hollywood's most outstanding, Oscar-bound casts. Handsome Walter Pidgeon as the worldly, assured executive, Dick Powell and Gloria Grahame as the writer and his wife who are carried along in this powerful surge towards fame... Barry Sullivan, Gilbert Roland—all hand-picked for the greatest roles of their careers.

"The Bad and the Beautiful" is the Hollywood of today. It takes you inside the studios where the make-up man's skill erases sorrows and yearnings, where glamor is born ... brings you on to the actual sets where pictures are made, shows you a picture within a picture... carries you to Hollywood's palatial homes. It tells the truth about a business of legends. You'll see Hollywood with the roof-tops ripped away... with its people revealed, the notorious and the famous... the failures and the successes ... the bad and the beautiful.

★ ★ ★

An M-G-M picture starring LANA TURNER, KIRK DOUGLAS, WALTER PIDGEON, DICK POWELL in "THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL" co-starring Barry Sullivan, Gloria Grahame, Gilbert Roland with Leo G. Carroll and Vanessa Brown. Screen play by Charles Schnee. Based on a story by George Bradshaw. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by John Houseman.

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THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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COVER PAINTING BY FREDRIC VARADY

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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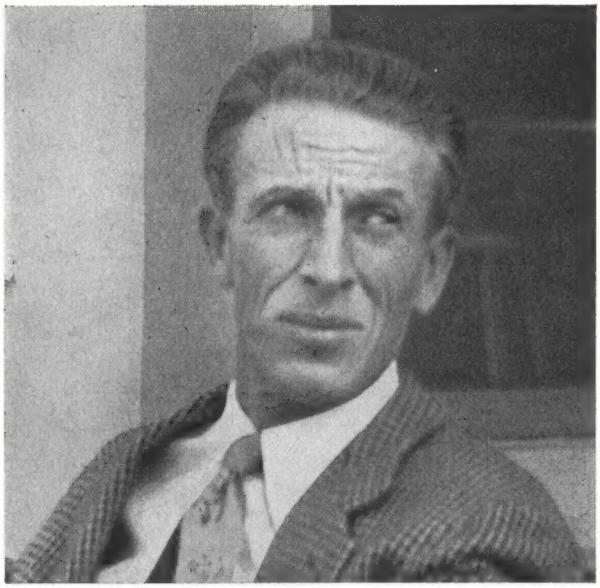


Gibson has the low-down

Between the Lines–

And who is this John E. Gibson who, apparently undaunted by fang or claw, tells "What Men *Really* Think of Women!"? At the left you see him—a man neither foolhardy nor indiscreet, but instead, an impersonal reporter with a hatful of fascinating facts based on men's confidential admissions to scientific researchers. For instance, ladies, would you like to know what quality men most esteem in a wife or how they feel about a girl who takes the offensive in romance? Well—and here's where we lose half of our readers for the rest of this column—those questions and others equally pertinent are answered on page 34. The author, a married man with three children, specializes in "what-makes-people-tick" articles. Blondes, such as in our cover painting by Fredric Varady, the lead-in to Mr. Gibson's time-bomb, don't make men tick as often as supposed.

Lucy Cundiff

Maxine Block

"You're not to speak to strangers," her uncle warned her, and Rosemary, starting out for the museum, nodded resentfully. How wonderful for her, a few minutes later, to be swooping and gliding among the statuary with a young man humming the dance beat in her ear. True, she hadn't yet spoken to this utmost of strangers, but soon she would. The magic world of the young and ready-for-love is author Lucy Cundiff's gay domain in the short story "O, Lovely Day!" on page 26, and she proves again there's something very pleasant about a slight twinge of nostalgia. The author lives in California with her husband and seven-year-old daughter. "I've always had writing ambitions," she says, "and when Sarah entered first grade, I began struggling with the ABCs of authorship." She claims that Sarah's progress has been much more rapid than hers, and we claim that's modesty talking!

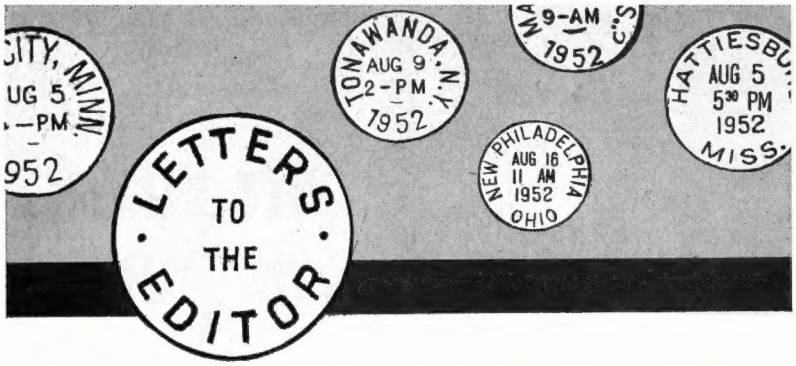
However you *think* you feel about abortion—and to most people it's an ugly word—you owe it to yourself to ponder Maxine Block's important article on page 24, "Is This Murder—or Mercy?" Suppose the chances were against *you* to survive childbirth, how would you and your husband react? Or imagine your feelings, if your sister was pregnant after a criminal assault! Miss Block presents the medical, moral and legal aspects of the continuing argument for and against therapeutic abortion—and leaves it to you to decide. This is an eye-opening report you'll want to discuss with your friends. A specialist on medical and psychological subjects, Miss Block and her husband, in private, are slaves to their large rose garden on a hill overlooking Hollywood, a project she innocently started three years ago. "Before I can settle down to the typewriter," she complains, "I must go out and personally remove every assorted bug from my roses."

Desmond Hall

LOTTE JACOBI

Count on us not to take the edge off a deliciously suspenseful story by telling you what it's about, but we will say it might be a good thing for every young couple, after a few years of marriage, to experience what Guy and Jane Rhodes did one stormy night in a weird old country inn. Desmond Hall tells "Game of Chance" on page 32, and a memorable piece of story-telling it is! Born in New Zealand, the author has spent most of his life in New York, writing books and for the magazines and, he says, "anxiously observing the growth and chameleonisms of two daughters, Suzanne, now sixteen, and Katherine, twelve."

● **NEXT MONTH:** **"Women Who Can Hurt You" —facts about the vixens and mischief-makers you encounter, and how to guard against them**



HEAVEN OR HELL?

We women, Mr. Wylie ("Honeymoons are Hell," October) are most of us strong enough to live with our sex urges. Your statement that girls are brought up to think that sex is nasty does not apply to modern girls and is so far behind the times that it looks comical in your article dealing with free sex. We do not teach our children, however, that sex is so important that they will have to experiment with it in order to make good marriages. And they are going to have that "difficult" day somewhere along the line, whether in a premarital experiment or on a honeymoon, so why should they fear it under the more favorable circumstances? I think we can safely drop the subject of "fear" of sex and give the girls credit for a normal determination to lead traditional dignified lives, and certainly America can gain nothing from your way of life that is better than a tradition of morality and integrity.

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

American Indians and Eskimos shared their wives and women with other men long before Mr. Wylie was born. They didn't get very far in the way of progress. If he wants his women to go back to being savages, OK for him, but *my* daughters aren't going to be Eskimos if I can help it.

MARIE GOMEZ
New York, N. Y.

■ *At no point in the article did Mr. Wylie advocate premarital sexual experience. On the contrary, he deplored it for both boys and girls. His theme was the need for saner premarital sex education. ED.*

REBUTTAL

Shame on REDBOOK for printing (in November) not one but *two* letters suggesting that the Constitution guarantees every baby the right to blow himself up with Daddy's old souvenir weapon. For by printing two letters, without any comment or correction of your own, you suggest that you think that perhaps the dopes have a point.

As every schoolboy knows, the Constitution doesn't say anything about the individual private citizen's right to pack a rod. It says: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." Meaning that the Federal Government mustn't outlaw the state militias, now the state national guards. "People" means the citizens of the state collectively, not "persons." And the "right to bear arms" means the right to join up in the militia—not the right to carry concealed weapons without a license.

EDWARD CATT
New York, N. Y.

■ *We are glad that a reader so ably clarified this point, rather than leaving it for us. ED.*

THE GOOD LIFE

It has been typically an October day. My wife picked several quarts of raspberries from her patch, yellow, rosy-cheeked apples from our Golden Delicious tree, and I paid off part of the mortgage. All in all, it's been a satisfying experience.

Now I've completed a good dinner with my wife and three daughters, and I have also completed reading your latest book-length novel, "A Way of Life," by Alec Rackowe (October). The story, like a tepid bath after a tiring day, has added to that warmth of satisfaction I mentioned above. How much we need stories like this today! It makes one realize that there is something far more real and necessary in life than money and good times.

I am grateful to both you and Mr. Rackowe for having had the privilege of reading and living this humanistic story. Please, may we have a few more of this caliber?

NORMAN S. MONTROSS
Dunellen, N. J.

■ *This is typical of the voluminous reader response to Mr. Rackowe's novel. All correspondents unanimously acclaim it the most rewarding* REDBOOK *fiction since William Barrett's "The Left Hand of God." ED.*

YOU AND YOUR EYEGLASSES

Every conscientious ophthalmologist, optometrist and optician will say Amen! to your attack on the eye-care racketeers ("There's a Racket in Eyeglasses," November). These racketeers are the very people on whom high-minded professionals have been waging war for years, in the public interest and in the interest of higher professional ethics.

We hope REDBOOK readers will realize that the racketeers will go out of business as soon as the public stops trying to get $20 or $30 worth of expert professional service, plus glasses, for an (advertised) $6.88, if not "free." The trained visual specialists have brought about an unsung revolution in American eye-care. They have made glasses available to the vast majority of Americans who wear them, in return for charges which are so low that it is hard to see why anybody should shop around for "bargains." The cost of the finest eye-care has advanced only 34 per cent in the last twelve years, while the cost of living has more than doubled.

M. J. JULIAN, *President*
Better Vision Institute, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

I believe you could have spent a few more hours of research checking into the "racket opticians" who employ M.D.s as a front for their businesses. In this state there is not one case of an optometrist's being hired by these "bait" advertising optical houses, but several cases of broken-down M.D.s being hired.

We properly trained and ethical optometrists welcome any such article that will expose the incompetent, be he optometrist or medic. Our only objection is that there are as many incompetent M.D.s as optometrists.

EUGENE W. BEATTY
Parkersburg, W. Va.

I should like to correct your distinction between "ophthalmologist" and "oculist." They are one and the same, and any inference that there is a difference in the amount of medical training is completely without basis. The term "oculist" is used mostly in England, and has been dropped here in favor of the term "ophthalmologist." There are many eye specialists in this country who have been as fully trained and as well qualified as those you refer to as being certified as ophthalmologists by the American Board of Ophthalmology.

DR. EDWARD SIEGEL
Plattsburg, N. Y.

In classifying the various "eye care" professions, the author has made an effort to deal fairly with professional optometry by noting the educational requirements for each profession. It was also thoughtfully pointed out that optometrists do receive training in pathology and are qualified to recognize eye diseases and intelligently refer such cases for medical or surgical treatment when necessary.

DR. KERMIT KORS
San Rafael, Calif.

Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

Lola (Shirley Booth), devoted to *Doc* (Burt Lancaster), suddenly finds that a woman who lives in the past has a lot to learn about marriage.

"Come Back, Little Sheba"

A REDBOOK SILVER CUP CANDIDATE

Every young adult sometime sees a teen-ager facing a situation he experienced in his own youth. This is exactly what happens to *Doc Delaney* (Burt Lancaster) in "Come Back, Little Sheba." In bringing this stage success to the screen, Hal Wallis has not only produced a vivid film, but he has given audiences a chance to see a great actress at her best. Shirley Booth, who created the role of *Lola Delaney* on the stage, gives a performance which will be hard to equal for the year's acting awards.

In the picture, *Doc* is a not-too-successful chiropractor. He is an alcoholic, but he has not drunk for a year. *Lola* is an amiable, well-meaning soul who has never matured. She gets a vicarious thrill out of radio serials and the romances of the college girls living with her. Her longing is for the return of *Sheba,* a dog that has become the symbol of her past happiness. *Doc* seems to take more than an ordinary interest in their newest roomer, *Marie Buckholder* (Terry Moore), an attractive girl whose current date is *Turk Fisher* (Richard Jaeckel), athletic hero.

Doc is the first to realize that *Turk* is just on the make, and that *Marie* may be caught in the same sort of trap which brought about *Doc's* marriage. He had been studying medicine when, because of youthful indiscretion, he had to abandon his career and marry *Lola.* All his feelings and memories of the past are aroused when he fears *Marie* and *Turk* will make the same sort of marriage. The rest of the film is the story of his efforts to avert such a tragedy and the effect it has on his own marriage.

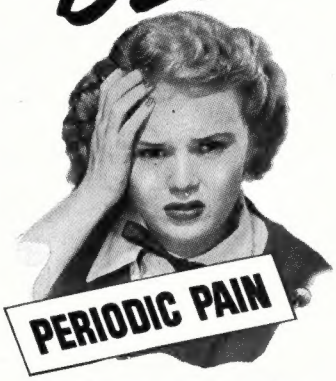
The strength of this movie lies in the depth of the various characterizations. Brilliantly portrayed by the cast, the characters are completely real. The audience is so absorbed by their problems that interest in the film never lags. There's little more to say about Miss Booth other than that she has recently proved that she's a great actress in any form of production. Both Burt Lancaster and Terry Moore show far more dramatic ability than they have demonstrated before. "Come Back, Little Sheba" should satisfy those wanting exceptional entertainment. *(Paramount)*

Marie (Terry Moore) is flattered by the attentions of athletic hero *Turk* (Richard Jaeckel).

• • •

For more about movies, turn the page

Bonnie's BLUE



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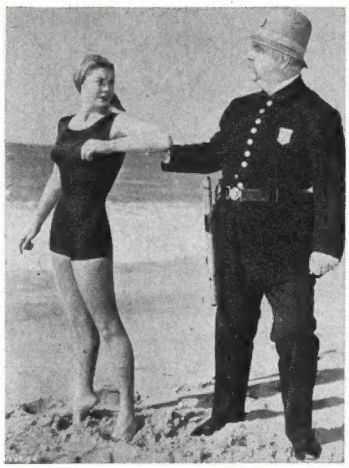
Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL

FOUR OTHER



"MILLION-DOLLAR MERMAID"

ANNETTE KELLERMAN may have been a million-dollar mermaid, but it cost MGM several millions to tell the story of this famous swimmer. Naturally, Esther Williams plays the part of *Annette*, the Australian girl who began swimming because she was too crippled to play with other children. She became one of the famous women of the early 1900s — one of the first to wear a one-piece suit.

She was the toast of England and America, the star of the famous New York Hippodrome. She liked two men, *James Sullivan* (Victor Mature), the promoter who first brought her to public attention, and *Alfred Harper* (David Brian), Hippodrome manager who gave *Annette* her big break. The story of her life is overshadowed by the magnificence of the swimming ballets in this film. There are fireworks, undersea shots, people sliding down chutes and diving off swings. In all their glory, the old Hippodrome productions couldn't have been as startling as parts of this picture. *(MGM)*

"BREAKING THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER"

THIS FASCINATING FILM, one of England's big hits, concerns one of the last frontiers of adventure left to man — flying faster than sound. Instead of being a spectacular, hell-diving flying picture, this is an emotional story of supersonic flying's effect on the people involved. It is an exciting look into the new world facing all of us.

Tony (Nigel Patrick), an air hero, marries *Susan* (Ann Todd), whose father (Ralph Richardson) was a famous pilot and is now head of a large aviation company. *Susan* (who usually goes to the movies to avoid hearing *Tony's* plane in test flights) sees her brother die on his solo flight rather than admit he's afraid to fly. She breaks off relations with her father for sending *Tony* on a flight which meant certain death. But she comes to realize that, far from being selfish and domineering, her father suffers as much as she in carrying on experiments which must be made despite the fact that men may die in the process. *(UA)*

THE BEST BETS IN

Androcles and the Lion — G. B. Shaw's famous satire interpreted by Alan Young, Jean Simmons and Victor Mature.

Bloodhounds of Broadway — Some of the wonderful Damon Runyon Broadway characters in a musical with Mitzi Gaynor.

Forbidden Games — The story of a little French boy who befriends a girl orphaned by the German invasion.

Hans Christian Andersen — Danny Kaye in a colorful, tuneful story about the Dane who wrote so many famous fairy tales. *Dec.

Kansas City Confidential—An exciting film which proves there just isn't such a thing as a perfect crime. John Payne.

Limelight—The master clown, Charles Chaplin, in a theater story which reveals some of his own genius. *Dec.

FINE FILMS

"STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"

CHANCES ARE FAIRLY GOOD that whenever a band plays a march, it's one of John Philip Sousa's. Known all over the world as "the March King," Sousa was responsible for music that makes hearts beat a little quicker and feet step faster. This colored film tells the story of *Sousa* (played by Clifton Webb), who longed to write ballads and sentimental songs but whose music always was more suited to the march tempo. As leader of the Marine Band, he hobnobbed with the President and ordinary servicemen. When he left the service, he toured with his band and became as popular as Ralph Flanagan is today. The elaborate production numbers staged by his band make this film more of a musical than a biographical picture.

There's Ruth Hussey as his understanding wife, there's a young romance between Debra Paget and Robert Wagner, but most of all, there's Sousa's stirring music. His "Stars and Stripes Forever" is as exciting now as when he wrote it.

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

"THE LAST OF THE COMANCHES"

THERE'S A CERTAIN similarity in all pictures about Indians and the U. S. Cavalry, but the plot of this film develops some unusually tense and dramatic situations. The characterizations of an oddly assorted group of people are well done; the acting is good and the photography quite handsome.

After a Comanche raid on a village, only six cavalry men escape. Led by *Sgt. Trainor* (Broderick Crawford), they encounter a stagecoach whose passengers include a beautiful young girl, *Julia Lanning* (Barbara Hale), and a murderer who has sold guns to the Indians. They all join forces and, on the way to a mission, run across a young Indian boy, *Little Knife* (Johnny Stewart), who becomes part of the group.

The party becomes trapped when the mission water supply runs out just as the Comanches plan to attack. While *Trainor* dupes the Indians into believing water is still available, *Little Knife* breaks through the lines and brings back help. *(Columbia)*

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

The Lusty Men — Behind-the-scenes story of rodeo life and its effect on a marriage. Susan Hayward. *Dec.

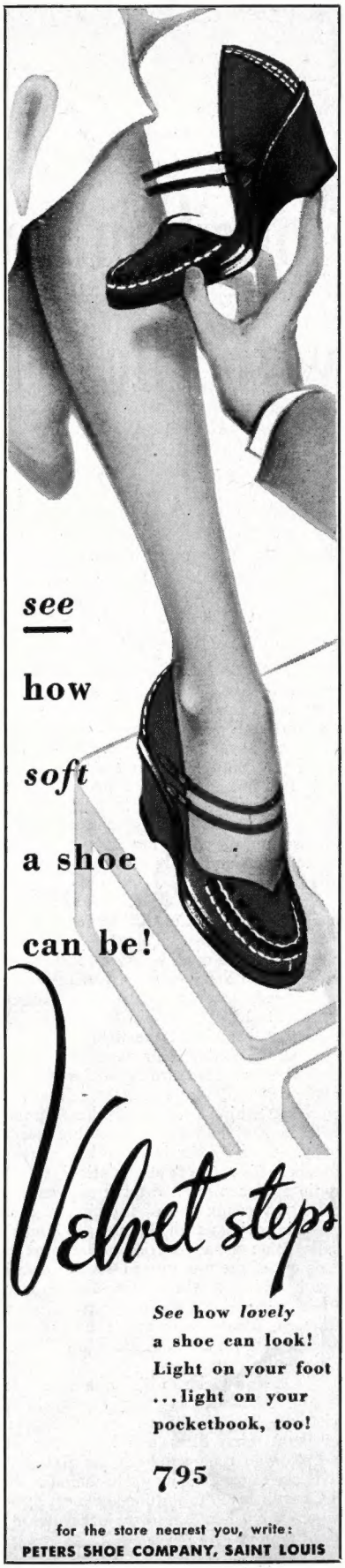
Plymouth Adventure — The experiences of the courageous group who came over in the *Mayflower*. Spencer Tracy.

The Prisoner of Zenda—This famous royal romance has never had a more colorful presentation. Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, James Mason.

The Promoter—Another one of Alec Guinness' delightful characterizations — a promoter who makes his own opportunities.

Sky Full of Moon — Carleton Carpenter and Jan Sterling in an unusual bit about a young cowboy looking for his big break.

The Thief—A sound film, without dialogue, about the theft of secret atomic data. Ray Milland, Rita Gam. *Dec.



RADIO

Your Contact with the GIs

In one of the pleasantest senses of all, attractive Rebel Randall means "home" to GIs all over the world. For several years she had a program, "Jukebox, USA," on the Armed Forces Radio Service network (REDBOOK, December, 1952), on which she played records requested by servicemen in Korea, in Europe, in hospitals and on ships at sea. Since Rebel has three brothers in service in Korea, and since she has toured with Bob Hope and others, and visits veterans' hospitals whenever possible, she knows what the boys like to hear. Broadcasting five days a week, Rebel had a daily audience estimated at ninety million people, counting civilians in foreign countries. Her fan mail ran to a thousand letters a week and included the usual proposals of marriage, requests for photographs and offers of all kinds of souvenirs.

Now Rebel has a new program, "America Calling," over the CBS radio network on Sunday afternoons. This, too, is broadcast on the Armed Forces network and is an even closer tie to home — since families, friends and sweethearts can also request special selections to be played for GIs abroad. More than that, each week the writers of the two best letters, stating their reasons for wanting a particular record, are allowed a phone call to their men overseas. It may be that a man on a battleship in the Pacific hears from his wife in Buffalo who is expecting her first baby. Or a soldier in Casablanca may get to talk to his whole family in Michigan. The radio audience has the thrill of hearing the calls go through and of listening to Rebel's short interviews with the men, to whom the calls come as a surprise. Then the calls fade out of the program so the conversations can be private. Guest stars also appear on the show to sing favorite songs. Rosemary Clooney, Dinah Shore and Tony Martin are among those who have been on "America Calling."

Rebel, a Chicago girl whose real name is Alaine Brandes, is pretty enough to be in pictures. Happily, that's true. She's played in about thirty films, and it was the movie people who renamed her. As Rebel Randall, she's now literally world-famous. She's a tie with home to millions of men, some of whom voted her "the disk jockey we'd like most to spin with."

FLORENCE SOMERS

What's New in Records

BY MARTIN BLOCK

famous disk jockey of "Make-believe Ballroom," on radio station WNEW, New York.

As we greet the New Year, I can't help but feel that music, like people, is inclined to turn over a new leaf. I am most happy to report that the trend now seems to be away from the screamers, the loud music, the novelty songs, and definitely in the direction of good music and fine lyrics well performed. I am sure this comes as a relief to most of you folks who buy and hear the records.

Here are some really beautiful records that should be at the top of the list in popularity as you read this:

Coral has just issued a new Don Cornell disk with the shortest title on record. It's called "I," and I think it will be a hit.

Decca gives us the Four Aces doing a new interpretation of an old Duke Ellington composition titled, "Squeeze Me." With the "Duke" as the composer, you can be sure it is musically excellent.

Victor has come out with some very interesting releases that should be making the mark at this time. Eddie Fisher's record of "Outside of Heaven" and "Lady of Spain" is fighting with itself. I think "Lady of Spain" will make the top spot first, to be followed shortly thereafter by the reverse side — it's very seldom that both sides of a record become as popular as this one. RCA Victor is extending the opportunities of stardom to new artists, which, in itself, is a very healthy sign. They have recently discovered a little girl in California, only 13 years old, named Damita Jo. Listen to her record of "I'd Do It Again." Also at Victor we find Art and Dotty Todd — a new couple who have a beautiful ballad called "Heavenly Heavenly," and it's a heavenly recording. And Mario Lanza's recording of "Because You're Mine" is still good.

Over at Columbia Records they should be very proud of Frank Sinatra's recording of "Birth of the Blues" and Jo Stafford's rendition of the lovely ballad "Keep It a Secret." It's no secret that that one will be number one on everybody's list. Of course, the outstanding record of 1952 is the new Benny Goodman 1937-'38 jazz concert — 36 numbers recently recorded from air tapes of the old Benny Goodman band. This is a must item for your collection.

Homemaker Sells 24 Stories After Completing NIA Training

"The Saginaw News published twenty-four of my articles and feature stories. My earnings long since have returned the cost of my N.I.A. course and the ledger is showing a growing profit. Whatever success I am having is the result of N.I.A. training."—Ellen Perry, RFD 3, St. Louis, Michigan.

N.I.A. GETS YOUNG WRITER STARTED EARNING MONEY

"I sold two short stories which paid for my N.I.A. course and a typewriter.
Nothing can pay for the help N.I.A. training has given me.
Those regular assignments have produced results."—Mr. Samuel K. Ward, 364 West 26th Street, New York 1, N. Y.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on homemaking, social matters, children, business, recipes, hobbies, fashions, sports, decorating, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The *story* is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

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SPECIAL BULLETIN ON SUITS:

January 1953....

Boxy jacket suits vie with fitted suits...

All have pencil slim skirts...

Watch for the new costume look...suits with their own blouses. Great emphasis on color...'53 will be big suit year

RUTH DRAKE

The short box suit (*above*) of white and navy acetate and rayon flannel with a crease-resistant finish. The pert jacket is lined in brilliant red taffeta. Use as an extra little coat for summer. The straight skirt has a back kick pleat. By Duchess Royal. In sizes 10 to 16. $29.95.

The costume suit (*right*) in Burlington's acetate and rayon linen. New scooped-neck jacket with harmonizing dotted blouse. Skirt has side and back kick pleats. Also in saddle with beige dots. By Duchess Royal. Sizes 10 to 18. $35.00.

The versatile suit (*far right*). Longer double-breasted box jacket of red wool felt lined in colorful multi-striped taffeta. Teamed with slim black silk faille skirt. In sizes 8 to 16. By Bagedonow. $59.95.

All suits at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills and Detroit

Hats—Charmers by John Frederics

PHOTOS BY ELEANOR MURRAY

SPECIAL BULLETIN ON SUITS: (CONTD.)

The soft suit with the costume look in Wyner's Honeycomb gray wool jersey with its own blouse of pure silk printed shantung—the jacket is lined to match. Slim skirt. By Fashion Towne. In sizes 8 to 16. $65.00.

The sleek suit in Miron's worsted. Fitted jacket. Baroque pearl buttons. Straight skirt. In amber or rose misted with white. By Etta Gaynes. 7 to 15. $69.95.

The fitted suit in a perfect blend of "Dacron" and wool. Crystal buttons and breast tab closing. Straight skirt with back kick pleat. In gray or beige frosted with white. By Joselli. Sizes 10 to 18. $49.95.

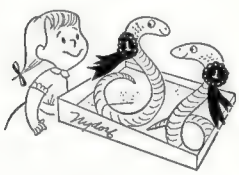
SMALL FRY

BY PAUL STEINER

In Alabama, an ingenious youngster who'd been offered $1 by his parents for each "A" on a report card, explained the situation to his teacher and made her an honest business proposition. He offered her 50 cents of each dollar he collected.

■

Phoenix, Ariz., police thought they might be faced with a girdle-stealing wave, until two youngsters interrogated about the disappearance of a girdle from a local clothes-line, revealed that the garment eases the hazards of swimming in the rough concrete chutes of irrigation canals.



In St. Louis, Mo., six-year-old Cynthia Frank won first prize at a local pet show. Her entry — two pet worms.

■

A bootlegger of Okmulgee, Okla., just couldn't get over the fact that his five-year-old son had told raiding Federals where the moonshine was hidden. "Why did you do it, Tommy?" he asked again and again. "Well, Daddy," replied Tommy, "they've been up here so many times and never found anything, so I thought if they found something they wouldn't come back."

■

In Newmarket, N.H., 5-year-old John Carmichael, Jr., tried to imitate some dancers he had seen on television and promptly dislocated his hip.

NEWS ABOUT MEDICINE

BY EDWARD T. WILKES, M.D.

Helping Fertility with Antibiotics

Terramycin offers new hope to some women who have been disappointed in their desire for children. In a study of 56 women who had failed to become pregnant after an average period of four and a half years, doctors at the Brookline Free Hospital and Harvard Medical School found that 35 had no abnormality except an inflammatory condition of the womb with excessive secretion.

When terramycin was administered for five days before ovulation, the inflammation cleared up, and ten of these women became pregnant within three months, a much higher percentage than mere chance would account for. The antibiotic apparently eliminated the secretion of bacteria which had prevented the sperms from fertilizing the egg.

Plastic Lens for Cataract Sufferers

A cataract is a cloudiness of the eye lens which reduces vision or blinds the victim. Removal of the lens restores partial vision, but it is distorted, and thick cataract spectacles are often needed.

Now a London surgeon has reported to the International College of Surgeons at Chicago that he has succeeded in replacing the lens with a light plastic disc held in place just as the normal lens would be. Vision is not distorted, and the thick glasses can be avoided. In 37 cases operated upon, three were restored to normal vision, 26 to nearly normal, and the remaining eight had poor vision.

New Laxative

After twenty years of research, chemists have succeeded in isolating the chemical in prunes that is responsible for their laxative effect—a substance called Isatin. The notion that the bulk in the prune accounts for its laxative action has been discredited. A new laxative consisting of synthetic Isatin combined with the stool softener methylcellulose and a prune-juice concentrate was administered to fifteen patients. An X-ray study of these individuals showed that the lower intestinal tone was improved, and fourteen of these patients were relieved of chronic constipation within a month.

Dramatic Development in Pain Control

A remarkable aid to the relief of pain in minor surgical operations, such as lancing an abscess or stitching a wound, is the new Duke University Inhaler, developed by Dr. Stephens. This simple apparatus can be self-administered by the patient, whether he is a child or an adult. It consists of a vaporizer and mask attached to his wrist. After a few breaths, there is no pain. If the patient becomes drowsy, the mask and hand fall automatically, and in a few seconds he awakens.

This device has been extensively used at Duke University Hospital to relieve labor pains. The psychological value to the expectant mother of knowing she can relieve the pain herself is of tremendous importance.

Television Neck

If you've been watching television for prolonged periods, chances are you may have "television neck." This condition limits the range of motion of the neck and causes pain in the back of the head and neck, sometimes extended to the shoulder and upper back. Faulty and strained sitting positions are responsible for the condition, and the remedy is to raise the television set so the screen can be comfortably viewed from a proper sitting posture.

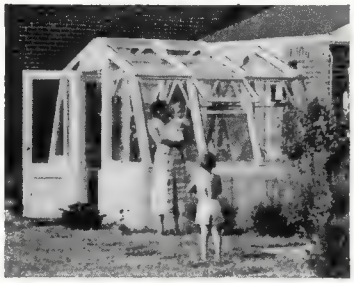
TOPS FOR YOUR GARDEN

BY ISABEL AND WELLINGTON KENNEDY

Watch from your window some frosty morning. You will see Mr. Squirrel having a hard time stealing the birds' food, as the tipping roof of this feeder prevents him from gaining sufficient footing. Attractive, glass lantern-type hopper. Just $4.95 ppd. from Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 616R Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

Hold back those pruning shears. It's all right to use them on Hydrangeas, Crape Myrtle, Rose of Sharon and other summer-flowering shrubs that bloom on the new growth that is made in the coming year. However, it isn't the time to prune Forsythia, Bridal Wreath and Lilacs. These are spring blooming from buds that were "made" last year, and you'll lose flowers if you prune them now. To have better shrubs make a practice of taking a few of the old heavy stems out every year right down at ground level. This will let in light and provide room for new shoots to rejuvenate the bush. Avoid the hedge-shear treatment or the "stub" pruning as is too commonly seen.

New, hardy Hibiscus, or mallow called Annie J. Hemming, is our latest find. The flowers are large and of a bright, luminous red. Blooms July, August, September, until frost. This perennial withstands 2° below zero without protection. Heavy plants, $5.00 ea. ppd. From Eastern Shore Nurseries, Inc., Box 743-R, Easton, Md.



A Prefabricated greenhouse that is so easy to put up. No cutting, no fitting, no putty glazing, no painting. Just assemble. Above is the Orlyt "13" at $430 f.o.b. for materials. 3-section Orlyt "10" size 10 ft. wide by 8'6" long is $270 f.o.b. for materials. Add more sections any time. Lord & Burnham, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N.Y.

Tie up your climbing roses to prevent them from being whipped by winter winds, or crushed by heavy ice storms.

Those evergreens you used for holiday decorations can be used to protect your more tender plants from sun and wind.

Feed your house plants every two weeks with one of the liquid fertilizers.

Watch your garden mulches, especially during warm periods when there is danger of rot ruining your hardy perennials.

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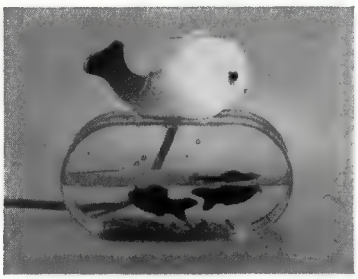

Wally the Whale is a whimsical night light for a child's room. Perched on miniature aquarium, Wally sheds just the right amount of light. Aquarium is complete with floating fish, water and colored pebbles—endless fascination for youngsters. $2.50 ppd. including bulb. Stratton Snow, Box 1898, Delray Beach, Fla.

A tough nut to crack? Try one of these clever nutcrackers imported from France. Place nut in bowl, turn wood screw and, *voila!*—the shell breaks but meats remain whole. Easy on your hands; pressure is on the nut. In seasoned walnut or birch. $1.75 ea., 2 for $3.25 ppd. Willow Knoll Crafts, P.O. Box 311, Nyack, N. Y.

Guaranteed to pleat! For lovely draperies, just sew reversible tape along fabric edge, pull drawcords and uniform pleats appear. Specially designed hooks for traverse tracks or rings for rods fit woven pockets. Rufflette, 30¢ a yd. ppd. Hooks or rings, 25¢ a doz. Studio Ten, Dept. R, 450 Grant Ave., San Francisco 8, Calif.

Good health habits are easily learned when a child brushes his teeth to a gay tune. Musical toothbrush holder, wound by pulling cord, plays "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Suction cup holds plastic house fast to bathroom wall. (Brushes are not included.) $3.95 ppd. The Village Store, Dept. R, Lake Placid 30, N. Y.

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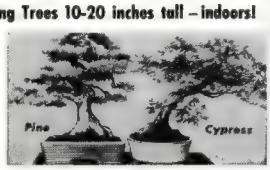
Raise Living Ming Trees 10-20 inches tall – indoors!



Imagine fully-grown, perfectly proportioned cypress or pine trees 10 to 20 inches tall! Now you can raise them with a Miniature Tree Kit! It's a fascinating hobby that gives you delicately beautiful plants. Kit includes pine and cypress seed, formulated soil, pots, the two special treatment chemicals, full instructions—everything you need!

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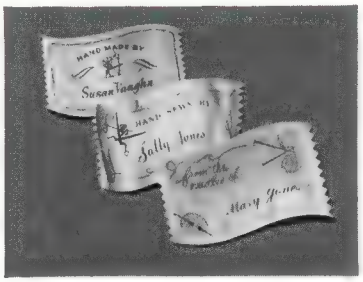
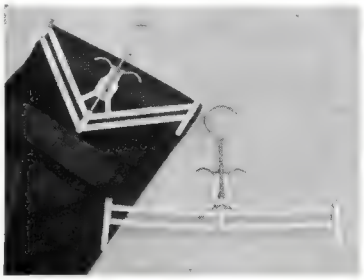


For your handmades – personalized labels tell the world how proud you are of your handiwork. Order them for the sweaters, fashions and gifts you're making for spring. Choice of 3 styles in brown letters on beige satin. About 1⅜" x 2¾". 10 for $1 ppd., 25 for $2 ppd. Designs, 211-R E. 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.

For indoor gardeners. 3-tiered aluminum terrace fits any standard window. Plant greenery, African violets or even herbs on the three levels. Base is 13" in diameter; smallest tier, 4". Wire stand slips over window sill and rests against wall. $3.95 ppd. Dreer's, 929 Dreer Bldg., 105 N. 5th St., Philadelphia 6, Pa.



Here's a pants hanger designed to keep the crease in trousers. Press-Ever is inserted inside the cuff, thereby eliminating clamp marks. Stretches wrinkles from cuffs and keeps legs from bagging. Be a smart wife and order a set of three at $2.50 ppd. From Frohock-Stewart Co., 231 Harris Court, Worcester 8, Mass.

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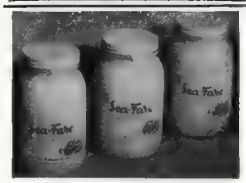

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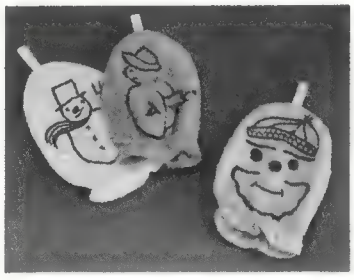

Imaginative wash mitts — will fast become soap 'n' water friends with all children. The mitts are colorfully hand-embroidered with impish faces or stalwart snowmen. Bath-time becomes fun-time with these pastel terry mitts as an incentive. Set of three is $2 ppd. Elbee, 1 Pinckney St., Box 669, Charleston, S. C.

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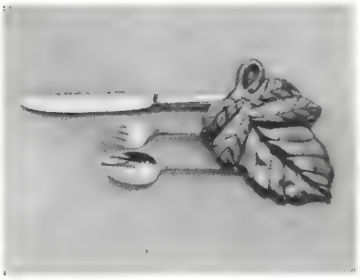

Magic Leaf outmodes every other silver cleaner we've seen. No more time wasted polishing sterling and silverplate! Simply place the metal leaf in your dishpan, add detergent and hot water, and tarnish is removed. Never wears out and is not injurious to silver or hands. $1.25 ppd. Breck's, 314 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

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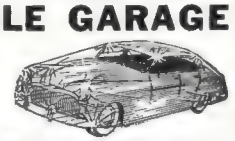

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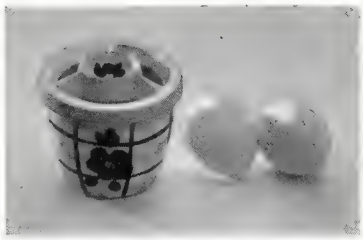
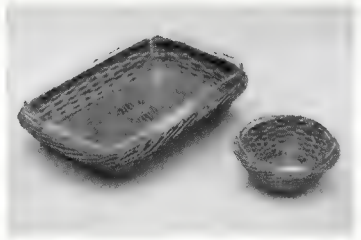
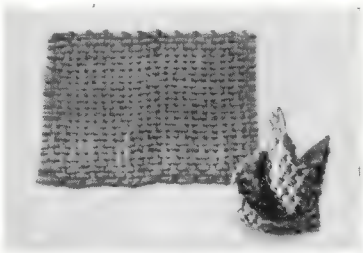


A good egg separator divides the white from the yolk without fancy jiggling or tricks. Now you can have fluffy meringues by merely cracking egg and dropping it on top of gay ceramic plaid cup. White flows into container; yellow is held on indentation. Only $1.75 ppd. Ett-Barr Co., Dept. RF, P.O. Box 401, Pasadena 18, Calif.



Cook in a casserole and bring it right to the table in its own good-looking wicker basket. They're easy to handle and your table top is protected. Baskets may be used separately. 2-qt. oblong Pyrex dish with wicker jacket is $2.95 ppd. Individual ones are $1.00 each. Studio Shop, Dept. RB, 557 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



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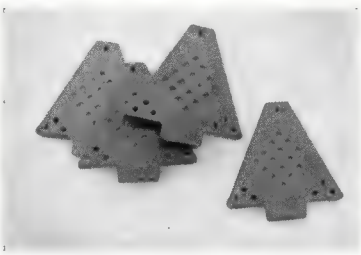

Here's a way to cedarize dresser drawers, wardrobes and storage space without costly construction. Cedatrees are 3" plastic forms that contain genuine cedar pulp impregnated with fragrant cedar oil. Their effectiveness guaranteed to last a full year. 4 for $1 ppd. Sunset House, 8800 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.

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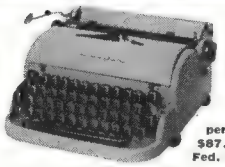

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LOOK

AND *LOOK* AGAIN.

- You definitely don't want to miss all the items shown in TOPS IN THE SHOPS in this bang-up January issue. It's the easiest way to begin the year, shop for your gifts with ease and complete confidence.

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HAPPY NEW YEAR . . . !

The Flame Burns Steady

Now we begin the year 1953. We who can be called young—not in age alone, but also in faith and courage—face the coming year with confidence. Our trust in the future has been forged in the fires of our past; we have known dark moments, but we have always risen above them.

This new year of 1953, with its threshold of hope and threat, is a strange anniversary year for young Americans. It's a time in which to remember the trials that have given us our strength.

Look back for a moment. In 1923, when some of us were children and many of us had not yet been born, a foul monster named Hitler spewed out the germs of World War II with his Munich Beer Hall Putsch. This abortive revolt changed the lives of all of us, but we survived the change.

In 1933, on January 30, this same Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, thus opening an era of bloodshed and sacrifice. This has been a proving ground for young Americans.

No one can easily forget that 1933 was marked not only by Hitler's rise to power, but by troubles in our own land, as well—depression, unemployment, poverty, desperation; for some of us, the loss of opportunity for education.

We came through it, though.

We came through it to find ourselves, in 1943, at war with Germany and Japan. There were 15,000,000 young Americans under arms, with 7,000,000 overseas. We were doing all right, too. North Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Naples, the Volturno.

We won our war. God willing, we'll keep on winning.

And now it's 1953. The editors of REDBOOK can't see any reason for trembling over what lies ahead. Young Americans will regard the future as a challenge, because that's their nature. By meeting every challenge the past has hurled at them, they are prepared for tomorrow.

Let the old-in-heart whimper, at the beginning of 1953. Let them weep for the lost 1920s, for the days of false security and the fast buck and Flaming Youth.

Today the flame burns inside, strong and steady.

Listen for the sounds of early 1953. Listen carefully.

You will hear no whimpering from the young.

Sarlow

There was a ritual to quarreling with your wife, and one for making up, too.

With bills spiraling, Ernie's anger flared
at his wife's sentimental extravagance.
Yet, if there is love, a marriage may be saved by

THE PRICE OF A SONG

BY JOHN REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

Darling," said Arline Withrow, in the tone wives use when they've been up to something, "I bought a piano today."

Ernie was reading the evening paper by the fireplace. A dime's worth of coke that had cost only fifty cents glowed ruddily on the grate. The Boston terrier, Lucky, had found a flea and was working at it on the hearth. In a near-by city the police, shattering an ancient tradition, had just solved a murder. Ernie had read about this to the point where the killer said, "My mind was a blank. Suddenly I saw a white flame, and the next thing I knew I was walking down the street with this warm gun in my hand."

The girls were in bed; Arline always let them get to sleep before detonating these bombs of hers. The eastern half of the continent was sheeted in ice, but the tepid drizzle of a California winter only sealed into this house its atmosphere of unsullied serenity. On the wall was a sampler in brown and yellow yarns, worked by Ernie's Ozark grandmother years ago. It read:

AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE,
WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

Ernie put down his paper. He was twenty-seven, but he looked older, and right now he felt older. He knew his wife was sitting over there somewhere, but all he could see at the moment was a white flame.

"You bought *what?*" he said carefully.

"A piano," Arline said, and now he could see her over there, nervously twisting her fingers. "With the nine extra dollars we saved to pay ahead on the ironer. It's only nine dollars a month rent, and when you've had it six months the fifty-four dollars can be a down payment to buy. I—I thought later I could give the girls lessons. If—if you'll help me, we can move it in here now."

"Move it in? You and I? I mean, maybe it's stuck in the mailbox or something. Maybe—"

"Please, darling." Her blue eyes beseeched him. "It's only a spinet. I had to have it delivered because this was the last day the offer was good. It's in the hall. I thought I'd let you decide where you want to put it."

"That's awfully nice of you," said Ernie, smoldering.

A piano. He had put away the car and sprinted for the back door tonight, because of the rain. A piano in the hall, and he hadn't seen it! And the girls hadn't snitched. Pat was only five and Jan three; new things lost their novelty quickly in their young lives. Or perhaps Arline had said, "Let me handle Daddy. You know how he acts whenever I spend a cent."

Ernie sat.

"Blond oak," Arline gulped, "with a wonderful tone. If we move that hassock—it should have an inside wall. . . ."

"By all means!" said Ernie. "Then *(Continued on page 60)*

is this MURDER — or MERCY?

Mother or child must die. Faced with the problem of which to save, what decision can a doctor make? Read the arguments on both sides— and ask yourself what you would do

BY MAXINE BLOCK

For years, obstetricians, gynecologists and surgeons have periodically gathered behind closed doors, in conferences and debate, sometimes heatedly, on a grave issue: the medical, moral and legal aspects of therapeutic or hospital-performed abortion—death before birth.

Like soldiers, these specialists are drawn up into two opposing armies—those who vehemently term therapeutic abortion "murder" and those who just as determinedly call it "mercy." The opponents to legal abortion believe in their deepest "obstetric conscience" that the little flickering flame of an unborn baby's life should be snuffed out only in the extreme case of saving a mother's life. Ranged against these physicians in the long-standing conflict are those who hold that, in addition, all state laws should permit legal abortion to preserve a woman's future health if she has a disease likely to be aggravated by a pregnancy, to eliminate grossly defective children, and to guard an emotionally unbalanced woman from a possible mental breakdown.

Some doctors go even further and desire to perform therapeutic abortion to silence the shame of an illegitimate child or to shield any woman from the consequences of rape or incest. A smaller number would add widows, deserted wives, women at the menopause and mothers who are depleted by repeated childbearing or extreme poverty.

Conference after conference is held throughout the country without solution of this old medical-versus-moral conflict. And these discussions receive little publicity except in technically-written medical journals. Yet they pose a vital problem for the public.

Cousin Julie is pregnant and has heart disease. Should her doctor interrupt her pregnancy? The fourteen-year-old girl down the street was attacked. Must she bear an unwanted child? You have contracted German measles early in pregnancy. Should you give birth to a child which medical statistics show may be blind, deaf or otherwise defective? Your best friend's mother, 45 and at the menopause, her children married, sinks into depression at finding herself unwelcomely pregnant. What should be done? Your pregnant sister is in the hospital, reduced practically to skin and bones by hyperemesis (chronic

vomiting). Should her unborn baby be taken from her, or will she magically recover and give birth to a healthy baby? Your neighbor's 17-year-old daughter, after a visit to her boy friend before he ships off to Korea, finds herself pregnant and threatens immediate suicide unless her doctor will perform an abortion. What is his decision?

The answer to these varied and heartbreaking questions depends first on the physician's medical judgment and his religious principles; secondly, on the meaning a baby has for an expectant woman, and finally, on what state she lives in, for the 48 states have differing laws on legalized abortion.

Confronted by the need for such difficult decisions, the doctors—according to their own medical writings, their obstetrics textbooks, and the words of many to me personally—are dismayed. Yet one such therapeutic abortion is performed to approximately every 150 live births in the United States.

To the layman, abortion is an ugly word, full of dark criminal connotation. To the medical profession, though, every termination of pregnancy—whether legal or not—is an "abortion." What we call a miscarriage a doctor calls a spontaneous abortion. To him a therapeutic abortion is a deliberate destruction of life before the baby is viable—that is, sufficiently developed (after the 28th week) to live independent of the mother.

Therapeutic abortion has a long and controversial history, dating back to antiquity. The Hippocratic Oath states: "I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion." In the Hebrew Talmud there are many admonitions against the operation. For centuries the Catholic Church has remained adamant against abortion at any time for any purpose. "In making this stand," maintains Dr. Roy P. Finney, "the Church performed a service that deserves the eternal gratitude of civilization. Though Christ did not condemn abortion specifically, it is obviously opposed to the spirit of His teaching." But modern-day Protestants agree, generally, that therapeutic abortion may be performed under certain circumstances as a life-saving measure.

No matter whether an obstetrician is opposed to or in favor of wider application of therapeutic abortion, he approaches the "marvelous mechanism of birth" with deep compassion. After 20 years in obstetrics Dr. Frederic Loomis, one of the nation's eminent obstetricians, still felt that "the miracle of life and death are never commonplace. I never deliver a baby, even yet, without a feeling approaching awe and reverence at the marvelous thing that is happening under my hand."

This reverence for saving the unborn leads many physicians to describe therapeutic abortion as murder. When Dr. Joseph B. DeLee of Chicago died in 1942 after assisting at thousands of deliveries, he was revered by most authorities as "the world's leading obstetrician," a man who had "devoted his entire being to the welfare of the mother." "Every honest obstetrician," wrote Dr. DeLee to a woman who was afraid that she could not carry through her pregnancy, "actually abhors producing an abortion. He feels that it is just the same as taking a baby out of the crib and wringing its neck. True, it is only a little thing now, but nevertheless it deserves our compassion and protection."

Just as strong are the words of another noted opponent of therapeutic abortion. Dr. Roy J. Heffernan, professor of gynecology at Tufts College, before a congress of surgeons in San Francisco, declared that "therapeutic abortion is contrary to nature's law and has no place in modern medicine." He maintained that with modern techniques, the chances of saving a mother's life—regardless of her complications—were great enough to warrant the risk of childbirth. "Any doctor," he stated flatly, "who performs a therapeutic abortion is admitting he is ignorant of modern methods of treating complicated pregnancy or is unwilling to take the time and effort."

Perhaps one of the leading and most vocal opponents is the noted Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove of Columbia University, who holds that "the deliberate and intentional interruption of fetal life and growth is actually murder. If this is so, then abortion is never justified any more than any other murder is."

Dr. Cosgrove's deepest interest is the unborn child. He considers the threat to the *health* of the mother a secondary consideration, maintaining that "every pregnancy necessarily entails some inherent risks."

He is extremely concerned that "in some of the outstanding clinics" legal abortions "are actually being done in a proportion as high as almost three per cent of deliveries" because of this threat to the health of the woman. And he proudly points to the record of the Catholic hospital over whose maternity service he presides—the Margaret Hague Hospital of Jersey City, New Jersey. From 1931 to 1942 there were some 67,000 deliveries and only four therapeutic abortions, or one for every 16,750 deliveries. One was performed for hyperemesis, three for high blood pressure with complications.

Five obstetricians with whom I discussed these figures agreed that the best interests of sick pregnant women cannot be served when the operation is performed so seldom.

And the noted Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, obstetrician-in-chief of Johns Hopkins Hospital, in a medical journal, presented his views on these figures. For his hospital was the one with the highest incidence of legal abortions on Dr. Cosgrove's list (2.88 per cent of deliveries). Asked Dr. Eastman, "How in the world can one practice good obstetrics (and I do know that the practice of obstetrics at the Hague Hospital is excellent) with a therapeutic rate of only one in 16,750 deliveries?" He felt that other hospitals in the area were doing a disproportionate amount of therapeutic abortion; that cases requiring termination of pregnancy are taken elsewhere, and that such a record emphasizes the unborn child but "ignores the ultimate maternal mortality which is implicit in too rigorously withholding therapy." In Dr. Eastman's opinion "reduction in maternal mortality is still the paramount aim of modern obstetrics."

Those doctors whose religious and ethical backgrounds cause them to believe that legal abortion is never warranted under *any* circumstances must concede that there is one type of pregnancy which requires interruption. And that is the unfortunate ectopic or tubal type which occurs outside the uterine cavity in about one per cent of all pregnancies. "Even," maintains Dr. William Emery Studdiford, director of obstetrics at Bellevue Hospital, New York, "the most fanatic believer" in saving the unborn "will not deny that surgery is the only treatment for ectopic pregnancy."

Dr. John H. Morton, veteran California obstetrician, believes that it is incorrect for opponents of therapeutic abortion to loosely use the term "murder." "The definition of murder," he told a clinical congress of surgeons, "is the 'felonious termination of life.' Therapeutic abortion is not felonious." Although Dr. Morton acknowledged that the practice of legal abortion was "definitely abused" by many American doctors, he still believes in its occasional necessity. "I have seen three women die of hyperemesis," he told the group.

But where pregnancy does not place the mother's life in jeopardy, what about her future health? In this regard a well-known California obstetrician asked me: "If you were a doctor what would you do for a frail mother of six children who asks your help because she is suffering from a heart disease? Under California state law (therapeutic abortion is legal only for saving the mother's life) you'd probably do nothing. We know that a newborn baby requires tiring care even for a *(Continued on page 74)*

Lucia

A truant from "don'ts," Rosemary gaily danced into romance—and headlong into a problem: How does a nice girl explain a pickup?

O, Lovely Day!

Sometimes romances end with a headache, sometimes they collect a few while in progress, but Rosemary Whittaker's began with one.

It wasn't Rosemary who had it. At eighteen, when each day seems to get up with a bounce and somersault over noon into breathlessly expectant evenings, you don't have headaches.

No, it wasn't Rosemary's headache. In fact, her Aunt Louisa Whittaker would have been highly indignant if anyone tried to muscle in on her proprietary interests. For Aunt Louisa never had a headache. She had a HEADACHE. Back in her home town of Winterset, Idaho, it wasn't a word that was spoken lightly. It was Announced. When people went by her home and noticed that the shades were drawn at midday, that the house seemed to be surrounded by a brooding quiet as if even the trees were clenching their leaves tightly in deference, they said, "Poor Louisa must have one of her Headaches." And such was the power of Louisa in Winterset that even if this remark was made in a passing car it was made in muted tones.

It didn't surprise Rosemary, therefore, when she passed the floor clerk on her way to her aunt's room in their Chicago hotel, that the clerk lowered her voice and said, "I don't think your aunt will be going out today. She has a headache." It wouldn't have surprised her if that wing of the hotel had been roped off and posted with QUIET signs. Rosemary's own voice dropped to a whisper: "Have you seen Uncle Amby?"

It was typical of Rosemary that though the hotel housed thousands and she had only been there three days, she was on familiar terms with the clerk. She also knew an elevator operator on the dayshift, his wife's name, and his youngest boy's first spoken words. She would have known as much about one of the night operators if she had ever been in the elevator at night by herself. She was as engagingly friendly as a puppy, and because she assumed that people would be just as friendly in a city of four million as they were in a town of four thousand, why, naturally they were.

At Rosemary's question, personal annoyance struggled with impersonal courtesy on the floor clerk's face, and personal annoyance won. She said with a slight sniff, "I've seen him. He's been relaying instructions at intervals."

Rosemary said, "Oh."

She looked so apologetic *(Continued on page 80)*

BY LUCY CUNDIFF

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIA

WHAT'S COMING IN

Movies will improve; radio will reassert itself; TV will change drastically. All show business will try harder to please. Here's what to expect in the months ahead

BY DAVID BILL HEMPSTEAD

The world of entertainment is awakening to 1953 with the biggest hangover in its history. From ball parks to the Metropolitan Opera House, from Hollywood to the spires of Radio City, the past year has been a rugged one for the merchants of amusement. Nearly all of them say the villain in the piece is TV. But to offset this, TV is singing the blues right along with the rest.

Where does this leave you? What can you expect in the year ahead from the billion-dollar industries that cater to your leisure time for profit? Is TV the ruination of all other forms of entertainment, or is it a kind of creative catalyst that will build them all up to greater strength and productivity than ever?

Today it seems incredible that the first coast-to-coast TV broadcast was just fifteen months ago; that two years ago the broadcasting networks lost $9 million in their efforts to give you TV entertainment and didn't feel too discouraged in view of the fact that they had lost $25 million in the same effort the year before. Why, it was no farther back in history than the year (1922) of Judy Garland's birth that the nation's wisest electronics engineers, having that day successfully transmitted a wire-photo of Calvin Coolidge, announced that "the possibility of transmitting action pictures directly is almost negligible."

There are a great many people who wish that those electronics gentlemen had been right. Such a group would include nearly everyone in Hollywood, most of radio's personnel, all theater owners and a surprising number of people who are themselves in TV.

The movies have been nudged out of their historic position as the cheapest form of entertainment. Samuel Goldwyn, in explaining why he put the biggest investment of his career into his Technicolored production "Hans Christian Andersen," said "Why should people go and pay to see a lousy picture when they can stay home and see a lousy picture on TV for nothing?"

With box-office returns dwindling, all the movie companies will dedicate themselves in 1953 to making fewer pictures in the hope of achieving higher quality.

Fewer pictures will, of course, mean fewer people to make them. And where Hollywood contracts make firing impossible, the only alternative has been to cut salaries, overhead and other production expenses.

Within the past year every major picture company in

ENTERTAINMENT —

Hollywood has either cut salaries from twenty-five to fifty per cent, or unloaded as many of its term-contract personnel as possible—or both. In one way or the other this has hit executives, stars, writers, directors, producers and, of course, secretaries and mail clerks. Clark Gable was suspended for refusing the lead in "Sometimes I Love You." MGM saved—and Gable lost—$120,000 during that exchange of courtesies. When Mario Lanza failed to report for filming of "The Student Prince," his salary was stopped, he was sued for over $5 million, permission to appear on his weekly radio show was withdrawn, and an injunction was sought to prevent him from outside activities. This is unheard-of treatment to hand out to carefully coddled stars. But it is the current Hollywood pattern.

What we will euphemistically call the "free-lance" group of stars has acquired many illustrious names of late —Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter, Alan Ladd, Broderick Crawford, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Kathryn Grayson, Frank Sinatra and Betty Hutton. Many more will soon announce to the press their artistic and financial freedom.

In any year it would take a good man to sell a movie-producing company that had just lost $3 million in six months for a higher price per share than it could be bought for on the New York stock exchange. Only Howard Hughes is so fabulous an operator as to have been able to do that.

In 1948, Mr. Hughes bought a controlling interest in RKO Radio Pictures from Floyd Odlum for $8,825,690. A few weeks ago he sold it to a Chicago syndicate for $7,093,940. On paper he lost a little more than a million dollars. But the fact is, he made well over three million—for he kept a controlling interest in the RKO theater empire.

The RKO boom started when a little boy in Pasadena who had never been inside a movie theater looked at his television set and saw the blurbs for RKO's twenty-year-old adventure extravaganza "King Kong." The boy didn't know this picture had been rereleased because RKO was short of new pictures.

The little boy made his parents take him to the theater where "King Kong" was playing. The same pattern was repeated by enough millions of other children throughout the country to promise "King Kong" an income of three million dollars last year, far more than any picture recently made by RKO.

Thus, in the twilight of 1952 Mr. Hughes and the ape had proved the money value of old movies and the possibilities of a marriage between movies and TV. Any group controlling RKO could easily upset Hollywood's applecart by releasing the vast backlog of old hit pictures to TV.

FOR MORE OF WHAT SHOW BUSINESS IS PLANNING

★ THEATER
★ MOVIES
★ RADIO
★ TELEVISION

Better entertainment for more people is the goal this year. Its many new forms and improved techniques may surprise you

On the other side of the fence, TV was busy with its own nervous breakdown. In coming of age, TV had acquired the full privileges of relentless pressure, headaches and worry that accompany success. As any practicing captain of industry can tell you, there are two guarantees that a business has become successful. One is labor trouble. The other is a Congressional investigation. Either is enough to produce ulcers. TV had both. On the one hand, the Authors' League of America, the Screen Actors' Guild and the musicians under James Caesar Petrillo were demanding new slices of the melon, or else. On the other, a Congressional subcommittee was examining TV's programs and their producers for possible "immoral or otherwise offensive matter."

While it was true that the 110 microwave relay stations now stretching across the nation had provided a coast-to-coast hookup, they also had provided coast-to-coast frustrations. Many of the local stations were losing their shirts in the necessary job of staying on the air to acquire a following. A radio station could do that by playing phonograph records. A TV station could not. It was beginning to dawn on station owners that it is a lot cheaper to please the ear alone than to please both the ear and the eye. In order to stay in business, numerous locals were turning a deaf ear to the network executives' blandishments. Instead of using network shows, stations developed their own programs. They could keep all the cash their local customers paid in. The outcome has been that many of the big-time national sponsors were canceling out their TV plans because the networks couldn't offer them enough stations.

At the bottom of this woodpile was the fact that while TV was growing like Jack's beanstalk, its creative talent was beginning to wilt under the strain of trying to supply 110 stations with entertainment for fourteen hours every day. Comedians had exhausted their stock of gags. A vaudeville act or a play used to be good for two or three years. Six months of TV had every writer it employed hopelessly scraping the bottom of his trunk for an old plot or a stray joke. Many of the top-ranking stars were refusing to appear on TV without the protection afforded by making the show on film. Bing Crosby, whose lackadaisical ways did much to promote the acceptance of taped radio shows, told one of his brothers, "There's too much risk connected with a live show. When mistakes are made it's too late to correct them. On top of that, it's a tougher job than acting on film."

Today there are many people in Hollywood who believe that eventually most TV shows will originate as motion-picture film. There is much to support the view that they will.

The popular TV shows "I Love Lucy," "Show of Shows," "The Comedy Hour," Red Skelton, Jackie Gleason, Jack Benny cost well in excess of $50,000 an hour to produce. If the three national networks were to supply live entertainment, even of this quality, for five evening

THEATER: Interest of theatergoers centers about big-name personalities such as Bette Davis, shown rehearsing for "Two's Company," her first stage show in years.

TELEVISION: The success of "I Love Lucy" last year prompted other situation comedies, such as "Our Miss Brooks" with Eve Arden *(left)*, to enter television.

MOVIES: The stars feel audiences are not interested in paying to see someone "just like the girl next door." The emphasis is now on sex and glamour. Mona Freeman has changed from the ingenue type to the sophisticate.

hours seven days a week in the four time-zones of the nation, the cost would be something approaching one billion, one hundred million dollars a year. Obviously advertising cannot support any such fantastically-priced trumpet blowing as this. The only answer, many feel, is to record all expensive shows on film. This will permit the same show to be sold to many different sponsors, broadcast at any hour in any time-zone, and if it is solid entertainment, rerun and resold over a period of years. It is the only way in which the immense costs of good TV shows can be justified as investments.

"I Love Lucy," the top show of the year on every rating survey, provided a homely example of the peculiar benefits of film. Sometime this month Lucille Ball and her husband, Desi Arnaz, are going to have a baby. On a live show this would have meant Lucille's absence for several weeks. And without Lucille Ball "I Love Lucy" would have lasted fast, as they say in the trade. But because this is a filmed show, several episodes can be made well in advance. Unless the arrival of this latest Arnaz defies the laws of obstetrics, Lucille Ball will never be absent from your TV screen. *(Continued on page 68)*

RADIO: Daytime serials still rate higher than daytime television. Julie Stevens plays the lead in "Romance of Helen Trent," now in its nineteenth year of broadcasting.

MOVIES: Hollywood is abandoning prestige pictures with a message for such sure-fire successes as "April in Paris," a big musical starring Doris Day and Ray Bolger.

GAME OF CHANCE

Was he a villain or a benefactor? Suavely the innkeeper outguessed Guy—until, for a harrowing moment, his life hung on a single word!

BY DESMOND HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

Guy clapped the palm of his hand to Jane's mouth. "I haven't gone mad, but don't say anything until I've told you about tonight."

Guy's wrist watch said eight. For half an hour at least, he felt sure, they had not seen the lights of another car, which meant that somehow, somewhere, he had got off the main highway and was now headed blindly into the climbing hills. It had been a stupid idea to try to make Barre tonight.

"Keep your eyes open," he said to Jane. "If we see a farmhouse, we'll stop and ask them to take us in overnight." He spoke to himself as he felt the back wheels spin on the narrow slippery road. "Stupid idea," he muttered. "Stupid!"

"I'm so sorry, darling," Jane said.

"My fault. Always trying to get too far."

"But you watch—by and by we'll find some cozy little inn, like the one we stayed at last time." She pressed his arm. "Remember?"

Miraculously, at that moment Guy saw the light. Underneath it a sign of an inn rattled and swayed in the wind.

"I told you!" Jane cried.

"Can't believe it," Guy said. He took one hand from the wheel and hugged her, his spirits rising as he imagined a fireplace, good food, a deep, soft bed, and the sound of the wind and the rain to put them to sleep.

He swung the car into the driveway, the headlights bathing the white, green-shuttered face of an old colonial house, a great loom of mountain flank lolling darkly behind. Guy let out his breath, *(Continued on page 63)*

What Men Really

Few women know exactly what men think of them. Few males are completely frank about enlightening them. Indeed, men's thoughts on the subject have whetted Milady's curiosity since the beginning of time. She'd like to know the difference between what he *tells* her and what he *really thinks*.

Science has been curious, too. In universities and research foundations, psychologists have been hard at work—exploring men's attitude toward the fair sex from every conceivable angle. They've sent battalions of investigators into the field to question the male in his natural habitat. They've sifted the findings of surveys and studies; done scientific eavesdropping on a wholesale basis—and come up with a host of fascinating and significant findings.

Let's take a look at some of them.

Q: From a man's viewpoint, at what age is a woman the most attractive?

A: Surveys show most men think girls between 20 and 25 lead the field in the good-looks-and-charm department. A lesser percentage think women have the most appeal in their late teens.

Psychologists have found, however, that a man's views on this depend to a large extent on his temperament and personality. Studies conducted at the University of Illinois have shown, for example, that men with ulcers tend to prefer older women.

Just why the "ulcer type" is likely to pick a wife as old as or older than himself, has not been fully explained. But investigators believe he may feel an unconscious need of "mothering."

Q: At what age are men most susceptible to the charms of the fair sex?

A: Studies show that there are two periods in a man's life when women have the most potent attraction for him. His first—and most vulnerable—period is between the ages of 20 and 25. It is then that he is most easily captivated by whatever it is a woman uses to make a man fall for her. After he's passed his 25th birthday, his susceptibility tends to lessen gradually with each year—until he reaches 40. Then—boom!—something happens to his resistance, and for the next few years he is more vulnerable to Milady's wiles than at any period in his life—except during his early twenties.

Incidentally, psychologists have found that a married man is just as responsive to another woman's charms as a bachelor is. He may be less disposed to give rein to his inclinations—and may frequently suppress them completely—but the *impulse* is there, and it's just as potent. Studies at the University of Wisconsin, for example, have shown that married men have just about as many amorous dreams relating to cute secretaries, pretty waitresses, etc., as bachelors do. Inasmuch as a man's dreams reflect his desires, the university investigators conclude that marriage does little to lessen a man's vulnerability to the charms of pulchritudinous lasses.

The study revealed another very interesting and significant fact. Women's amorous dreams almost never involve promiscuity, and almost always relate to the person they are in love with. But with men's sex dreams, it was found to be just the other way around. This strongly suggests that

What are the thoughts about women that men won't admit, even to each other? Science has explored the male mind and made some astonishing discoveries

BY JOHN E. GIBSON

Think of Women!

men's basic impulses tend subconsciously at least to be on the polygamous side; it also bears out the findings of other studies which show that men frequently tend to view sex and love as apart from each other.

Q: Is it true that most men prefer blondes?

A: Definitely not—and it's a good thing, too, since brunettes outnumber blondes 5 to 1 in the female population. In a nation-wide poll, the American Institute of Public Opinion asked men of every age and walk of life to state their preferences. The result: 43 per cent like brunettes best, 23 per cent preferred blondes, and 12 per cent thought redheads were tops. The rest couldn't make up their minds. The survey showed that the older a man gets, the harder it is for him to make a choice in this matter. Almost twice as many men over 50 were unable to decide as men in their twenties. Possibly after a man reaches middle age they *all* look good to him.

Q: How do men feel about women taking the offensive in matters of romance?

A: Contrary to what most women think, the majority of men like the idea. In fact, a national survey shows that 49 per cent of the men think it's fine if the woman does the actual proposing, while only 38 per cent are against it. (The rest wouldn't commit themselves.) Incidentally, studies indicate that men with the most education are the most willing to have the lady take the lead in matters of the heart. But the consensus of investigations shows that most women take the opposite view, preferring to operate more subtly, and allow the male to at least *think* that he is the aggressor. For example, when a cross section of the nation's populace was asked: "Do you think it's all right for a girl to call up a boy friend and ask him for a date?", more than twice as many women as men turned thumbs down on the idea. And as for women doing the proposing, the ladies vetoed this idea nearly 2 to 1.

Q: How intelligent does a man like a woman to be?

A: Most men want a woman to be appreciably less intelligent than *they* are. Leading sociological studies show that, on the whole, men are attracted to women to whom they can feel intellectually superior. They tend to marry girls whose I.Q. and educational attainments are less than their own. Indeed, investigations show that the average male has a very marked tendency to shy away from girls whom he suspects of having as many or more brains than he has.

The man of better than average education, however, is much more willing to marry a girl whose I.Q. is on a par with his own. For example, studies conducted at leading universities in various parts of the United States show that most college men prefer a mate of *equal* intelligence and education. And while it was found that an extremely small percentage wanted wives whose mentality surpassed their own, very few wanted their helpmates to be less intelligent.

Incidentally, evidence indicates that the *college* man is much more choosy in the choice of a mate than are other men. Sociologist Clifford L. Kirkpatrick polled male *(Continued on page 70)*

PATTERN FOR REVOLT

Can the Russians throw off the yoke of their Communist masters? "Yes," says a young refugee, who offers this bold plan

BY TRIS COFFIN
ILLUSTRATED BY FRED SIEBEL

The moment I saw him standing hatless and erect at the bus stop, I knew this was Igor. He was as clean-cut and handsome as a campus athletic hero waiting for a date in a sorority-house living room. He had the broad shoulders and easy grace of a halfback. His short black hair covered a well-formed head.

I knew him by his eyes. They reflected a startling maturity in a kid of twenty-two—and a mystic faith, a faith that revolution will free his homeland, which is Russia.

Igor's life is a modern Odyssey. It includes a hazardous escape from Russia, life in a Nazi slave-labor camp, experiences in an underground, two attempts to murder him. And all this is just the beginning, for Igor, and this is not his name, is a key figure in an anti-Bolshevik underground. Many people believe that some day he will lead a successful revolt inside Russia.

Igor was a brief and impatient visitor in Washington. where he came to study the ways of the free world and to preach revolution—that is, revolution inside Russia. His present whereabouts are a secret, but it is safe to say he is actively working for what he calls "the liberation."

Everyone who met Igor in Washington was drawn to him and his ideas. Senator Wayne Morse, the dynamic Oregon Republican and Armed Services Committee member, is convinced that Igor has an answer to the dilemma of the free world—*how to break the chains of Soviet aggressiveness without war*. So the Senator opened doors to the offices of the Government's top policy makers and pushed Igor inside.

A close personal friend of the President heard the young man for half an hour and was so impressed that she announced dramatically her "duty to mankind" demanded she take him to the President. Senator Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, described Igor as "a very brilliant young man." The late Senator Brien McMahon, then chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, remarked that Igor's plans have "great promise."

Even the most tough and skeptical fell under this spell—like the general who reluctantly agreed to see Igor for a few minutes. It was plain from the general's brusque tones that he had no faith in the young man's idea. But it is hard to resist Igor's deep and earnest voice. (He sounds like movie actor Paul Lukas . . . the faintly exotic accent and the measured word.)

So the general listened for more than an hour. Igor told how revolt might be built around the Russian youth. He described restless and unhappy young people with no outlet for their dreams and hopes . . . bitterly disillusioned war veterans . . . hundreds of thousands of young Russians roaming the Soviet in gangs.

When Igor finished, the general said not unkindly, "Do you mean to advocate overthrow of the Soviet regime?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you read all of Lenin's works?"

Igor was puzzled and said *(Continued on page 72)*

Two Sides to a Picture

Her refusal to marry him was a blow to his pride. But the pay-off came when another man, with whiplash scorn, told him *why*

John Campion stopped as if somebody had grabbed the back of his coat. He could never pass the luggage display in any department store without wasting at least fifteen minutes inspecting various bags, arranging his clothing in them, planning an imaginary jaunt to South America or Europe or just any old place on the map.

This time, it was a cleverly designed two-suiter that had brought him up short. He made a beeline for it and inspected it thoroughly, running his long brown fingers over the sturdy rawhide, comparing it with a similar one he had at home. This one was a beauty, all right . . . but he did not need another bag. He had come into the store for a pair of shoes.

Reluctantly, he gave the bag a final pat and made for the escalator that would take him up to the men's shoe section on the second floor. He was a tall, well-built, craggy-featured young man, who carried himself with an air of quiet assurance. He looked like a man who knew where he was going as well as where he had been, and a pretty young salesgirl, excruciatingly bored behind the picture-frame counter, smiled wistfully at him.

John returned her smile, his deep-set eyes warming; then once again he came to a sudden stop, turned, and slowly walked back toward the display of picture frames. Could he possibly have seen a picture of Gail in one of those frames?

The salesgirl came toward him eagerly. "May I help you, sir?"

John did not hear her. He had picked up a large silver-and-ebony frame and was staring at the photograph in it, his fingers clutching the frame so tightly that they cramped. It *was* Gail . . . and none of the tricks of lighting and softening used by an expert photographer could disguise the familiar gleam in the widely-spaced gray eyes, demurely fringed with thick lashes, the wide, smooth brow, the vulnerable mouth—except that Gail, he thought bitterly, was about as vulnerable as a female boa constrictor. She was wearing her gold-brown hair differently, in a sleek, shiny skullcap with soft little bangs, instead of loose on her shoulders, as he remembered it. . . .

"It's a lovely frame, isn't it?"

John came out of his trance. "Yes. Yes, it is. I want to buy it. How much?"

"Seventy-five dollars plus tax." She held out her hand for the frame, and he passed it to her

BY HELEN DAVIS SZOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER STEVENS

Peter Stevens

reluctantly. "Charge or cash? And would you like it gift-wrapped, sir?" As she spoke, she loosened the black velvet easel and started to slip the picture out.

"Don't do that!" John said sharply. "I want the picture, too."

"Oh, I'm sorry. We never sell the pictures in our frames. We aren't allowed to. The photographers lend them to us for display purposes only."

John took a deep breath. "But the picture is what I want. I mean, I'm only buying the frame to get the picture. Couldn't you—make an exception?" He smiled at her so appealingly that she thought, *Oh, darn, why do they have these silly rules? The poor sweet dope is probably in love with that witch who wouldn't even give him her picture, but what can I do?*

She shook her head regretfully, "No. We'd get in an awful lot of trouble if we let one of these get away from us. And not only with the photographer. The person whose picture it is has something to say about it, too, you know. But it's such a lovely frame. Wouldn't you like to buy the frame anyway?"

"No," John said stubbornly. "I want that picture. Put a price on it. Put any price on it—"

"I c-can't." She was beginning to be really distressed. "I'll call the manager if you like, but he'll only tell you what I've told you." Suddenly she had an inspiration. "I know! Why don't you contact the photographer? Maybe he'll let you have one." She did not really think so, but he looked so obsessed she feared he might snatch the picture from her and dash out of the store with it.

"Well . . ." John said glumly, "who is he—the photographer, I mean?" He was unbearably frustrated, and feeling sillier by the minute. He would be drawn and quartered and dipped in you-know-what before he would ever let Gail know that he had tried to get her picture this way. "I probably won't get around to doing anything about it, but I'll take his name anyway, if you'll be kind enough to give it to me."

The elaborate casualness of his last remark amused the girl, but she answered him gravely, "Claude Nesmann. He's on Vane Street some place, just off the Parkway." She would bet her next pay check against a streetcar token that he would head straight for that photographer the minute he left. Gosh, it must be wonderful to have a man as attractive and—well—*intense* as this one feel like that about you.

John decided there was nothing imperative about getting a pair of shoes; besides, the shoe section would probably be crowded at noontime. He was his own boss, and he did not have to get back to the small but prosperous advertising agency he had built up after the war. There were no important appointments on his schedule for this afternoon.

Once outside, he stood for a moment breathing in great lungfuls of the crisp fall air, watching people scurry in and out of shops on the busy main drag. It was wonderful weather, clear and sharp, and he decided to leave his car parked where it was and walk to the Parkway. It was always pleasant there. A broad, two-mile strip of grass and trees and bushes with a little brook meandering in and out . . . the foliage would be turning, too . . . perhaps if he got as far as Vane Street and had nothing better to do, he would just see where this Claude Nesmann had his studio. . . .

As he walked, John decided he was all possible kinds of a fool. As far as Gail was concerned, his out-of-sight, out-of-mind program had been a complete flop, and he might as well admit it. At first, he had spent his days working like a crazy man and his evenings taking out one attractive girl after another, kidding himself that he was having a good time, that Gail was no longer important or necessary to him.

What a laugh! He had only succeeded in shoving his real feelings deep inside himself. One glimpse of her picture, and all the old aching desire had come flooding back, stronger than ever. . . . She was still the most beautiful, the most exciting, the most maddeningly unattainable woman he had ever known.

John quickened his pace as he thought of the last time he had seen her. The evening she had told him that she would never marry him. Unwilling to believe she was serious, he had taken her in his arms and forced her to admit that she loved him—but beyond that she would not go. Marriage was out of the question. He was too much like Sidney Bannister, the man who had been her husband—not in looks, but in temperament—and she dared not make another unwise choice. Why couldn't they just go on as they had been—having fun—enjoying each other—?

John's control had snapped. They were driving home after an evening of dancing, and he had stopped the car, shut off the motor, and turned her toward him. "Men aren't built that way!"

"Oh!" She had faked surprise. "Well . . . yes. I see what you mean. Why don't we have an affair, then? So much less complicated—"

She was teasing him and he knew it, but suddenly he was angrier than he had ever been in his life. "No affair! Not now. Not ever. I want you to be my wife. And if I ever hear of you carrying on with some bedroom Romeo, I'll take him apart—a piece at a time. Then I'll turn *you* over my knee and whale the daylights out of you! Is that clear?"

"Very," she said dryly. "You sound just like Sidney. . . ."

"Well, I'm *not* Sidney. I'm me." He had pulled her close again and kissed her, many times, holding her tightly, lost in the warmth and fragrance and sweetness of her, finally whispered, "Gail . . . please . . . Gail . . ."

"No." Her voice trembled, but she slipped out of his arms. "I won't marry you. It just wouldn't work. We'd both be miserable."

John had sat for a long moment, staring through the windshield, trying to regain control, his shaking hands gripping the steering wheel hard, telling himself he must be patient; he must get to the bottom of this queer obsession she had. Until he did, he would be boxing shadows. But he knew now that he had a real adversary, and a strong one.

"All right," he said carefully, "but what exactly are you objecting to? What was the matter with Sidney? You never did tell me."

"I—I don't think you would understand, if I did."

"You could try. I think you owe me that, Gail. I love you. And love isn't something to be tossed lightly out of the window." He found her hand and curled his fingers about her wrist. "They say it's a rare and precious commodity. There's never enough to go around."

"I know." He barely heard the words. "I know. That's why I must not make another mistake. You don't recover from—from certain kinds of bruises, darling. You never recover. . . ."

John stared down at her. "You're not trying to tell me the guy slapped you around?"

"Silly! Of course not. But it might have been better if he had. I would have preferred it to being—shut out."

"Shut out? What do you mean?"

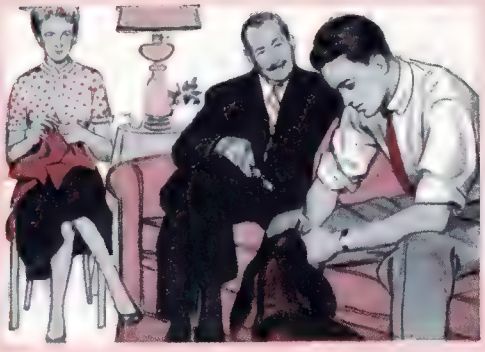
"Sidney didn't—*need* me." The twisting of her fingers was like silent weeping. "You wouldn't need me, either—"

(Continued on page 76)

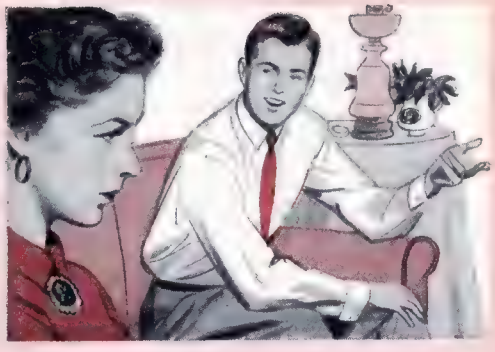
PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK NO. 30

BY DR. JOHN R. MARTIN

Can You Diagnose this Case?

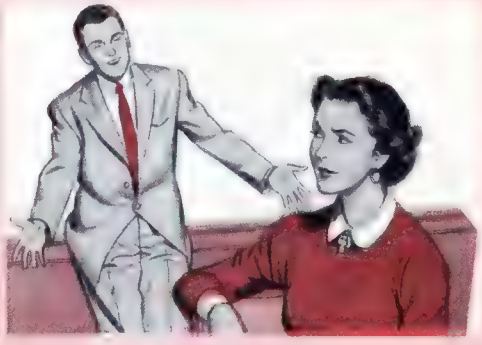


1. Rita and Andy were neighbors when they were children and spent much of their time playing together. When their parents commented on the attachment that had grown up between them, Andy was embarrassed and denied his fondness for Rita.



2. As adolescents, both Rita and Andy had dates with other teen-agers, but Rita preferred Andy to the other boys. Andy liked her, too, but seemed to take delight in tormenting her with tales of his other girl friends when they had dates together.

3. When Andy proposed to Rita, their engagement was announced. At their engagement party, Andy embarrassed and humiliated Rita by flirting with the other girls, but she refused to make an issue of it, in order to avoid any unpleasantness.



4. When their wedding date was set, Andy announced that he was going to have one last date with each of his old girl friends. Rita let him see that this angered her, and he told her men were "different" and he had to get girls out of his system.

Is Andy a reluctant bridegroom? Does he love some other girl? Or is he just an overgrown adolescent?

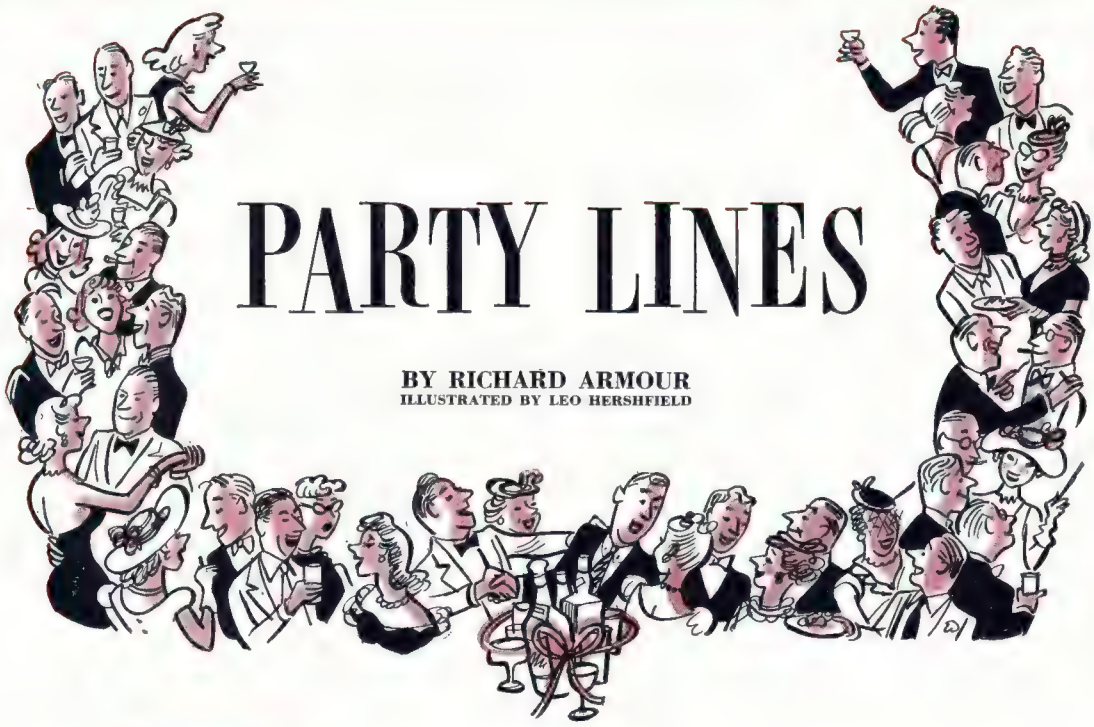
WHAT IS YOUR DIAGNOSIS?

1. **Andy** obviously is in love with one of his other girl friends and feels trapped by his approaching marriage. ☐

2. **Andy** is retarded in his emotional development, and his explanation is an effort to save his face with Rita. ☐

3. **Andy** knows his own weakness for the opposite sex and rightly wants to get his girl friends out of his system. ☐

Turn to page 78 for Dr. Martin's analysis



PARTY LINES

BY RICHARD ARMOUR
ILLUSTRATED BY LEO HERSHFIELD

FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

Is this the house? Is this the night?
Did we, my dear, remember right?
No porch light gleams, no guests stand near
The front-room pane through which we peer.
No cars before the doorway park,
All seems unfestive, mostly dark . . .
With what relief, what brimming cup,
We see another car drive up
And know—our dreadful fears are gone—
That all is well—the party's on!

WHY DID I COME HERE, ANYHOW?

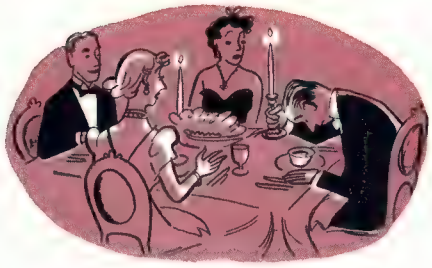
When I am a guest, I expect the best,
So, my host, when you take my hat,
Don't say I should make myself feel at home—
I want to feel better than that!

BIG AFFAIR

At parties that are extra large
I often wonder who's in charge,
And as the smoke and talk grow thicker
and stocks decline of food and liquor
Not only do I fail to meet
The guests who, with me, drink and eat.
But also, though I drink his toast,
I sometimes do not see my host.

SPOT CHECK

A napkin's a small piece of paper or linen
That causes a crisis I've frequently been in.
To wit, I'm not sure as to whether it's best
To cover my knees or my lap or my chest,
Till later I find (this I sullenly brood on)
That the part I protect's not the part I drop food on.



CANDLE-POWERLESS

Beneath the subtle candlelight
You ladies ***do*** look quite all right,
And, seen less clearly, I admit
That I myself improve a bit.

But such the wattage, such the flicker,
Which glass is water, which is liquor?
Is this potato, squash or rice?
I need a Seeing Eye's advice.

I'd like to know the flowers from
The celery, and not by thumb.
I'd like to know where north and south **is,**
Or anyhow, just where my mouth is.

For, after all, I came to dine
(And not upon your face or mine),
And so, to find which food is which,
I pray you, please turn on the switch!

TONGUE-TIDE

Don't let the conversation lag.
Come on, friend, be a wit or wag,
And if you can't, say phrases, clauses,
Just ***anything,*** to fill the pauses.
Small talk will do, or aimless chatter,
It really, truly doesn't matter . . .
What makes the hostess pale? Some illness?
Oh, no—a grim, five-second stillness.

STAYING POWER

It's time to leave, and somewhat past,
But host and hostess are aghast
When someone makes a move to go.
"Oh, no, you mustn't. Goodness, ***no.***
The evening's early," they implore
And block your passage through the door.
"Don't be a spoilsport. Come on, stay
And have another drink," they say,
And try to hide their look of rue
When, giving in at last, you do.

LINES FOR THE END OF A LATE PARTY

Though guests may pity much their host
Whom they, departing, leave the post
Of washing dishes, carting bottles,
And scrubbing stain before it mottles,

The host is glad he's not the guest,
Though left with dishes and the rest,
Because, while guests drive long and steady,
To reach their home, he's there already.

People Put Their Hearts in Her Hands

BY SAM STAVISKY
PHOTOS BY MARTHA HOLMES

Two girls who get their advice without writing—Mary's daughters, Amelia, 20 *(left)*, and Mary, 21 *(right)*, with their mother and dog, Ruffles. Mary became a columnist to support them.

One evening recently, a young bride blew up. She was fed to the teeth with the incessant bragging of her husband, Ben, and his mother about how lucky she was to have married into their family. She said a lot of hot, harsh things.

Later that night, when she cooled off, she apologized, but her stubborn husband refused to forgive. For days, Ben gave her the silent treatment. Finally, at wits' end, the young bride wrote and told her troubles to a woman she had never met, but felt, nevertheless, she knew intimately.

"Your husband's lunatic display of resentment," came this woman's prompt answer, "is very sick, psychologically. As for his mother's bombast . . . it is deliberately contrived to enslave her son to her for life and . . . to tyrannize her daughter-in-law. . . .

"Stop kicking yourself about the quarrel which sparked Ben's sensational tantrum. . . . My advice is to get first-hand specialist help in reviving *your* sanity. Then decide what to do about Ben."

The author of such pungent, outspoken counsel is a tiny, fragile-looking platinum blonde whose unique column "Mary Haworth's Mail" appears every day in over 150 newspapers (with a combined circulation of some 20,000,000) around the world. Her ardent followers—a large proportion of them young married people—find her sage words a refreshing and stimulating departure from the innocuous mumbo-jumbo and stale sentimentality usually found in advice-to-the lovelorn columns.

As an intensely sincere counselor on human problems —famed novelist Katherine Brush called her "the Walter Lippmann of the lovelorn columnists"—Mary Haworth spends hours and even days analyzing and dissecting the emotional conflicts which are set before her. But her answers, although frequently expressed in complex, wordy sentences, are packed with solid meaning. ("She uses words like bullets," one fellow writer has said, enviously.)

Recently, impatient at a young wife's spineless complaints, she told her: "Stop licking your husband's boots!" Again, when a husband, married for only a few years, boasted that he loved his wife but couldn't help being a roving Don Juan, Mary dismissed him curtly with: "A faithless husband is, in general, a chap in quest of affidavits that he is indeed a man. . . ."

Another time, she offered this extremely candid advice to a father who was concerned about his married daughter's conduct while her husband was overseas with the Army: "Turn her out—for to do less would be to surpass her in the want of character. . . ."

Naturally, such strong advice is bound to offend a lot of readers, and sometimes the protests have been loud and long. But the attitude of the millions of Haworth devotees is probably best expressed in a letter Miss Haworth received not long ago from the proofreaders of a New Jersey newspaper. Often, the letter said, they passed around her column, suggested their own solution to the problem being discussed that day, and then matched their advice with hers.

"We don't always agree with you," the letter concluded, "but we love you just the same."

Among the countless fan letters she has received, Mary Haworth cherishes most one from the late Dr. Joshua Loth Liebman, author of the best-selling "Peace of Mind." It said, in part: "This letter is just another very grateful expression of my deep gratitude for the magnificent work you are doing to bring sanity and healthy-mindedness to untold multitudes in our country."

"Mary Haworth's Mail" has grown steadily in popularity since she started writing it in 1933, possibly because of her paradoxical combination of homespun, old-fashioned common sense and incisively modern psychiatric terms. True, she is a *(Continued on page 83)*

Meet Mary Haworth, who combines common sense, unsentimental wisdom and modern psychology in a unique advice column

The Dudleys

THE FUN AND FOIBLES OF A HAPPY FAMILY

BY HELEN COTTON
ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

"Isn't He a Beauty?"

George had told her a shipment was on the way, express collect. But Amy was unprepared for the size of it: An enormous crate which the delivery man rolled up on a dolly. She spent the rest of the afternoon wondering what it contained. George, with a gleam in his eye, had refused to tell—and cautioned against opening it. As if she could! The name of the sender in Minnesota meant nothing to Amy. There was one clue, but it didn't help. On a recent business trip to Minneapolis, George had spent a day at a lake in the vicinity.

That evening, Amy watched from the bottom basement step while he went about the business of uncrating. She might have been a sub-deb in her skirt and sweater, he a sculptor about to unveil a masterpiece. Such a proud, ceremonious air! And such a smug look when she missed two of the three sporting guesses he'd given her.

"It wouldn't be that big fish you caught?" Amy made a wild final stab. Ridiculous, was her afterthought! The crate would have been marked "perishable."

"That's *just* what it is." George happily pried off a second long slat. "Biggest fish I ever landed."

"Ye gods! Something should have been done about it long ago."

"No hurry. It's not frozen." Crumpled newspapers and tissues were coming out in heaps. "I had it fixed for keeps. There, Mrs. Dudley—what do you think of it?"

"Why—why, it's ENORMOUS!" Amy leaped up for a closer view of the stuffed triumph. "I had no idea."

"I *told* you it weighed twenty-two pounds." George's chest visibly swelled. "Forty-one inches from snout to tail."

"What did you call it?" Amy inquired with wide-eyed awe.

"A muskellunge—and a mighty fine specimen. Isn't he a beauty?"

Not particularly, Amy thought, recovering a little. Kind of olive in color, spotted all over with black as if the fish had broken out with something.

All the exultation with which he'd recounted this catch glowed in George's face again as he lifted it out. "See—it's all ready to hang up."

As if she'd touched an open electric socket, Amy suffered a visible shock. *Hang up!* Where? Surely not in the house! There was no suitable place like a rumpus room or study.

George was too absorbed to notice her. He was examining his prize, gloating over it. "Wonderful taxidermy! Did I ever tell you I once got a scout merit badge for stuffing a pheasant? It came out a little lumpy and slightly cross-eyed, but on the whole a success." Tenderly, he slid an arm under the belly of the fish. "Let's get this up into better light. Come along, Musky."

In better light—and closer space—Musky was downright overpowering. For the first time, Amy got a good look at his head—and almost fainted. Those cruel jaws and fierce teeth! That rapacious expression! "You're sure it's not a shark?" she asked weakly.

"Wish I could have got a *really* big one. They run sixty to eighty pounds—" George spread his arms—"six feet long."

Her knees melting, she had to sit down. "They do?"

"Now—let's see." He was taking inventory of the wall space. "How about over the sofa? That picture is sort of blah, don't you think?"

True. She'd been planning to replace it—but not with a stuffed fish! Blah was one thing, blight another. But it was George's room, too, and she had to be fair. A home was a compromise in tastes—theoretically, anyway.

Kneeling on the sofa, his trophy raised above it, George studied the effect.

"Doesn't it kind of throw off the colors in the slip cover?" Amy ventured. An extravagant understatement.

"Maybe you're right." There must be a better place. George brightened as his glance fell upon the fireplace. "What about over the mantel? We can take down the mirror."

That monster the focal point of the living room? Amy couldn't stop her cry: "Oh, no, not *there!*"

George looked around sharply. Turning with him, the fish appeared about to swallow her. "I mean—the holes will show when you take the screws out of the mirror. . . . If we had a library like my dad's—"

That's what her father had called it, though it housed more clocks than books. There was a lot to be said for roomy old houses like the one she'd grown up in. You could keep things you couldn't part with—or live with, either. But these streamlined houses ruled out caprice.

"We've got a dining room," George reminded her, as if Amy might have forgotten.

Only one possible spot for it—and that impossible! Between her cherished silver sconces above the buffet. A generous spread of blank wall, but not generous enough. Either the long snout got crowded or the bristling tail was in the way. Couldn't he see how inappropriate, impossible—? Apparently he couldn't. George hadn't just caught that fish. He'd fallen in love with it.

In a sweat now, more stubborn than certain, he still struggled to fit the new tenant in where it couldn't fit at all. "If you don't mind the bracket between his teeth—" he said desperately. Then he felt Amy's silence like a chill on his back and spun around, surprising the utter dismay on her face. "You don't like my fish at all. You don't even want to give him house room."

"It's *not* a woman's kind of thing, George," Amy found her courage. "But I could take it—in the right place."

"What place? Lake Minnewaska? It's a little late to throw him back now." George was hurt. "Can't a man have anything *he* likes under his roof?"

"Darling—don't you like what we've got?" Now Amy was hurt, too. "You helped me select most of it—all the important things, and that's what counts." It was a half-truth, and, even under the sting of the moment, she knew it. "Would we have that long sofa if it weren't for you?

Kneeling on the sofa, his trophy raised above it, George studied the effect. It was his room, too, Amy thought.

That deep chair? You settled on the drapes from the samples I brought . . ."

"I picked from what you picked." He held up a hand to stop her protests. "Not that I'd want to look through all the stores. You have the time for that—and the taste."

"Do I?" She was grateful for the accolade, but not entirely convinced. Every man thought his wife had good taste—even the husbands of women whose taste was atrocious. It was a part of a man's approval of his choice in a mate.

"Didn't I ask you to do my office? And everybody thinks it's swell." He couldn't tell her yet, but George felt an obscure relief that Musky didn't fit the buffet wall. Eating dinner with a hungry-looking cadaver on the wall—!

"If there's anything in the house you don't like—"

"I love everything," he said, and meant it. Even the ruffled curtains that obscured the view as well as the glare. And the fancy shelf edging that came down in loops whenever he was careless in a closet. These touches were part of Amy, and the place wouldn't be the same without them. Wistfully he added, "Once in a while a guy wants to bring something in."

"George, there *is* a place for your fish!" In humility, Amy at last found a practical solution. "The hall."

They hung him there, finally, on two picture hooks and left the wall lights burning in homage to George's skill and luck. He was pleased, Amy mollified—until screams of terror rent the house apart. Half-undressed, they burst from their bedroom to find little Binnie in the hall. On her way to the bathroom, she'd encountered the new member of the family—and reacted.

"It's nothing—just a bad dream," George comforted her in his arms.

Amy heard Spencer getting up and blocked his exit from the bedroom. "Never mind, darling. Everything's all right now." She wasn't sure whether her small boy would dote with his dad or duet with his sister. But she was taking no chances.

Later, when the children were back asleep, George threatened to throw "Dudley's folly" out with the garbage.

"Nonsense, dear!" Amy took up his cudgels. "There must be a suitable spot for him. Do you remember where your mother put your stuffed pheasant?"

Did he remember? George went soft with nostalgia: "She suggested I make a gift of it to the museum, so everybody could enjoy . . ." A belated flash of understanding stopped him. Women! Mom had flattered that cross-eyed bird right out of the house! And now, suddenly, his mother's guile presented the solution. "I know the place, Amy. My office—right over the bookcase."

She could have wept with relief. "Perfect! It's really a show piece, George. Not a home decoration."

He fingered his chin and chuckled. "You might have to remind me of that again sometime. What if I bag a moose?"

. . . More about the Dudleys soon

The showplace before which Bill and Maxine Thompson are standing *(above)* was built with gold filings from his laboratory floor. **Below, you** can see them collecting the precious dust that built the patio *(far right)* on which they eat outdoors with their children.

She wouldn't take the fillings out of your teeth—she just took the filings that were left over, sold them—and—

Golden Dust Built Their House

BY KATE HOLLIDAY

Photos by Theda & Emerson Hall—Globe

If you want something badly enough," Maxine Thompson said positively, "you'll get it by hook or crook!"

The house that small, blue-eyed Maxine lives in is proof of that. For she parlayed a few cents' worth of golden dust into a home worth nearly $25,000.

About two years ago, Maxine and her husband, dental technician Bill Thompson, got pretty bored with paying out large sums for rent. They had owned their own place at one time, and wanted to again, especially for the sake of the three young Thompsons: Deanna, Craig and Billy.

But 34-year-old Bill was in the throes of building up a dental laboratory. Every spare cent went into new equipment and supplies. There just didn't seem to be a way to collect the down payment for a house.

Maxine's brain went into action one day. It's quite a brain, incidentally. At one time or another, it's led her into a successful dry-cleaning business, into a perfume shop, into nurse's training. And it's the kind of brain which latches on to an idea and doesn't let go until its goal has been reached.

Maxine was helping Bill with the bookkeeping at the lab. One afternoon, as he was finishing a customer's bridge, she saw him sweep some gold filings into a Mason jar.

"Hey! What do you do with those?" she asked.

"Sell them to the refinery." *(Continued on page 56)*

Young Adults at Home

BY CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY
Photographs by Otto Maya

Now is the Time— to Fill Your Linen Closet

There's a rainbow 'round this month's annual "white sale"—for now it's hardly white at all. This event is a glorious chance for the smart shopper, and almost everything offered is a good bet to be a good buy.

January is always a time to shop for linens. (Other regular months for "specials" are May and August). And, because of the high standards in this field, the "seconds" that are available the year round are perfectly acceptable, though you should always take time to examine each item and refuse uneven hems or conspicuous stains, if any.

Much depends on whether you shop with a trousseau in mind or from a purely practical point of view.

If you want trousseau linens (and, even if you're ten years married, you can still want them as much as any bride), you'll look for the newest fashions and flourishes. This means sheets that are plaid, striped, flowered, scalloped or bordered. The practical-minded know that all these frills add somewhat to price, but nothing to durability. In bath towels the trousseau-fashion is for deep, dark colors. Stunning, yes, says the practical shopper, but they are a bit less absorbent and will have to be washed by themselves. So steer a shopping course that considers your own way of life and your pocketbook—the choice is as broad as a Hollywood bed!

BRIGHTEN UP YOUR BATHROOM

The most colorful section of any linen department is that devoted to towels and washcloths. But don't let that array carry you away! Be smart: look for strong selvages; firm, neat finish at the hems; close-woven base material and thick, thirsty loops. Consider, too, the feel and finish. Some towels are deliberately rough for a brisk friction-rub, while others are soft and silky. There are delightful new designs such as wide pastel stripes or tweed patterns (both by Martex), or one called Cloisonné which has an embossed effect made by three different depths of weave (Fieldcrest). To avoid a spotty effect, buy bath towels, hand towels and washcloths alike, and get a few more washcloths, because they wear out faster. (Never use a washcloth for a clean-up cloth—that *will* shorten its days.)

Men like big bath towels. Unfortunately, getting the right-size towel is not made easy for the customer. The problem is: how big is "big"? Stores sell as bath size towels running all the way from a skimpy 20″x40″ to a really luxurious 25″x58″. (There are others called bath sheets or beach towels up to 36″x72″.) I wish the manufacturers of towels would put the sizes on woven labels, the way some of the sheet people do.

The little terrycloth finger-tip towel that made its debut just five years ago has become standard, because both men and women like it as a guest towel. These and many others come beautifully packed in all manner of sets and combinations and are being used more and more as gifts.

BLANKET POLICIES

The blanket shelf of the linen closet is a spot where the new fibers are showing up. While pure wool is still pure luxury, the new fibers do provide beautiful warmth at such modest prices that nonsleepers may soon be counting synthetic sheep! Blankets that will never be bothered by moths, for instance, are those of Dynel or Acrilan. (Pepperell makes a blanket of never-shrink 100% Acrilan in five pastel colors and poppy red at $24.95.) Rayon combinations are even less expensive; there's a handsome new one that's 88% rayon that sells for $10.95 (Purrey, by Chatham).

When blanket-shopping, consider softness, size, weight and color. One cardinal rule is to look at accessories and finish. Good binding, perfectly matched in color and well-sewn, flashes news that this is a quality blanket. Binding on all *(Continued on page 56)*

Three Important Words

BY FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Peggy lay steaming gently in the gardenia-scented vapors of a bubble bath, wet cotton pads over her closed eyelids. She had already given herself a complicated facial, set her hair in damp circles, and changed her nail polish. In her closet was a new dress, on her dresser a new dog-collar of pearls, in her purse a tiny new bottle of expensive perfume.

She had high hopes that by the time Jim arrived within the hour, she would look and smell so beautiful that he would break down and tell her that he loved her.

She sighed faintly. Maybe he *didn't* love her; with someone like Jim, you couldn't really tell. He was so big, so awkward, so inarticulate; he wasn't given to pretty speeches. On her birthday, he had sent her a card with funny dogs on it.

Taking stock in her mind now, she added up the ten dates they had had in the past three weeks. In all that time, what was the nicest thing he had said to her? She frowned under the cotton pads, trying to recall. And then she remembered one time when he had met her for lunch

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE IN THESE TWO PAGES

and they had stood waiting in a small crowd for a table. He had looked down at her. "That dress is nice material," he had said.

Peggy got out of the tub. But as she dried herself and applied dusting powder in tickling puffs of fragrance, she took heart. It was funny, the feeling she had tonight. She had a feeling that when Jim saw her in the new dress, the pearls around her throat, her hair shining—

She stood motionless, swallowing, trying to picture him saying the words. She closed her eyes, goading her imagination. He had a deep voice. "I love you, Peggy." Or "I *love* you, Peggy," the voice a little gruff. There—that time she had heard it. She felt shaken.

She dressed very, very carefully, applying make-up with hushed concentration. She brushed out her hair. The new dress was like cool water sliding over her head; the pearls nestled sweetly around her throat. After applying the perfume, she walked to the mirror and stared at herself.

She felt a pressure in her chest. Oh, my, she thought incoherently. She looked down at her watch. Ten minutes more. Her hands went up to her hot cheeks. It was as if she were running a low, sweet fever.

The doorbell rang. Her heart flipped over. He's here, she thought. He was early. That meant something, didn't it? He was impatient to be with her.

She opened the door, but it was only the young widow, Mrs. Ferris, who lived in the flat directly overhead. Peggy was crazy about her little boy; they had gotten quite friendly through elevator meetings. But now Mrs. Ferris looked pale and frightened. "Dickie has locked himself inside the bathroom," she said, "and I hear the water running in there—" She clasped her hands. "I'm scared to death. I called the superintendent, but there's no answer, and—"

Peggy felt suddenly calm and masterful. "I'll get him out," she said. "I'm very good with children." She clicked the lock on her door and followed her neighbor at a run up the one flight of stairs and into the neat apartment. They both stopped in front of the bathroom door. There was the sound of furiously rushing water inside. Mrs. Ferris banged on the door, rattled the knob. "Dickie!" she shouted. "Twist the lock! Open the door!" She turned to Peggy, her face white. "He's only two. I don't think he understands."

Peggy saw a glitter of water in the crack under the door. Her self-confidence dissolved with astonishing rapidity. "You'd better call the fire department," she said.

"Oh, there isn't *time!*" Mrs. Ferris said frantically. She banged on the door again. "He'll scald himself! He'll drown himself! Oh, my baby!"

Peggy's heart was torn with pity. And then her face changed. "Our apartments have the same layout," she said. "Doesn't your bathroom window look down on part of the fire escape?"

Mrs. Ferris stared and then turned swiftly, running to the kitchen as Peggy followed. Mrs. Ferris flung open the window and climbed out to the fire-escape, crouching down almost immediately to face Peggy with a look of wild triumph. "You're right," she said. "Come out here."

Peggy climbed out gingerly, mindful of her dress. Standing outside, she saw that the bathroom window, although much higher and smaller, was indeed within the enclosure of the fire escape—but only just about. There might have been two or three inches of window that went just beyond the metal railing.

"I'll boost you up," Mrs. Ferris said breathlessly. "I'll hold on to your legs while you open the window and get in. I'll hold you well inside the fire escape; don't worry."

"*Me?*" Peggy cried. She looked down at her new dress; her hand went up convulsively to her necklace. "Why don't *you?* I'll hold you, and—"

"I'm too big to get inside that little window in a hurry," Mrs. Ferris said, panting. "Oh, please, please—it would be so easy for you! My baby—"

Like a drowning man seeing his whole life in one last, spiraling montage, Peggy remembered her dream of Jim gazing at her present perfection. She opened her mouth, closed it. Then she said in a choked voice, "Be sure to get a good grip on me."

She let herself into her apartment slowly. She looked down at her watch. Incredible—that so much had happened in only ten minutes. A frantic mother, a call for help, a rescued child—now very damp and covered with toothpaste, but safe in his weeping mother's arms.

Her eyes lifted, met her reflection in the mirror. She felt the quick, inner spasm of tears. She was a mess. Her hair hung in wet strands, there were blobs of toothpaste on her face, her dress was full of damp patches.

She moved heavily to the bedroom and peeled off the dress. She put cream on her dirty face and wiped it off. The doorbell rang. She swallowed, and then went to the closet, putting on the first dress she touched. She walked out and opened the door. "Hello, Jim," she said. He looked so big, so dear, standing there. She wanted to cry.

"Are you the lady of the house?" he said, his face solemn. "I am a young man, working my way through college for the past seventeen years, and—" His face changed. He came in slowly, closing the door after him. "Holy Mother Machree," he said. "You look terrible."

And they say, Peggy thought bitterly, that love is blind. If he really loved her, he would think that she looked pure and beautiful without make-up.

In rather jerky sentences, she told him what had happened. When she was finished, she looked up. He looked queer. "You mean," he said hoarsely, "that this woman held you while— Five floors above the street, and—"

For some reason, Peggy felt frightened. "The window was practically entirely inside the railing," she said.

"Practically!" he shouted suddenly. "You must have been out of your mind! What were you thinking of, doing a fool thing like that?"

"W-why—" Peggy sputtered. My dress, she thought; I was thinking about spoiling my new dress.

"Suppose this woman had gotten dizzy, holding you up!" Jim's face was congested. "Suppose you fell over the side of the railing! While a kid was playing in a little water, you could have gotten killed!" He gripped her and shook her violently. "Don't you have any *sense?*"

Her throat stung. "I have plenty of sense!" she cried. "Anyway, it's *my* life; I can—" Her mouth stayed open. She stared up at him, seeing his flushed face, his wild eyes. Realization flowed through her. She felt a pressure in her chest. "Jim," she breathed. "Oh, Jim."

He dropped his hands, looking down at her. For a moment, he didn't say anything. Then he cleared his throat loudly. "You'd better comb your hair," he said. "You look like one of the Valkyries after a rough ride."

"All right," she said in that same breathless way. She turned and moved blindly without feeling her legs beneath her. He hadn't looked very lover-like; he hadn't said what she wanted him to say. But a girl didn't always have to hear the words. There were other ways of telling. And sometimes the other ways were the best—the best ways of all.

. . . THE END

Champions on Ice

Not one, but four world's skating champions are in "Ice Capades" this year

BY FLORENCE SOMERS

There's an Ice Age upon us! Not the cold, creeping sort that might come down from the arctic, but a new kind filled with pretty girls, daring young men, clowns—a real extravaganza. Recently, of course, there have been numerous ice shows playing around the country—shows with costumes and settings more gorgeous than those of many Broadway revues, and some with acts as spectacular as those of a three-ring circus. So, to top competition this year, "Ice Capades" signed up the four best skaters in the world—Dick Button, whose string of titles has never been equaled, and Jacqueline du Bief, Sonya Kaye and Ginny Baxter, who placed first, second and third in the world's figure-skating championships.

Young as they all are, they have worked for years to achieve perfection in their jumps, glides and spins, practicing in the early morning when the ice is unmarked. Jacqueline started skating when she was four, Ginny when she was five, and Sonya was good enough at thirteen to win her first title. Dick was the *slow* one: he waited until he was twelve to begin skating, but once he started, no one caught up with him.

Pert, lively Ginny Baxter, 18, of Detroit, skims over the ice like a comet. The best woman free skater, Ginny relinquished her titles to join the "Ice Capades," where she bubbles over in a fantasy about lollipops and ice-cream sodas. She has held the U.S. and North American free-skating crowns and won the Olympic free-style division.

PHOTOS BY BRADLEY SMITH

Jacqueline du Bief, 19, of Paris, won the women's world figure-skating championship last year; then, like former champions Sonja Henie and Barbara Ann Scott, jumped into professional ranks. There's a pixielike humor to Jacqueline's skating.

There's never been anyone like 22-year-old Dick Button, who held all world figure-skating titles for six years. During this time he graduated from Harvard, where he's now studying law. He joins "Ice Capades" whenever his studies permit.

Sonya Kaye, 17, brought fame to Brooklyn by placing second in the last Olympic figure-skating championships. Now professional, Sonya proves to be an actress as well as a skater. She plays the lead in the "Ice Capades" version of "Brigadoon."

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four sides is a glamour note—for which you'll pay about $2.00 more per blanket.

The store's good name and the maker's reputation are both important in a major purchase like a blanket. Insist, too, on proper labels—to tell you size, fiber content and weight. A light-weight summer blanket will be more useful if it's full-sized. Dorothy Liebes has designed one in a charming color range with a binding stitched in washable silver thread (Eventide by Kenwood).

Electric blankets are championed by those who want cozy, uniform warmth without heavy weight. They're not expensive when you consider that one blanket is all you'll need (General Electric or Westinghouse).

FOR THE WELL-DRESSED BED

The real-estate dealers in my town, in telling people how to make their houses most attractive when they're up for sale, say, "Put on your best bedspreads." There's nothing that sets up a bedroom more than to have that wide expanse smartly dressed.

Since bedspreads are so conspicuous, they should suit the room—plain-tailored with texture interest for modern, traditional in design for colonial, or of softer, more "precious" materials for a feminine look. Avoid slippery, sleazy materials or those that will muss readily. About the easiest spreads to care for are chenille—right into the washer they go, and, if you're lucky enough to have a dryer, they fluff up like whipped cream. Otherwise, dry them stretched evenly on a line, avoid ironing, and use any stiff brush to make them like new. Plaid makes a nice informal spread—one line uses a firm cotton in authentic clan plaids, finished either with ruffles or fringe. There are curtains to match if you like (Fieldcrest). The copies of old hand-crocheted patterns look well with dark mahogany or maple. A tremendously popular self-fringed design is the George Washington's Choice (Bates). Least expensive are woven jacquard spreads; look at these with an eagle eye to color, firm weave and weight, and they'll give years of wear.

Other suitable materials—depending on the room, of course—are chintz, rayon, gingham. Even bed sheeting comes out on top, trimmed or ruffled. Denim is a new favorite of decorators—a good firm fabric for tailored effects.

THE SHEET MAKES THE BED

Back in the days when things of real linen filled the linen closet, the bride-to-be spent endless hours embroidering her sheets. Today she buys them already "trimmed"—in pastel colors, striped, bordered, scalloped or flowered. She also finds that boon-to-the-bride, the fitted sheet. These sheets with shaped corners (the bottom may have this at all four corners, the top only at the foot) cut the time of the daily bed-making chore in half. They are especially good for bunk beds, and others not easily accessible. They keep the bed smooth and taut for the most restless tosser, and they don't need ironing, since the "fit" smooths them enough to suit most busy housewives.

Fitted sheets must be of preshrunk material. Regular sheets shrink about 5 inches in length, and this should be considered along with the fact that sizes mean "before hemming." For most beds the best sizes are: twin beds, 72x108; double beds, 90x108. The quality of sheeting depends in great part on thread count. The best buy in muslin is 140; in percale, 180. (For instance, Spring Mills' Springcale is 180 count, luxurious yet long-wearing.)

The choice between muslin and percale is personal. Muslin is less expensive, heavy, sturdy; percale costs more, wears well, and is light, smooth and silky. If you send laundry "out" to be washed by the pound, you'll probably save in the end with percale.

Buy plenty of sheets (at least six for each bed in use) and rotate them for longer wear. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 49)

"And what do you do with the money they bring?"

"Spend it—on shoes or shirts or something."

Maxine was silent a moment.

"Bill," she said finally, "that's the way to save for a house."

Bill's laughter wasn't very complimentary, and she told him so.

"Look," she went on. "If we got a bigger jar and saved the gold filings for several months, we'd have—well, it would mount up, wouldn't it?" Bill nodded. "How much was that bit you just put in worth, for instance?"

Bill thought a minute. "About thirteen cents, I'd say."

Maxine's face was dreamy but determined. "And you do that several times a day—"

They began saving the dust—really saving it. Maxine even moved some of the equipment and swept up forgotten filings from the floor. And at the end of six months she took it personally to the refinery and came back triumphantly with a check for $250.

A few weeks before this glorious day, however, she happened to drive up the side of a mountain not far from Glendale, California. And on the very top she found a knoll with a view of the distant sea to the west and the whole lush valley to the east. That was it.

"I did some investigating," she says now, "and found that everyone but the Governor had some sort of claim on that land. Even the City Flood Control got into the act. But it was for sale—if I could clear it.

"I used our $250 for a down payment on the lot, and we borrowed the rest from a bank. And I spent six months dashing about getting releases from all the people involved."

Meanwhile, the golden dust was still accumulating. And after only nine months it proved such a bonanza that the lot was entirely paid for. Then Maxine began to apply her gray cells to the house itself.

She and Bill knew what sort of home they wanted: two bedrooms and a bath upstairs, master bedroom and a bath downstairs, plus a big living room, dining room and streamlined kitchen. And lots of closets, a big garage with plenty of storage space, a patio overlooking the hills.

She had a draftsman draw the plans. And then she learned that the FHA loan would come to only $8,750, whereas the cheapest bid she got on the construction was $16,000. Something would have to be done—something out of the ordinary.

She awoke at three A.M. one night with the answer. She would make the place a "model home," but instead of advertising the ability of an over-all contractor, she would use it for the benefit of the little guys who actually did the work of building—the tile men, the plasterers, the plumbers. She would make a movie of how a house really came into being, and show it publicly, in exchange for their services and material.

"You'll never do it!" Bill said when she told him the plan the next morning.

SUPPLY SOURCES FOR YOUR LINEN CLOSET

Bates	General Electric	Pequot
Cabin Crafts	Kenwood	St. Mary's
Calloway	Martex	Spring Mills
Cannon	North Star	Sumerson
Chatham	Pacific	Wamsutta
Fieldcrest	Pepperell	Westinghouse

Charlotte Montgomery will be glad to answer any questions about her articles. Write her in care of Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York.

"Wait and see," Maxine retorted.

That began 8,000 miles of driving around southern California for Maxine, six months of conferences with the sales managers and owners of materials firms. In all, she saw about 1,600 men—men who first laughed and then began to see the sense of her proposition. They liked her, you see, and they liked the concreteness of what she had to offer. For she didn't ask for donations. Instead, she gave each of the companies which were finally involved in "Hilltop House" a contract which provided that, first, she would make a color motion picture in which their names would be featured, and, second, she would hold six months of open house when the place was completed, showing the film to all who came.

One of the first groups to see the sense of her plan was the Southern California Gas Company. They asked if they could be cosponsor of the house. And after that, it was a cinch. Nearly fifty concerns were delighted to work with Maxine.

Ultimately, the plan fell into a pattern. Some of the firms—like the one which put in the radiant heating—did their part of the job for the labor cost. Others—like the chap who did the landscaping—gave their services for nothing.

When construction was finally under way, Maxine borrowed a movie camera, learned how to run it, and began to run up and down ladders shooting every move the workmen made. Later, though she had never been near the film business in her life, she cut and edited her "production" into a remarkably professional job called "Birth of a House." She showed this and its companion on the interior embellishment, "Decorator's Delight," to over 20,000 people who came to see the finished home, and she is still going about to service clubs and schools with them, doing her own narrating.

She didn't decide on a decorator until the house was nearing completion. Then she chose A. Weldon Kent of Glendale, and went into two weeks of huddles on colors and fabrics with him. The decisions made, she filmed pale blues and yellows and bright papers going on the walls, and Kent's workshop creating the furniture, and the hanging of valances and laying of rugs. Two days after the floors had been waxed, she walked in to find the house completely finished.

She and Bill and the kids did not move in until thirty days later. And in that time literally thousands of people streamed through "Hilltop House." They all wanted to see the place—and the woman—they had heard so much about, and Maxine played hostess until her muscles ached. Then for the next five months every Sunday was "visitors' day," and more thousands came. And the subcontractors beamed; the publicity given their work resulted in increased business for nearly all of them.

The second day the house was open, a man offered Maxine $27,000 for it. She thanked him politely and shook her head. No one but the Thompsons would ever live in "Hilltop House," she said.

They live there now, all five of them.

What's Maxine going to do next? Why, naturally, she was offered a job in a real-estate office.

And she took it! . . . THE END

Does Sue's light-fingeredness mean that she is likely to become a gun moll? Just how serious are her pilferings?

THE KIDDIE "CRIMINAL"

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Some of the common misdeeds in the early years of childhood have a distressing resemblance to genuine grown-up crimes. A small boy covets his friend's toy car, and quietly appropriates it when no one is looking. A little girl reports "finding" a quarter next door.

What parent can help wondering—what if Tommy were twenty instead of five, and the car real instead of a toy? Would he still help himself to it? Does Sue's light-fingeredness mean that she is likely to become a gun-moll in the future?

The present appallingly high rate of juvenile delinquency has high-lighted this aspect of junior "crimes" in many parents' minds.

Of course, children have to learn the rules of society. And parents are the people to teach them. The question is, how? Should the child who steals and then lies about it be treated like a miniature Capone, to be prosecuted and judged and punished by his parents as the gangster is by society? It is true that the things he has done seem sadly like a betrayal of his parents' ideals.

The preschooler must make amends for his misdeeds. He has to be separated from the alluring loot he has lifted from friends (or relatives). He needs to hear not once but many times that such doings are contrary to family and community rules.

But he needn't be put into solitary on bread and water. He need not be frightened by stories of policemen on the prowl for abandoned creatures like him. He should never be made to feel that he is outside the boundaries of decent society.

For the simple fact is that if you treat your child like a hardened criminal you may make him feel like one. He gets his picture of himself from you. He needs to feel your basic faith in him even when you are critical of his mistakes.

The most constructive approach is to assume that he is basically a sound human being who has acted unwisely. Which has the advantage of being true!

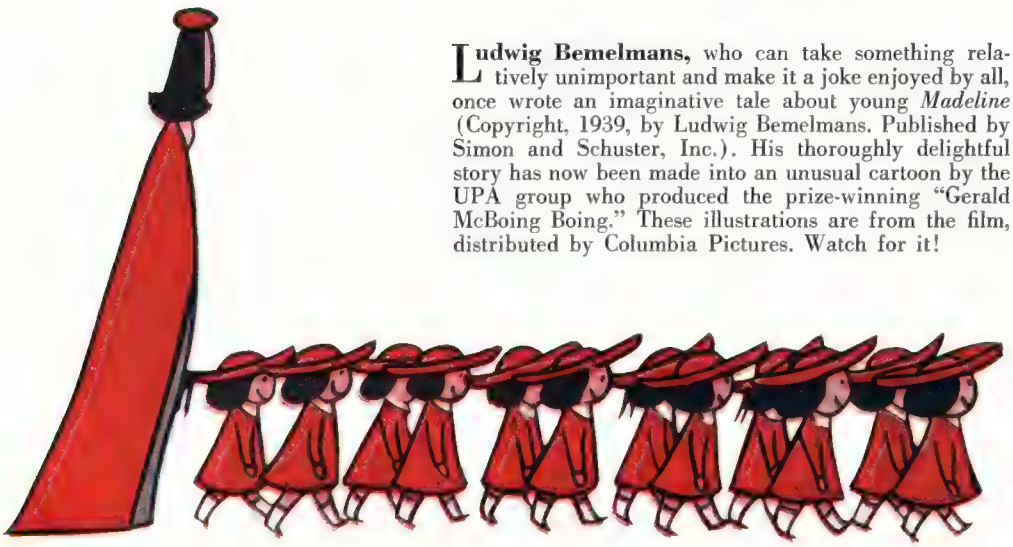
In his early years a child is a primitive small animal with little self-restraint. It is only slowly and over a long period of time that he takes on genuinely civilized ways.

That is the end of your job as a parent, not the beginning. You need not be horrified or alarmed by a few sorties into undesirable behavior. All youngsters try such stunts occasionally. They are a part of learning.

Psychiatrists, it is true, tell of cases in which a small child's persistent stealing is a blundering and pathetic attempt to make up for some real or fancied lack—of love or of parental attention, for instance. But in the vast majority of cases, the preschooler's lapses from virtue are a simple trial-and-error approach to morality.

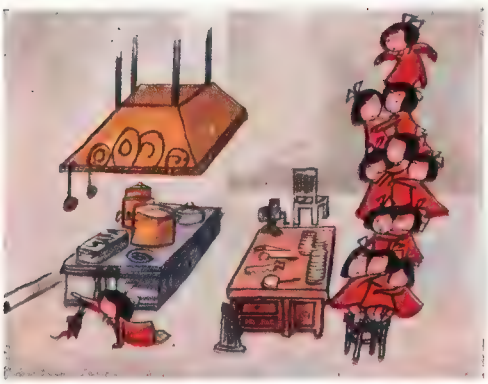
Indeed, when Parson Weems wanted to offer a striking example of childish integrity (even in such a stalwart character as George Washington), he had to invent one!

"MADELINE"



Ludwig Bemelmans, who can take something relatively unimportant and make it a joke enjoyed by all, once wrote an imaginative tale about young *Madeline* (Copyright, 1939, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.). His thoroughly delightful story has now been made into an unusual cartoon by the UPA group who produced the prize-winning "Gerald McBoing Boing." These illustrations are from the film, distributed by Columbia Pictures. Watch for it!

1. *In an old house in Paris that was covered with vines*
Lived twelve little girls in two straight lines.
In two straight lines they broke their bread
And brushed their teeth and went to bed. . . .
They left the house at half past nine
In two straight lines in rain or shine—
The smallest one was Madeline.



2. *She was not afraid of mice—*
She loved winter, snow and ice.

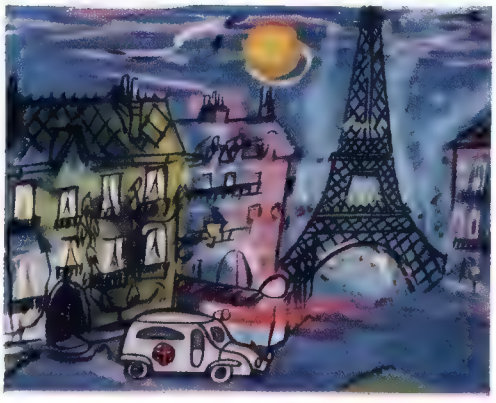
3. *In the middle of one night*
Miss Clavel turned on the light
And said, "Something is not right!"

Little Madeline sat in bed,
Cried and cried; her eyes were red.

And soon after Dr. Cohn
Came, he rushed out to the phone

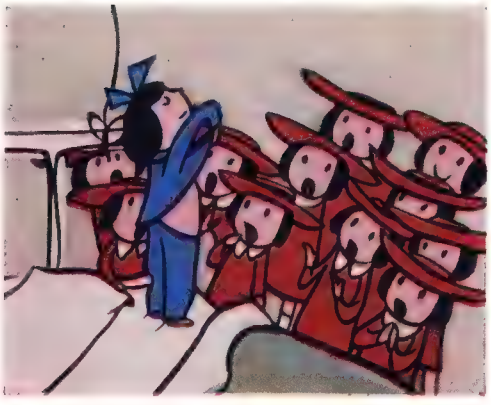
And he dialed: Danton ten six.
"Nurse," he said, "it's an appendix!"

Uninhibited, irrepressible Madeline—who has amused grownups and children for years—is now the star of a movie cartoon



4. *In a car with a red light*
They drove out into the night.
Madeline woke up in two hours
In a room filled with flowers. . . .
Outside were birds, trees and sky—
And so ten days passed quickly by.

5. *One nice morning Miss Clavel said,*
"Isn't this a fine
Day to visit Madeline."
VISITORS FROM 2 TO 4
Read a sign outside her door.



6. *Tiptoeing with solemn face,*
With some flowers and a vase,
In they walked and then said "Ahh,"
When they saw the toys from Papa.
But the biggest surprise by far—
On her stomach was a SCAR!

7. *In the middle of the night*
Miss Clavel turned on her light
And said, "Something is not right!"
All the little girls cried, "Boohoo,
We want to have our appendix out, too!"
"Good night, little girls. Thank the Lord you are well.
Now go to sleep," said Miss Clavel.
And she turned out the light—
and closed the door—
and that's all there is—
there isn't any more.

(Continued from page 23)

when they foreclose, maybe they'll leave the inside wall, for the piano's sake."

"Please, dear, I know it was crazy, but—"

"Then why did you do it?" Ernie shouted, the raw edges of his ragged temper showing suddenly.

The Withrows were broke, like everyone else. High and still rising prices had them bewildered and scared. They had bought this FHA home, with its red plywood door, on payments, five years ago. They had furnished it—or were furnishing it—on payments. They had bought their car on payments.

They had even had their children on payments. The obstetrician had a printed form, like a finance company!

The history of the Withrows was the history of any young married couple: Ernie had been in the Air Force, but he had cracked up over the Normandy beachhead and had been sent home with a damaged femur. He found a job in the tax-delinquent land division of the county, where he could lean on the counter and save his bad leg.

Maybe he went back to work too soon, but the county was short of help and had a big drive on to employ returned veterans. Ernie thought it was the least he could do. Maybe he had stayed there too long, but where was it any better? He was assistant chief now, with life tenure and sick leave and paid vacations. The pay wasn't extravagant, but it wasn't bad, either.

The Withrows would have done all right, except for those installments. A GI could buy anything in the store by just flashing a dollar bill and an honorable discharge. No one ever explained that taxes and prices were just starting on a jet-propelled rise into the wide, blue yonder.

But they were. For three years Ernie had felt that he and his house served a bunch of creditors, not the Lord. Their Book of Common Prayer had ruled columns in it, labeled *Prin., Int.* and *Bal.* When they looked at a calendar, the 1st and 15th lighted up like a pinball machine.

Ashamed of having shouted at her, Ernie silently helped Arline push the spinet into the living room. Then there was no place for the hassock. He let it stand in the middle of the room while he inhaled the richness of new lacquer and ivory and glue. Arline had wanted a piano for a long time, and it was a beauty . . . only every time he turned around any more, a payment was due.

He turned around now, and bumped his shins on the hassock. He said grimly, "Well, play something, now that you've got it."

She misunderstood his dark look. She came close, her blue eyes eager. Her ash-blonde hair was in one of those unpronounceable gizmos on the back of her neck, the way he liked it. She was not wearing just any old thing, but the house dress that made her look like a chippy—the dress he liked best of all. Being a husband, Ernie had not noticed these things until now.

"Do you know what day it is?" she said.

"Sure. The day you bought a piano. We're not going to forget this one in a hurry, kiddo."

"I mean . . . Oh, listen, darling."

She opened the piano bench and took out a single piece of sheet music, hiding it from him as she sat down.

"I had an awful time finding this, and now I'm not sure I can play it. My fingers are awfully stiff, but I didn't even want to try it until you got home."

She slid her fingers over the keys of the piano she had wanted so long. She wasn't playing—just touching them. Ernie laid his hands on her shoulders, and something came up and stretched itself between them—a web of feeling, of warm, deep, passionate love.

Outside, the wind raked the broad leaves of their banana tree against the eaves. A banana tree grows quite large in six years. They had done wonders with this place, with a little work. They loved yard work, anyway. It no longer had the raw, red, newborn look of a tract house. It was a home.

Arline began playing "Sentimental Journey," and Ernie's unprepared mind, caught off balance and with its guard down, shot back to when there were no bills and no time installments. There was just a war ending, and a crowded, hurried, harried feeling that now he could catch up on a lot of things he had missed.

He was just out of the hospital and home on leave, awaiting his discharge. He had looked up this little taffy-haired chick he used to know when they were both going to Poly High. She had paid no attention to him, in those days. Maybe the uniform made the difference.

Or maybe it was the real deal. A land wind had blown that day, filling the night with the warm, sagey fragrance of the desert. They were parked down at a beach, watching the moon over the ocean. Suddenly Arline just kind of came unglued in his arms. Her mouth opened and crushed wetly against his, and she made a whimpering sound and squirmed over into his lap like a baby. All up and down the beach other couples were necking, but with Ernie and Arline it was different. He thought that, if he insisted, she wouldn't make him wait for marriage; but he waited until they could be married, a week later.

They were just crazy kids, but with them it was different. The car radio had been playing "Sentimental Journey," so henceforth they would always associate this day with this song. They had denied themselves to be decent and different, and somehow the anniversary of that event always meant more, even, than the anniversary of their wedding. Just crazy kids.

Ernie had never forgotten the date before, but he had tonight, thanks to bills and money and payments. The dog got after that flea again, her license jingling on the tile hearth. The jingling snapped something—a dream, an illusion, a tender sensory web that stretched between a man and a woman. They were no longer just hot-blooded, irresponsible kids. Here came the facts, spoiling a dream.

Arline's fingers made a cacophony on the keys. She jumped to her feet.

"I can't play with you standing there hating me," she cried. "I wish I hadn't even bought it!"

Ernie could think of nothing to say. Millions of American couples have been through this, because almost everyone goes for those old easy payments. Millions of husbands will know how Ernie felt: He didn't hate her. He didn't begrudge her the piano. He just wished he knew how the hell he was going to pay for it.

"It's all right for you to own a two-hundred-dollar shotgun," Arline went on shrilly, "but if it's something *I* want, it's always an extravagance."

"Two hundred dollars!" Ernie growled. "Look, woman—I gave fifteen bucks for that gun."

"But you could *sell* it for two hundred."

"All right, so I got a break, I paid only fifteen dollars for a gun worth a lot more. How come that's an excuse to pay . . . how much *did* you pay, by the way?"

"Five hundred and eighty dollars," she said defiantly. "At least we'll get some good out of it. You haven't even fired that silly gun."

"Fat chance. I can't afford to buy target shells, let alone go hunting. What got into you, honey? I don't get it. We can't afford a piano."

She covered her face with her hands. "We can't afford to eat, when it comes to that. We can't afford this house. We can't even afford to keep the children." She uncovered her face. "I thought if we just got out of this hopeless rut—if we *got* something out of life for a change—a little happiness, so we wouldn't be so *afraid* of life—some fun . . . But I was wrong, as usual. Tomorrow I'll call the store and tell them to come pick up the piano."

A cruelty that he hated in himself made Ernie say, "Maybe you can get the nine bucks back, too. Maybe they just haul pianos around to give them fresh air."

"No," she said dully, "but I'll tell them to get the ironer, too. We've got to cut down. I'll iron by hand. Don't nag me any more, Ernie. I'm at the end of my rope. Maybe we'd better sell the house."

"You mean," he said, "sell the *house?*"

They had never mentioned this, any more than they discussed what they'd do with each other's insurance in case of death. They could turn a profit on the place, pay their debts, move into something cheaper, and start over. It was their ace in the hole, but they never discussed it.

The banana tree scraped the roof again, making Ernie recall how he had nursed it through its insecure infancy, loading it with fertilizer, spraying it, hunting down snails one at a time, cov-

ering it from the frost on cold nights. Now that it could take care of itself. someone else would enjoy it. But banana trees were no longer popular. Probably the new owner would cut it down to get rid of that eternal scratching on the eaves. Why not? It would be just another infernal banana tree, to him.

Ernie walked out of the room.

In the kitchen he took a glass from the cabinet. He filled it, drank calmly without quenching the fire in him and put the glass down. "Sentimental Journey" kept pounding in his mind; that draggy beat used to make him wish his leg would hurry up and heal, so they could dance together. His leg was well now, except for a dull ache in weather like this, but they had never danced to that particular song.

And probably never would. This was some kind of a conclusion. He heard Arline close the piano and slump down in the overstuffed chair, whose foam-rubber cushions gave out a squishy sound in the silent house. The terrier came quietly to the kitchen door and looked at him. Probably wanted out, but Ernie didn't care.

Sell the house. . . . A deep, urgent clarity came to Ernie, telling him that if they did it, they were through. He let the dog out. A man went through the motions clear to the end.

Outside, the rain rattled steadily. Down in the Hall of Justice a confessed killer was listening to this same rain. His wife had been cheating on him with a blond tennis player. With Arline it was a blond piano. *Same difference,* Ernie thought confusedly. *Both of them wanted more than we could give. Something's gone from my house. It's what you lose that hurts, not how you lose it. . . .* The Ozark grandmother used to say, "When poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window." She wasn't kidding.

Ernie yawned; he guessed he'd go to bed. Few men killed their wives. Usually they fought until both were emotionally exhausted. Then they went to bed and rested, to start tomorrow with new vigor, new cruelties thought up during the night. This was what it was like to go back on a sentimental journey at the wrong time.

Suddenly from outside came a new sound—a high, screaming whine that made his nerves quiver. Harley Sansieur had cut loose with his bandsaw in his home workshop in his garage next door. Next he'd turn on that roaring dado machine, or his press drill, or his lathe or power planer. Ernie went to the door and whistled for the dog.

"Here, Lucky. Get in here."

The dog came in and hurried back to the fireplace. Arline must have sensed Ernie's feelings, for she called apprehensively, "Shall I phone Lelah and tell her you're trying to sleep, Ernie?" There was nothing she dreaded like trouble with the neighbors.

She was a good kid, and he had yelled at her.

"Never mind, dear," he said. "It doesn't bother me. I'm sorry I yelled at you. And I'm glad you got the piano. You've been pretty darned patient, honey."

The Sansieurs were good neighbors. Lelah was fat and red-haired and jolly

"Ski" or "shee"—no matter how you pronounce it, it's fun in the Laurentians.

Paradise for Snowbunnies

From experts who can Christy or geländesprung right down to schussboomers (beginners with no ski sense), the Laurentians, forty miles north of Montreal, Canada, have become one of the world's great skiing centers.

Gay crowds keep ski trains busy shuttling between Montreal and some eleven major ski areas in the Laurentians. Montreal, itself a cosmopolitan city, is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National railroads. Daily train service from the U. S. is maintained by the Delaware and Hudson, New York Central, Central Vermont, Rutland and Boston & Maine railways. The Curé Labelle Highway (No. 11) is kept clear to serve the steady stream of skiers seeking the keen excitement afforded them by these high hills.

Normally the skiing season lasts from early December through March, mainly because of the stability of the snow, which is measured in feet rather than inches. The skiing area is roughly bounded by Shawbridge, on the south; Saint Jovite-Mont Tremblant, 50 miles to the north; Huberdeau, on the west, and Rawdon, on the east. Within these confines lie about 2,000 miles of unexcelled ski-touring and downhill-running country. Little valley towns are strung close enough to allow you to leave your train at any one of a number of places and take a trail that loops from town to town, without ever being too far from home base to get back for dinner.

Mont Tremblant, the highest peak in the Laurentians, has a ski lift on both the north and west sides. Here are the famous Kandahar and Taschereau trails, definitely not for the novice. At least a thousand miles of ski trails are maintained in the Laurentians, of which the Maple Leaf Trail—running from beyond Mont Tremblant south to Shawbridge—is the main stem. At St. Donat there is a T-bar lift for first-rate downhill running. Ste. Marguerite's Mount Baldy, reputedly one of the wickedest runs in all Canada, offers plenty of high-speed thrills. For the average skier, there are numerous open slopes and practice hills, with upwards of 60 tows and lifts. Among those spots providing good touring, open slopes and tow-hill running are Shawbridge, St. Sauveur, Piedmont, Morin Heights, Ste. Adele and Mont Rollant. Ste. Marguerite has a fine system of cross-country trails.

A wide range of accommodations is available in the Laurentians, from luxurious year-round resorts offering every convenience to the *pensions* which bring the winter fun within easy reach of everyone. Or one may find good food and accommodations at a *habitant* farmhouse.

For complete travel information, write Redbook Travel Guide, 230 Park Av., New York 17, N. Y.

and lazy, Harley short and strong and dark, with snapping black eyes and huge, hairy fists. He was a pari-mutuel auditor at the race tracks. He floated around from track to track, working when he pleased and making four times as much a year as Ernie did. They had no children. Lelah had a car of her own and a button-pushing kitchen, but mostly they ate out.

When they went away, a gardener cared for the place next door to the Withrows'. When they returned, from Miami or New York or Havana or Baltimore, they brought back expensive presents to Pat and Jan. They were crazy about the girls.

Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. A fire in the garage stove on a rainy night, the smell of well-oiled tools and new lumber and half-filled cans of varnish—what more did a man want?

My shotgun—that's what he wants, Ernie thought. *And sooner or later he'll get it, and I hate his guts for it. . . .*

Harley was a good neighbor, but the gun was all Ernie had. In a queer way it had become a symbol, a guerdon, a talisman. There's a pride equaled by no other feeling on earth in owning the best, and that's what Ernie's gun was. Without it he was poor, he was mediocre, he was not even quite a man. But you couldn't expect a wife to understand.

Steps sounded haltingly in the hall. Arline came in, white-faced. She gave him a long, searching look.

"You mustn't apologize to me, dear," she said. "It's my fault, but I'll make it up to you. It's all straight in my mind now. We don't need such a nice house. Honest, I'll be happy anywhere. If you'll just give me another chance—?"

Her voice curled upward toward a break. Ernie distrusted his own. He just looked at her, patting her familiar bottom lovingly, listening to the strident scream of Harley's saw.

She went on in his ear, "I've been wanting things I didn't really need. The piano. Why didn't I just *sing* the song to you? Why did I have to spend five hundred and eighty dollars to say I love you? But listen to me now, darling."

She **began** singing "Sentimental Journey," brokenly, but her voice quit on the third line. She stood on tiptoe to kiss him—a hard, open-mouthed, passionate kiss that took him back in a flash to that night on the beach. That was Arline for you. She kept it bottled up and bottled up, and then all of a sudden she just came unglued.

"I'm sorry about the gun, too," she said. "You work so hard and get so little. You'll never hear another selfish word about it from me, I promise. Why, that's all we've got—a shotgun and a song! But it's all we need, if you still really love me the way I love you."

She turned and ran into the bedroom. Where she'd throw herself down on the bed, to cry it out. . . . The door closed.

"Now, while I've still got the nerve," said Ernie. "Why, it doesn't take any nerve, somehow. Why, it's easy!"

He went out to the service porch, opened the broom closet, and took down the shotgun. He opened the case, took the gun out in the dark, and removed the oiled flannel wrappings. He broke it open and looked at the kitchen light through the long, cool, perfect barrel. He closed the gun and stood there, sensing in the dark its perfect shape and beauty, its minute mechanical artistry—perfection to the fifth decimal point.

It was a handmade gun, a single-barreled twelve-gauge made in England by a German craftsman whose name was engraved on the stock. A woman at the office had inherited it, along with some other things, in the estate of an English relative. She had no idea of its value. Neither did the people to whom she had tried to sell it. They were all afraid of it because they knew it could not be repaired with standard American parts.

Ernie, too, was afraid for a long time, even after she offered to let it go for what she had paid in shipping charges. The gun won his heart by simply asserting silently, "I'm the best—the best there is in the world."

It was a hunter's gun, a marksman's gun, a piece to be owned and cleaned lovingly, and fired with pride. Ernie had never fired it, but he had turned down a two-hundred-dollar offer for it from Harley Sansieur. Rejected it so gruffly that Harley had never mentioned it again.

He wrapped it and put it back in the broom closet. He went out and jumped the low hedge in the rain. He opened the door to Harley's garage, and Harley shut off the switch of his saw.

"Hi, Ernie. We sure can use this rain," he said.

"Sure can. What's that you're making?"

Harley shook his head ruefully. He was not very skillful with tools. "It's a rocking chair for Jan. Two pieces of plywood, cut like round-bottomed ducks, with the seat swung between them. But this duck is really going to be cockeyed. My saw blade wiggles."

"Set up your tension. Here—give me a wrench."

Ernie tightened the saw blade. Harley shrugged.

"Live and learn," he said. "Wish I had your knack with tools. What brings you out in the rain?"

"I've decided to sell my shotgun," Ernie said casually, still fiddling with the saw adjustment, "and I thought I'd give you first chance, if you're still interested."

He could see his neighbor turn cool. Harley would give you the shirt off his back if you needed it, but in a deal he'd twist your arm off at the shoulder.

"Maybe I'm interested," he said, "and maybe I'm not. I've got plenty of guns. What do you want for it?"

"A thousand dollars," said Ernie.

He sat down, because his knees had suddenly gone weak. He had no idea where the words came from. He just sensed how badly Harley wanted that gun. Now, if he could just hold out—

"A thousand dollars?" Harley cried, outraged. "Are you crazy, or what? Come on—I asked you how much."

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There was a ritual to go through, in a gun deal. It took nerve. Some people had it, some didn't. As a rule, Ernie didn't, but tonight he did.

"I couldn't sell it for less," he said virtuously. "It isn't just the money. I just don't want that gun falling into the hands of someone who doesn't appreciate it."

"Don't give me that stuff! Two hundred."

"I wish I could."

"Two-fifty."

"For a friend, I'd like to, but I can't."

"Don't give me that stuff! Three hundred. Three-fifty."

"Forget it, Harley," Ernie soothed him. "You think I'm holding you up, and I just don't want a neighbor feeling that way. Let me sell it to someone else." He was cool, steady, sure of himself suddenly. He wasn't going to get a thousand, but he'd come pretty close to it. He could *feel* how badly Harley was suffering to own the gun. "Tell you what—I'll advertise it and you can have it for the best offer I get, Harley."

"Don't you advertise that gun!" Harley cried. "Look—four hundred. I'll throw in my double-barreled sixteen."

Ernie shook his head. He stood up. It was raining harder. He turned up his shirt collar. He was not really leaving yet. This was just part of the ritual.

"I guess we can't make a deal. Thanks for thinking of me, though," Harley said heavily. "It's not a bad little gun, but I've got more guns than I can ever— How much?"

They settled for nine hundred dollars and Harley's double-barreled sixteen. Ernie could tell when they had reached the limit. Without envy, he watched Harley count it out in cold cash from his wallet. Imagine carrying that kind of dough around on your hip!

He took the sixteen under his arm. It was a good gun, and he'd use it. A man couldn't shoot ducks and pheasant with a symbol, a guerdon, a talisman. All he could do was hang it in the closet and fight with his wife about it.

Together they crossed the hedge through the rain. Ernie took down the English twelve and hung the American sixteen in its place. It was something to behold, the way Harley's eyes lighted up when at last he got his hands on that fine handmade gun. Still Ernie did not envy him. He kept thinking about Arline and envying no man on earth.

"The best gun in the world," Harley said softly. "Maybe you skinned me, but on the other hand, who sets the price on the best in the world? Now that it's over, I don't mind telling you I almost died, I wanted this gun so bad."

Ernie smiled. "Now that it's over, I don't mind telling you I almost died, too. Tomorrow, now, Arline can go around and pay just about all of our debts."

"Don't pay it all out," said Harley. "Save a little for a trip when the duck season opens."

"Not this spring. I can't afford—"

"You can't afford not to," Harley said peremptorily. "I'll take you up to my gun club. Send Arline and the girls down to the desert for a day or two, with Lelah. It's a good idea for married people to get away from each other now and then. You two kids have been getting on each other's nerves lately. You don't want to let that go too far."

"No," said Ernie, thoughtfully. "No, I don't."

"You don't mind me saying that? Lelah and I have been kinda worried about you kids lately. You've had things tough, but you're just about paid off and you got a good job and two wonderful kids and— You don't mind me talking this way?"

"No, said Ernie, "I don't mind a bit."

"It's a date, then," said Harley, going out into the rain. "Soon as the duck season opens."

He disappeared with Ernie's beloved gun, but leaving something more valuable behind. Lucky came to the kitchen door to ask why people didn't go to bed and leave one with one's fleas.

In the bedroom, Arline would be trying her hair different ways as she waited for him. There was a ritual to quarreling with your wife, and one for making up, too. But it no longer seemed hopeless, as Ernie stood there cherishing his sudden feeling of abundance. One more payment and all life was his! Unto everyone that hath shall be given—and he had everything. Everything.

The banana tree scratched at the eaves, and the new blond piano stood in the living room, heavy with unborn song, as Ernie Withrow locked up his house for the night and went into the room where his wife was waiting. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 33)

and the windshield wipers sighed, too, as he switched off the ignition. He got the suitcases out of the back and ran up the few steps to a covered porch, his skin stinging in the cold. Jane was waiting for him, coat collar turned up around her neck, rain-diamonds in her hair. "Look at the door knocker," she said. "An angel's head."

"Just right," Guy said, and lifted the angel's head and let it fall.

The door opened. The warmth of a rosy interior breathed out at them, and a man in a black alpaca jacket stood aside, extending one arm in a small gesture of welcome.

"Can we have a room for the night?" Guy asked. "Dinner?"

"Certainly, sir," the man in the black jacket said, and took the suitcases. "Your room is ready for you."

The entrance hall was paneled in dark wood, lined with prints in burnished frames. Beyond, a flight of stairs led up and turned into a hallway. Here the man in the black jacket put the suitcases down and opened a door.

"A fire!" Jane said. "You'd almost think they'd known we were coming!"

A very comfortable room. "Dinner will be served downstairs in half an hour," the man in the black jacket said, and closed the door quietly.

"Isn't this *something!*" Jane said. Her eyes were sparkling. "Look at these pictures! And look at the flowers! Real fresh flowers! Guy, you should just see this—"

Going into the bathroom, Guy lost the rest of her words in the rush of beautiful hot water. The towels were thick and soft and, he could swear, faintly warm.

"Guy?"

"Yes?"

Jane was standing at the window. She had pulled the drapes back and was peering out into the rainy, wind-rocked night.

"They turned out the light on the inn sign just now," she said. "Isn't that strange?"

"Full up for the night," Guy said from the bathroom. "We were lucky to get here when we did. Gee, sweetie, I rushed in here first. I'm sorry. Want to get fixed up?"

She smiled at him. "I won't be a second."

Coming down the stairs with Jane at his side, Guy expected to hear a low hum of conversation that would guide them to the dining room, or to see some of the other guests; but there was nothing. Nothing, that is, except the muffled sound of the wind and the rain; no one except the man in the black jacket.

"Mr. Monterey presents his compliments, sir," the man in the black jacket said, "and wishes to know if you and Madam will join him in the living room for a cocktail before dinner."

"Mr. Monterey?" Guy said.

"Mr. Monterey is the owner of the inn."

"Very kind of him." Guy looked at Jane. "Would you like to, darling?"

"Why, of course," Jane said. She asked the man in the black jacket, "Does Mr. Monterey always invite people staying at the inn to have a cocktail with him?"

"Only rather special guests, madam."

"Just what makes us special?" Jane whispered to Guy as they followed the man in the black jacket.

"Just a line. He must be a pretty smart apple, Mr. Monterey." Guy cleared his throat and then, in the same whisper, said, "Boy!"

That artless exclamation was his involuntary tribute to the room to which the man in the black jacket had led them. Fulfilling the promise of this most unusual inn, it was a splendid room, warm with firelight pinpoints on dark old wood and silver.

"Mr. Monterey," the man in the black jacket said, "Mr. and Mrs.—"

"Rhodes," Guy said.

A man got up from a chair before the fire. He was slim, with a pleasant, bland, dark-skinned face, a full head of black hair and handsome dark eyes; the face of a man in his forties or, just pos-

sibly, fifties. "Good evening!" he said. "I've been expecting you."

"You've been expecting us?" Jane said. "But how could you?"

"We didn't know ourselves we were coming here," Guy said. "It was like a miracle, stumbling on the inn; we'd about given up hope." He looked around the lovely room. "It's a wonderful place; I envy you."

"Thank you," Mr. Monterey said. He said to Jane, with a smile, "But it isn't really so mysterious. The road you drove up on is a private one, and down below, where it branches off the highway, my caretaker lives in his cottage—you couldn't have noticed it in this wretched night. He telephones me when he sees a car turning up our road. We assume that any car coming up here is bringing someone to the inn—and I like to have things prepared properly for my guests."

"Oh," Jane said. "Then that explains the fire in our room, and the warm towels, and the flowers."

"Of course," Mr. Monterey said.

They had Martinis, made by Mr. Monterey, and very well made. Guy said as much and accepted another and settled back in his chair. He remarked, "You know, honestly, I did feel it was something like a minor miracle when we saw the sign outside—but I admit I never thought it'd be like this."

"It's my home, you see," said Mr. Monterey.

"Then the inn part—do you run that just as a hobby?"

"More or less."

"Do many people stop here?" Jane asked.

"Oh, not many."

"Are there many others here tonight?"

"Tonight," Mr. Monterey said, smiling, "you are the only ones." He rose. "If you are ready," he said, "I believe our dinner is, too—if you will let me join you. Mrs. Rhodes, may I take you in?"

Old-world courtesy, Guy thought, finishing off the last drops of that superb Martini. And it occurred to him that Mr. Monterey might well be a European, at that; his manner seemed to proclaim it, as did his accent—or, rather, lack of accent, noticeable often in people who have spoken in many countries the language of each country well.

He followed his pretty wife and Mr. Monterey.

The dinner, served at a candlelit table by the man in the black jacket, was excellent, but Guy took that for granted, as by now he was almost taking for granted that they were not guests at an inn, but the guests, in his home, of a friend. "I really do envy you the sort of life you have here, Mr. Monterey," he said. "Beautiful house, and everything seems to run so well. How do you manage it?"

"I'm lucky enough to have a good staff to run the inn," Mr. Monterey said. "As for envying me, life here can be dull at times, I assure you."

"It is?" Jane said. "And what do you do about that?"

"I try to find various little amusements. Occasionally, of course, I am fortunate in having young, attractive guests; and," he added, smiling, "I consider myself to be very fortunate tonight. But you may both be tired. Did you have a long day's drive?"

"From New York," Guy said.

"And a long day's drive tomorrow?"

"To Barre, over in Vermont."

"Visiting friends there?"

"No," Guy said. "As a matter of fact—"

"We decided to take the same trip we took just five years ago," Jane said. "When I joined Guy in New York and we were married."

"A second honeymoon?"

"That was the idea," Guy said. "I

wish we'd happened across the inn then; don't you, darling?"

"I'm glad you happened to find it tonight," Mr. Monterey said. He glanced at the sideboard. "Now, what would you like? Brandy?"

"No, thank you," Jane said. "But I'm sure you'd both like to sit here and talk. I tell you what I'd like to do, if I may—look at all the things you have in the living room; the pictures, and the collection of little boxes in the glass cabinet. What are they?"

"Snuffboxes," said Mr. Monterey. "A hobby. And of course you may." He got up and accompanied Jane to the other room. He returned soon and settled himself again at the table. "You will have some brandy, Mr. Rhodes?—I recommend it. So you live in New York? Your home town?"

"No," Guy said, sipping the dark, beautiful liquid. "We're both from the Middle West. But I always aimed for New York. Long as I can remember. I always thought I'd make out there."

"And have you?"

"Well, I've laid the groundwork; I've learned what the business is all about. Matter of fact," Guy said, spurred on by the brandy, "I'm right at the point where I could make a pretty good thing of it on my own, if I had the proper support."

"What sort of business?"

"I'm with a firm of investment brokers."

"And you say you think you could make a good thing of it on your own. Why?"

"Why? Because I want to," Guy said. "Because I know I can. I know the business and I get along well with people. That's the most important thing. That, and knowing when to take a chance."

"That is important, isn't it," Mr. Monterey agreed, and seemed to reflect. He said after a moment, "May I ask you a few more things about yourself?"

"Why, sure," Guy said. "Anything you want to."

"What was the job you had in your home town, before you came to New York?"

"I worked in the local bank."

"A safe, dull job, I suppose."

"Very safe and very dull." Guy smiled. "Like the town."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

"And Mrs. Rhodes, I should think, is about six years younger?"

"You hit it exactly," Guy said.

"Do you have any children?"

"Not yet." Guy hesitated. "Frankly, I don't think you should be tied down by children until you've got yourself established."

"It's a sensible point of view. Does your wife agree with you?"

"Certainly."

"Agrees with you, would you say, in pretty well everything?"

"Why, naturally," Guy said.

"I'll tell you what I'm getting at," Mr. Monterey said. "You're an ambitious young man. But to be successful in your field you need more than ambition. You need staying power. And so many things can get in the way. Say for example that your wife doesn't really believe so much as you do in what you're doing, and by and by—in a year or two, say—causes you to doubt if, after all, you're making all that might be made of your life and hers." He paused. "Then you wouldn't be a very good risk, would you, for someone considering setting you up in business?"

"I guess not," Guy said. "But believe me, nothing's going to get in my way."

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all."

"I think we understand each other," Mr. Monterey said. "To set you up in business for yourself, what would the support you spoke of amount to?"

Here it is, Guy thought; what do you know—here it is! Like a miracle out of the blue, here's the break you've been waiting for. Play it to the limit.

"About a hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Monterey said agreeably.

To the limit.

"And fifty more to fall back on."

"And fifty thousand more to fall back on."

"Then," Guy said, "then, does that mean you're willing to—?"

"It means I'm willing to," Mr. Monterey said. He added in the same gentle voice, "If you're willing to take a chance first."

He had agreed, he had accepted the full amount without a second's hesitation, his dark face benign and friendly. The taste of triumph was sweeter in Guy's mouth than the taste of wine, and he saw a vision of the rich years ahead like a magic tapestry shot through with all the gleaming colors of the globe.

"I'm willing to take a chance."

"Then, Mr. Rhodes, I propose that we make a game of it."

"A game?" Guy said.

"To decide if you are to have the money."

"What sort of game?"

"Oh," Mr. Monterey said, "let's say a game of words."

"Sure," Guy said, smiling. "Though I've got to admit I never was much good at word games and things like that."

"You don't have to be. The game will be decided by your wife."

"Jane?" Guy said. "How does she come into it?"

"A game of chance is most interesting when it's decided by a third person. Someone who hasn't any idea that a game is being played at all."

"But if you don't tell her about it, how can you expect Jane—"

"Quite simple," Mr. Monterey said. "Unless you wish to change your mind, we'll join your wife in the living room, and you will get her to talk to you and me. About anything. Doesn't matter what."

"So?" Guy said.

"I have two words in my mind. If she should happen to say one of these two words before midnight, that will decide the game."

"What two words?"

"We've said both of them tonight. One is *envy*, the other is *miracle*. I won't tell you which is the winning word for you, which the losing, but I shall write them down, before we start, on a slip of paper, and write *winning* after your winning word and *losing* after the other. I'll put the paper in one of the snuff-boxes in the living room, and you may look at it after the game is over to satisfy yourself that everything was fair."

"Listen," Guy said. "Is this—I mean, are you serious?"

"Yes."

"But you're the only one who's putting up any stakes."

"I was about to come to that." Mr. Monterey said. "You'll have to put up stakes, too."

"To match a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"Let's say," Mr. Monterey said, "that if you lose, you agree to give me anything of yours I may ask for. Your wrist watch, for example—or your cuff links."

"A watch or cuff links against a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"I may ask for something else."

"What else?"

"Oh," Mr. Monterey said pleasantly, "your life."

The room was silent. The flames of the candles on the table hung thin and still in the unmoving air. Then Guy became aware that the silence was not a true silence. Their voices had masked another sound that, in this pause, was so familiar as to seem soundless, but that now gathered itself and, like the crest of a breaking wave, flung down through the night, and ebbed again to the same low, liquid murmur of wind and rain. Yet even when the violent gust broke against the house, no vagrant current of air disturbed the candle flames; and bemused though his mind was by Mr. Monterey's calm, shocking statement, it occurred to Guy that the doors and windows must be as tightly sealed as a vault.

He smiled. "Seems a lot to risk, even for a hundred and fifty thousand."

"I didn't say I would ask for it," Mr. Monterey pointed out. "I said I might."

"But in any gamble you ought to reckon with the biggest possible loss."

"Yes," Mr. Monterey agreed. "A sensible man should."

Guy lifted the refilled brandy glass to his lips, put it down untouched. He recalled that Mr. Monterey had said he tried to find various ways to amuse himself. Perhaps that was all this amounted to. Or was it, instead, a test designed to prove his real mettle? That must be it, he thought. After all, they were strangers. Even the richest, idlest, most eccentric stranger could hardly be expected to invest so much money in someone untried and unknown. He wants to test my nerve, he thought. Wants to see if I can take a chance the way I said I could.

But then he remembered some other things; things that at the time he had thought unimportant and unrelated, but that now almost seemed to form a pattern. Jane's discovery that the light above the inn's sign was put out soon after their arrival. His own remark to Mr. Monterey that they had stumbled on the inn by accident. Mr. Monterey's questions: where were they bound and were they expected there?

It appeared that Mr. Monterey had not wished to have any other chance guests come blundering by, once Guy and Jane Rhodes had arrived at the inn. And Mr. Monterey knew that no one else knew where they were, and that they would not be missed if they did not get to their destination tomorrow.

Guy was conscious that the bland, patient eyes were watching his. The candlelight gave an enameled gloss to the dark face and made it ageless as a statue's. A rich, idle, harmless eccentric? Or a man who with infinitely subtle intelligence had planned and guided every step?

How many other lost travelers had happened to come this way?

The candle flames hung still like golden icicles, and in the warm room, suddenly Guy's skin was cold.

"I shan't blame you," Mr. Monterey said gently, "if you decide the gamble isn't worth the stakes."

But the prize, the prize to be won—everything he had wished for, like a miracle out of the blue!

It had been staring him in the face, and he had not seen it. To have a hundred and fifty thousand dollars fall into his lap—what was that if not a miracle? Then surely between the two words *miracle* and *envy*, wasn't *miracle* the word that would win for him? And if he was given a choice of subject and questions, couldn't he lead Jane to a point where she would be bound to say it?

But wait, Guy thought. Subtle as he is, wouldn't Mr. Monterey have foreseen that your mind would work like this? And therefore doesn't it follow that he has made not *miracle* but *envy* your winning word?

The glow he felt assured him that he knew the secret of the game. *Envy* was the word Jane must be made to say.

"Have you decided?" Mr. Monterey said.

"There's just this," Guy said. "Can I ask Jane anything I want?"

"Anything you want."

"If I win, how can I be sure you'll pay your bet?"

"You can take my word for it that I pay my bets." Mr. Monterey put his glass down, and the crystal rang with a silvery sound. "And collect them."

Somewhere, in a slow old voice, a clock struck ten notes.

"All right," Guy said.

Entering the living room, Guy saw that Jane was curled up in a chair close to the fire. "I was beginning to wonder

"Mind if I solo for a while?"

REDBOOK

if I should come in after you," she said. "What've you been talking about all this time?"

"All kinds of things." Guy watched Mr. Monterey take a snuffbox from the glass cabinet, saw him scribble the words on a piece of paper, put the paper into the box and replace it. Don't lose your nerve, he instructed himself; you know which word is which; you need only keep Jane from saying the one, *miracle*, lead her to say the other, *envy*. You have two hours. Start with what? Some dull, safe subject, something humdrum, dry as dust. Dry as dust? He thought of the summer dust of country roads at home, the sleepy stillness of the old days there, the dead monotony of the town and people. Yes, get her to talk about home. "Jane," he said, "I was telling Mr. Monterey—that is, he guessed we aren't native New Yorkers."

"I wish you'd tell me something about your home town," Mr. Monterey said, almost as if he had read what was in Guy's mind.

Jane laughed—a shy, sweet sound that, curiously, reminded Guy of somebody or other he had known a long time ago; just who, he couldn't think. "You wouldn't want to hear all that," she said, "would you really, Mr. Monterey?"

"I should like to very much," Mr. Monterey said.

"Well, if you're sure—" She looked at Guy. "Do you really want me to?"

"Please, darling."

"You're in for it," Jane said to Mr. Monterey. "Then let's see. Well, our home town's on a hill looking down at a river; not a very big river, but the way my father used to tell me about it—he used to tell me how much the river had seen in the last hundred years: log rafts and canoes and flatboats floating down with the stream, piled up with things to trade and sell. And running aground on the shoals often as not, he said, as one young man did with his flatboat, very near here, and would have lost his cargo if he hadn't been so strong and smart and clever with his hands. It made him seem very close to me—almost a neighbor—and I suppose that was my father's idea."

"Who was that?" Guy said. "The strong young man?"

"Why, Abe Lincoln. He took a flatboat down past home on his way to the Mississippi, to New Orleans. I used to think he must have looked up at the cabins on our hill and wondered who was living there, and maybe that's why he didn't notice the shoal. You can still see traces of the old cabins, and there are the same wildflowers—Indian pink and goldenrod and bluebells and the running wild rose vine. Remember, Guy, where Mrs. Cogdal used to live?"

"Mrs. Cogdal?" Guy said.

"Mrs. Sally Cogdal—with the apple tree growing in her yard. Remember?"

"I remember there was some old woman who used to give me apples sometimes, when I was a boy."

"Sally!" Jane said. "The first time my father took me to her house to meet her, I suppose I was five or six—first thing, of course, she gave me an apple, and then she said, Don't tell the child to call me Mrs. Cogdal, she said. Just say Sally, she said to me—Sally, howdy-do!"

Guy laughed. "That what she said? Sally, howdy-do?"

"And then she said, Child, do you know where that apple you're eating comes from? And I thought a while and said, From an apple tree? Yes, Sally said; and where the apple tree comes from? And I thought some more and said, From a seed? Yes, Sally said; and where the seed comes from? But I didn't know that. From another seed, Sally said, planted here a long time ago by old Johnny himself."

"Old Johnny who?" Guy said.

"You remember Johnny Appleseed! He came floating down the river with thousands and thousands of apple seeds loaded in his canoe, and once in a while he'd stop and fill up his pouch and walk through the forest planting the seeds. There wasn't anyone there yet, but there'd be people coming to settle and they'd find the apple orchards waiting for them. Sally said old Johnny said they'd be glad to find them there."

"I never knew that," Guy said, remembering the apple-tree blossoms, like young clouds in the spring. "But Sally couldn't actually have known old Johnny, could she?"

"Of course she couldn't—but she made you feel she had. And made you feel you had, too. She made you feel that way about everyone who'd passed by and come back to settle—the people who cleared the trees and notched the logs for the cabins. Sally's mother was born in one of those cabins—four walls and a door and a clay chimney and a puncheon table and stools, and bearskins to sleep on. There were just two families then: the Clarks and the Straders—Sally told me their names."

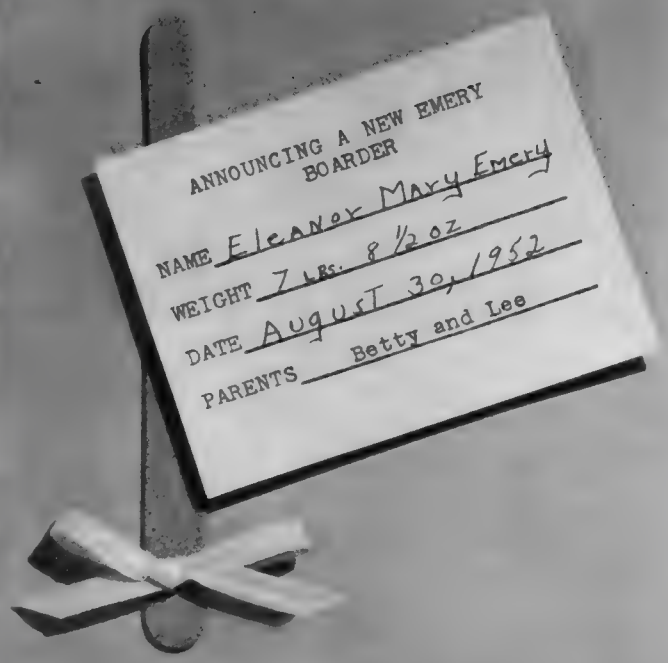
"Strader?" Guy said. "I remember a Willie Strader in school. Did he come from that family?"

"Yes," she said. "Willie was their children's children's oldest boy."

"Who came along then?"

"Oh, people from everywhere, the South and the East, over the land in the ox wagons, floating down the river in the flatboats—from New England and Virginia and Pennsylvania, families like the Whites and the Wilcoxes, the Baxters

We Are Proud to Announce



As the time of our baby's arrival approached, my husband and I tried to think of original ways in which we could announce the birth to our friends.

Finally, it seemed to us that our last name offered the best possibilities for a different kind of card, so we went ahead with the emery-board idea.

MRS. LEE EMERY
Lancaster, New Hampshire

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used in "We Are Proud to Announce." Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned. Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of Redbook.

and the Greens and the Potters and the Verrys and the Masons—"

"Your family," Guy said.

"And there was a man named Rhodes, the first Guy Rhodes. Some stayed, some moved away. I suppose those who moved thought the town was too small, or wasn't small enough, or was too old, or too new, or just that there might be a better place somewhere. I always felt like the ones who stayed. I felt the way I did when I was with Sally. I felt I could touch her hand and touch the hands of all those old, brave, stubborn people. And I remember the last time I saw her, just before she died—"

"She died?" Guy said. "I didn't know. I'm sorry Sally died."

"It was long ago, and she was an old, old woman. She took my hand, and she said—It's been good, growing up, she said, seeing my children grow, then their children and theirs, too—hasn't seemed long. Be sure you give yours the chance to be children here, Janie, she said. Give them the chance like you've had, she said; let them have the taste of the spring, and the summer, good and full and quiet, and the river to play in, and the autumn, sweet as a nut, with the leaves changing and the fox grapes on the vines, and the winter, to feel snug and safe at home. Give them the chance to feel it's home, Sally said; that it's a part of them. It's a wonderful place, Sally said—our home, our land."

Jane stopped, and with the same shy, sweet laugh she said, "There was a lot of poetry in Sally."

And Guy remembered who it was who used to laugh like that.

He was coming down the schoolhouse steps, bound for home, to mow and water the lawn. It was an Indian-summer afternoon, and there was a milky sky and the leaves of the fall trees were like a million golden banners. A girl came up the steps, and as she passed him their eyes met. "Hello," he said; he didn't know why, because she was only a small kid—couldn't be more than nine or ten; beneath notice. He was sixteen. Perhaps it was the look in her eyes: something that touched him curiously. "Hello," she said, and he saw the delicate color spread in her young cheeks. She hurried on, and that was when he heard the shy, sweet sound for the first time.

He went over and sat beside his wife on the arm of her chair. "Remember when we said hello first, Janie?"

"On the school steps."

"I haven't heard you laugh in that way in a long time."

"Talking about home, maybe," Jane said. "You suppose?"

"I never knew you felt like that about home," Guy said. "I guess I always took it for granted you felt the way I did about everything. Where we lived, and kids, and—" He hesitated. "I guess, these last years, you must have wondered if I'd ever wake up to figuring on what you wanted for a change. I guess you must have envied the people bringing up their families back home."

She shook her head. "I've always been sure what Sally said would work out somehow or other. When you were ready. So I wouldn't say that it was en—"

Before she could finish the word, Guy clapped the palm of his hand to her mouth.

He had been bound up so much in what he had heard and learned that until this instant, with the word trembling half-spoken in the air, he had forgotten the game and the stakes for which it was played. Yet ironically it was the game and the stakes that had led him to listen to Jane with such intentness, and thus to his discovery of her.

How could he have been fool enough to risk their life together on the choice of a word? How could he be sure which word was which? Risk their life, their future, on the chance that he could outguess Mr. Monterey, who had seemed to know at each step exactly what was in his mind? He trembled to think of his monumental idiocy.

"I haven't gone mad, darling," he said. "And we'll see if we can't work out what Sally told you. But when I take my hand away, don't say anything. Not until I've told you about tonight."

He looked around the room for Mr. Monterey.

Mr. Monterey was standing by the glass cabinet. He took the slip of paper from the snuffbox, rolled it into a ball, and tossed the ball into the fire. Then, with the snuffbox still in his hand, he turned to Guy. "May I give you something as a souvenir of this evening?" he asked. "This snuffbox isn't particularly valuable. to tell the truth, but I hope you'll accept it. Perhaps it will remind you of your stay here, and perhaps you'll come to feel that it's worth more than—well, let's say more than its weight in gold."

"Listen," Guy demanded. "How could you have known things would turn out like this? What if they hadn't?"

"I had an idea they would," Mr. Monterey admitted, "but in any event there was very little chance I'd lose my bet." He inquired gently, "Wasn't envy the word you decided to choose?"

Guy was silent. Jane's puzzled eyes were staring at his, and he saw the dull flush left by the slap of his hand across her mouth. He smiled at her. "We'd like to have the snuffbox, Mr. Monterey," he said. "Thank you. But when I tell Jane about it, she'll want to know, as I do—just who are you, anyway?"

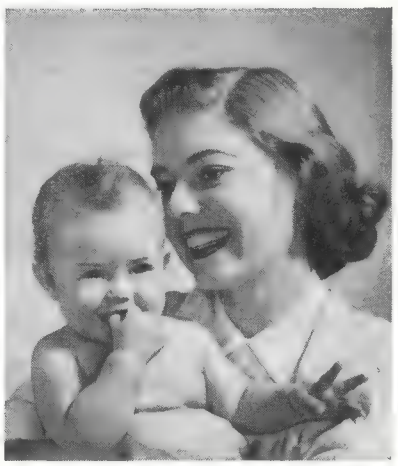
"Why, an innkeeper," Mr. Monterey said. "I thought you understood that." Then a trace of—what was it? Affection?—crept into his pleasant voice as he added, "Although I suppose any innkeeper who likes to study the young married people who chance to spend an evening with him is bound to turn into something of a psychologist, too, who can recognize the critical point that comes in every marriage—the challenge of not merely loving but understanding and respecting each other that every young couple has to meet, sooner or later—the barrier they must climb over together, if they are to stay together."

And now there was no mistaking the affection in his voice.

"I think the barrier was still in front of you when you came to the inn tonight," said Mr. Monterey. "Welcome to the other side!" . . . THE END

Before winter outings

guard baby-soft skin against chapping



with wonderful

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

(Continued from page 31)

One reason for the big money invested in show business is that its success, like its failure, comes quickly. In a period of about one year the Ball-Arnaz corporation, quaintly titled Desilu, has built up an organization of one hundred permanent employees, with a payroll of $30,000 a week. Besides "Lucy," the company is filming Eve Arden's "Our Miss Brooks" show and negotiating to produce several others.

In Desi's opinion, the only thing that could stop the growth of this golden mushroom would be a sudden decision by Hollywood's big movie companies to start producing films for TV themselves. He is convinced that such competition, with its mass-production methods, its vast assets of money, equipment and organization, would "fracture Desilu."

"If the win' starts blowin' that way," he said, "I'll go with it. Tha's too big a win'. I'll go to work for Dore Schary if that thin' happens."

WHAT LIES AHEAD

The wind may well start blowing that way—and soon—with no less an authority than the United States Government operating the bellows. In July, 1952, the Government filed an antitrust suit to compel the major Hollywood film companies to release feature motion pictures for exhibition on TV. The Attorney General said in Washington, "This suit is filed as part of the continuing program of the antitrust division to prevent businessmen and others from combining to place restrictions upon what members of the general public may see on their television sets."

Until the verdict is in, no one is capable of determining just what constitutes a "restriction." But in the meantime everyone in the entertainment world is taking a close, careful inventory of his own situation and revising his plans to meet a highly competitive future. There is one refreshing thing about it, whatever happens. For once, the public is sure to be the winner. The easy days of getting rich in show business are over. From here on, the scramble for your entertainment dollar is going to be a rough one. And the man who gets it, in whatever branch he operates, is going to have to give you more for it than ever before.

When the dust settles, don't be surprised to find that there have been no casualties among the mediums of entertainment. The changes will be in each medium's methods of peddling its product. Here is what you can reasonably expect, and why.

LEGITIMATE THEATER

There are glum souls along Broadway. A few weeks ago only ten legitimate attractions were playing in New York. Forty were on the boards in London. Broadway, which once boasted of 70 playhouses, now has 30, and many of these are used by radio and TV producers. This is devastating competition, for New York's theatrical productions have to charge very high prices to stay alive. The most important thing you may expect in Broadway's future is a change in the New York building restrictions which will permit the construction of new theaters in office buildings, apartments and hotels, and will allow smoking and cocktail bars on the same premises. The astronomical value of Broadway real estate and the consequent high taxes make it no longer feasible to use such valuable ground for a single theater fifty feet high and in use four hours a day. A revision of the building code would go a long way toward reducing theater rents which would in turn lower ticket prices.

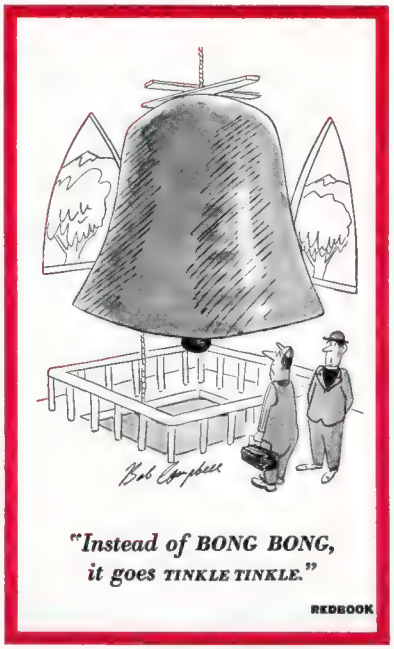
RADIO

Here's a sample of the letters from the NBC-TV audience last year:

> I used to get all the dishes washed by eight-thirty. Now I don't do a thing till ten o'clock.
>
> All of us eat our breakfast off the bridge table in the parlor.
>
> My husband now dresses in the living room.
>
> Please say something about the kiddies. They have to get dressed and go to school, or they'll be late.

What effect these shenanigans had upon the divorce rate has not been tabulated. But they had a very healthy effect on the radio industry, because housewives realized daytime TV was taking too much of their time.

Coast-to-coast radio-time sales for the new year are up 16 per cent. All three major radio networks raised their rates for daytime broadcasting (after having previously cut them). Why? Because it was apparent that American women could not spend their days squatting in front of TV sets and still fulfill the functions of wives, mothers and homemakers. NBC-TV has practically abandoned any pretensions that the hours from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. have any real value for commercial sponsors. CBS-TV still hopes that Arthur Godfrey will be able to bring in a few dollars before sundown. But both are facing up to the truth. Daytime TV has not been a successful operation.



Radio's soap opera is once more ruling the roost, now that Mom is back on the job. While daytime TV spots go begging, daytime radio is sold out on the networks. Many advertisers who cannot support the costs of TV shows find that they can turn a tidy profit with a good radio pitch to the women. The daytime hours supply a captive audience of the nation's best customers—young housewives.

However, the big expensive radio shows are rapidly becoming a memory. The networks have either taken them off the air—as in the case of NBC's "The Big Show"—or are groaning under long-term contracts with stars who have a play-or-pay clause. The Hooper rating of Jack Benny's radio show dropped from 26.5 to 4.8. Bob Hope fell from 16 to 3.2 and last fall, for the first time in 15 years, had no regularly sponsored program.

The final proof of radio's growing strength in the daytime hours came on November 10th, when General Foods signed Hope to a $2-million deal to do a fifteen-minute commentary on topical matters Monday through Friday at 9:30 in the morning. Beginning January 7th, he will also do a once-a-week half-hour show on Wednesday nights for the same sponsor. This nighttime show was considerably more of a sop to Hope than it was any part of the sponsor's desire.

Hollywood found out long ago what TV and radio are discovering today: that it is one thing to try to corner all the big high-salaried stars, and quite another to face the obligation of paying them every week when there is no market for their services. On the other hand, radio's real strength was exhibited once more last October 19th when an automobile company (Willys Overland) paid $1 million to sponsor the Sunday-afternoon broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic.

TELEVISION

The biggest problem facing TV is what to put on the air and where to get enough of it. The task is enormous. Hollywood's total output for an entire year adds up to 500 hours of entertainment. In the course of a year, the 110 TV stations now operating are on the air for a total of nearly 500,000 station hours. Even if the networks succeed in reducing the hour total by the use of simultaneous programs, there is still not enough known creative talent to produce the amount of entertainment TV will need. This will result in constantly broadening opportunities for new talent. It will also bring an increasing number of shows on film, because they can be played and replayed. And finally, it will mean a growing reliance on the thing TV does best—bringing you events to see and hear at the exact moment of their occurrence and from any location.

In the meantime, the shows TV is de-

vising are pretty much here-we-go-again. ABC is licking the wounds it received during a money-losing season. NBC continues in the alleged spectacular vein of variety shows and vaudeville with such offerings as Caesar and Coca's "Show of Shows," "The Colgate Comedy Hour," "All-Star Revue" and Milton Berle. CBS, somewhat surprised to find the situation comedy "I Love Lucy" leading every show on the air by a mile, is rapidly trying to switch every program they get their hands on into the same groove. "The Jackie Gleason Show" and such fugitives from radio as "Irma," "Our Miss Brooks," "Life with Luigi" and "Amos and Andy" are in this group.

There are a few individualists still around who cannot be fitted into either category—Jack Benny, Groucho Marx and Arthur Godfrey. The abundance of panel and quiz shows continues, because they are cheap to produce. And, if you like a lump in your throat, there are audience-participation shows in the vein of "The Big Payoff," where contestants, broke and beset with problems worse than yours, get a year's free rent or money for an operation when they answer the jackpot question.

MOVIE THEATERS

It is here that the Government's action seeking to free feature pictures for TV use will get the most immediate and dramatic results. The Theater Owners' Association has called the suit "contrary to the American principle of free enterprise." One exhibitor said, "Nobody tells Ford that he must sell his automobiles to Chevrolet." Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox, and a man who made his personal fortune operating theaters, decried the suit as "confiscatory."

The movie theaters are going to get a really violent shakeup. You can expect greater comfort, better service, air conditioning, new seats, new patron services and trimly uniformed attendants. More stars will make personal appearances in more theaters than ever before. Courtesy will be so marked that you may look behind you to see if the owner is standing there. And he probably will be. Theater men who fail to give you these things will be out of business.

They are finally waking up to a fact long apparent to the public—that many of the movies' troubles are of the movie theaters' making. Since the tremendously-prosperous '40s, exhibitors have seemed determined to make moviegoing a costly torture instead of an economical pleasure. Theatergoing used to be and ought to be a treat, enjoyed in an atmosphere of comfort and gaiety. Small wonder then that the decay into which many theaters have been allowed to fall—the fetid air and crunching popcorn, the indifferent ushers, the frequent phony intermissions designed to force you to buy from the lobby concession stand, the parking fee combined with an advanced admission price—caused millions of people to stay home.

From now on, the exhibitor who wants your money will have to give you something for it. In some areas you will see the old-time give-aways—cash clubs and drawings with an automobile as the prize. The big-city theaters are already advertising free parking and free streetcar or bus rides to attract patrons.

***MOVIES:** In order to attract audiences, Hollywood is trying new ideas. Ray Milland and Rita Gam never say a word in "The Thief," a thriller about the theft of atomic secrets, made with sound but no dialogue.*

Many movie houses will simply close up. The money they formerly took in will go toward maintaining the surviving theaters properly. And for every two or three outmoded or poorly managed movie places that close, somewhere in the area a new drive-in will be built with double the lost customer capacity.

A little-realized fact is that the drive-in—once the ugly duckling of the movie world—has very nearly become its most successful offspring.

A few years ago there were less than 300 drive-ins in this country, and many were in danger of failing. Their owners complained that the big film companies refused them all first-quality pictures and that even such of the substandard fare as they did receive had been deliberately darkened in the printing in order to make the outdoor projection a murky mass of ill-defined shadow. Today's drive-ins (over 4,000) accommodate two million customers, who pay one quarter of all the money Hollywood earns in the United States.

In recent years the movies have often forgotten that the history of their success is their history as a family institution. The drive-ins are designed for family trade, and they are getting it. There is no parking problem, no need for babysitters, and admission prices are reasonable. The conventional popcorn stand has given way to what the trade calls a "snack bar," but what anyone else would call a restaurant. Many feature a battery of laundromats. These days, Mom and Dad can leave their washing at the entrance, their children in a supervised play area, and pick up both washing and children on the way out.

It is a paradox that some leaders of the picture business fought the development of the drive-in, now their industry's ace in the hole.

HOLLYWOOD PICTURES

You may have seen a movie advertisement something like this: RAY MILLAND IN THE THIEF—A 100-PER-CENT ALL NONTALKING PICTURE. It is only a sample of the different face the movie world is desperately trying to put on for you. Another case in point is MGM's $2-million "Invitation to the Dance," in which Gene Kelly tells a sequence of four stories in ballet form without the use of dialogue.

The new year will also bring experiments in three-dimensional movies. The most promising of these is a device called Cinerama, which has created great enthusiasm and extravagant predictions from both critics and the public. But the heavy expense of this technique in both production and exhibition will limit its use for some time to experimental showings in the major cities. However, for those who are interested, there will be several other three-dimensional storytelling films widely shown during 1953. They are a bit homespun by comparison, for they must rely for their effect upon the patron's willingness to wear a pair of celluloid polarizing spectacles.

The new year may well see better pictures coming out of Hollywood. It will certainly see fewer bad ones. This is a surety if only because fewer of any description will be made. Of those that are made, more than half will be in color. Color is one thing the movies can give you that TV, at least for the present, cannot. 1953 movies will also emphasize the big-scale production denied on TV. This means spectacles and musicals.

In times of stress Hollywood has

always been quick to panic and run for shelter. Historically this has resulted in a bumper crop of Westerns and remakes. Westerns because, as the oldest staple in the business, they are considered sure-fire; and remakes because they possess the guarantee of having already been successful. The pattern is being repeated.

There is one other quality that Hollywood is counting on, though individually and unofficially.

For obvious reasons, this is less a matter of what you do than of how you do it. But during slack times at the box office, the same urge for self-preservation that sends Gary Cooper, Alan Ladd, Jimmy Stewart, Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas and John Wayne scurrying for chaps and six-shooters also sends the girls out in quest of new sweaters and negligees. A symptom of this has cropped up in newspaper and magazine interviews the female stars have recently given. Many of the Hollywood beauties who used to aspire to such titles as "First Lady of the Cinema" or "The Girl Next Door" have discarded their recipe interviews, their discussions of modern painting and their interpretations of "Finnegan's Wake." Instead, they are screaming of and for the return of glamour. Mona Freeman demanded and won the right to abandon the "young sister" roles usually given her. In Hollywood, glamour is Breen-office spelling for sex.

Anne Baxter recently stated to a Los Angeles reporter that when her grandfather was married he wore nothing but a red sash. This naked truth, together with its implication that such inclinations are possibly hereditary, is typical of the way many a star sees the shape of things to come.

Women have never gone out of style and have never been superseded. Neither has any competing art form that served a real purpose. In the 500 years since Gutenberg invented movable type and rolled the first book off his press, there have been many innovations in the field of communication, but to date nothing has replaced the printed word. This is because its singular qualities enable you to have your own choice of the world's creative achievements as your permanent personal property. There is no question of time zones, no threat of a now-or-never program hour, and none of the frustration of finding that three things you don't want to miss all come on at precisely the same moment.

By the same token, each of the valid forms of entertainment has an appeal and a power that is uniquely its own. Movies didn't kill the theater. Sound didn't kill the movies. Neither did radio. And the phonograph record, once mourned as a gone goose, is more in demand than ever. All have grown, and all will continue to grow so long as each continues to do the things each is peculiarly suited to do best.

WHY AND HOW THE STRUGGLE WILL BE RESOLVED

Though it is heresy to say so in Hollywood, the best thinking concludes that the future course in entertainment has at least been indicated by the Department of Justice. Directly or indirectly, the result of the Government suit will be the adoption of a system of open voluntary bidding for Hollywood movies among theaters, drive-ins and TV. This will apply equally to the exhibition rights for any other form of entertainment popular with the public.

The day is not distant when, for $1, a whole family will go to the movies, or rather have the movies come to them. The same will hold true of sports and theater arts. Pay-as-you-see will not eliminate 1952-style TV; it will augment it. It will make available a much wider variety of entertainment, and a good part of this will be provided by commercial sponsors, because providing it will bring them a profit.

Several pay-as-you-see devices—Phonovision, Telemeter, Skiatron—have been tested with complete satisfaction. Since there were 17 million TV sets in home operation last year, a pay-as-you-see movie at $1 per set could bring in three times more money than the whole theater system is capable of producing with the same picture.

If they will work at it, there is a future for the theater owners, too. TV may eventually be used to lower costs by projecting the same picture in many theaters at the same time. Live TV newscasts may be made part of all theater programs. Sporting events have already been shown profitably in this way. Possibly you were one of those who paid to see the Walcott-Marciano boxing match on theater TV.

But whatever the means of delivering it to the public, peddling entertainment is still the province of show business. The wise showman knows this. He will buy the franchise of Phonovision, Telemeter or Skiatron for his territory, play the million-dollar pictures he rents from Hollywood for his theatergoing trade first, and send them out to his subscribers' homes over pay-as-you-see at a later date. The same can be done with any other entertainment that is staged for profit.

But regardless of the many pitfalls and rewards lying in the entertainment business' path of progress, this fact stands out boldly: The one person certain to win in the battle for supremacy is you, the customer. . . . THE END

(Continued from page 35)

students at two leading Eastern universities on this question. In terms of their most frequent choices, the ideal wife is 5 feet 5 inches, weighs about 120 pounds, does not wear glasses, possesses sex appeal and a good figure, and is a college graduate. She must be courageous, possess the quality of helpfulness, be able to meet people, and be truthful at all times. Also, she must not have too dominating a personality.

Q: To what extent do men trust women—in matters of fidelity?

A: In this respect, men are inclined to trust women just about twice as far as the women trust them. In a recent wide-scale survey, nearly 50 per cent of the women expressed extreme skepticism of a man's disposition to remain faithful. But only 28 per cent of the men evidenced similar doubt about the fair sex. Evidence indicates that the views of both sexes are at least partially justified. For studies show that women's moral standards tend to be appreciably higher than men's when it comes to sexual waywardness.

Q: What do men think about wives who open their husbands' mail?

A: Your husband may not *say* anything about it when you open his personal mail, but the chances are better than fifty-fifty that he'll resent the act. A recent Gallup Poll asked men all over the nation how they felt about wives who get overcurious about hubby's mail. The majority felt that wifie should keep her hot little hands off. Resentment against the practice was most frequently voiced by professional men with university backgrounds. High-school graduates were somewhat more tolerant. And men with a grade-school education were the least concerned about reading their mail second-hand.

Q: Do most men grossly exaggerate when it comes to matters of romance?

A: Yes. The average male's desire to be considered something of a devil with the ladies causes him to try to create an impression which is frequently at variance with the truth. In fact, sociologists have found that his flair for exaggeration, when it comes to affairs of the heart, rivals that of the fisherman. This has created the popular impression that men have more love affairs than women do. Scientific studies give us reason to doubt this. For example, a study of 896 serious love affairs among students at the University of Minnesota (average age was 22) showed that the coeds averaged 2.25 love affairs each, while the men trailed slightly behind with an average of 2.22. And other studies of men and women of all ages have shown similar findings.

Other investigations indicate that more often than not, the male's innate aggressiveness is offset by the fact that he tends to be lacking in self-assurance and poise, qualities in which women are stronger particularly as related to social amenities involving both sexes.

In short, though a man's interests and inclinations regarding the opposite sex may exceed a woman's, he adapts himself less readily to courtship, and tends to be ill at ease in social situations which the female of the species takes in her stride.

Q: Do men believe they are more intelligent than women?

A: The University of Pennsylvania conducted an extensive study to find out what men think about women on this score—and several others. Their findings: men *do* think they are more intelligent. They also believe that they are

more industrious and persevering. Paradoxically perhaps, the men believed that they were the more submissive sex, and that they were more dependent on women than vice versa. Other male convictions; that women are more sensitive, but less passionate; that women talk too much.

The university investigators then made a survey of females; found surprisingly enough that the women were in virtual agreement with the men on all of these points but two. They felt that *they* were the more submissive sex, and the most industrious and persevering.

Q: Do most men think they "wear the pants" in the family?

A: No. They cherish no such illusion. A recent national survey of male opinion showed that *less than one man in six* believes that he dominates in his own home. Most of them readily conceded that the long-held title of "head of the house" has been effectively wrested away by the female of the species. Sample male comments, from Maine to California: "Men put on a big front—but the woman is the boss"; "Wives dominate all right, but a lot of them are very subtle about it"; "Men make a lot of noise, but, brother, never underestimate the power of a woman!" Comment of a typical die-hard, furtively whispered to the interviewer: "I know who's boss in my family—but I ain't telling." On this particular front, it looks as if the Battle of the Sexes is being won hands down by the distaff side.

Q: What quality do men esteem most in a wife?

A: A consensus of surveys show that the quality the average U. S. male deems most important in a spouse is neither faithfulness, a good disposition, nor sex appeal. What he wants his wife to possess above all else is the ability to be a good homemaker—to be able to run the house smoothly and efficiently, to create a pleasant home environment, and to possess kitchen talents which extend beyond the wielding of a can-opener.

Both married and single men placed these abilities far ahead of all other attributes. One coast-to-coast survey showed, for example, that less than 4 per cent of the men considered love and devotion the most important qualities in a wife.

To find out if the views of the *most happily married* men differed from the average in these respects, the American Institute of Family Relations made a study of 250 highly successful marriages. The principal thing the investigators sought to determine: what was it about their partners that made the spouse think him or her so superlative? Most of the women stressed companionability. Not so with the men. The qualification that these men most admired in a wife was her ability to handle the job—to be equal to the many responsibilities that marriage placed on her. In addition, the study showed that in this favored group, the wife was highly valued for her feminine attractiveness, her emotionally satisfying qualities, and her ability to enhance her husband's ego.

Q: Are women men's favorite topic of conversation?

A: It has been frequently alleged that when men get together, the conversation sooner or later turns to women. Science has been looking into this matter, and leading investigations have shown that men actually talk about women *far less* than a great many of the fair sex fancy. For example, psychologists at the University of Minnesota conducted a study in which the investigators "listened in" on the conversation of hundreds of men of all ages and various walks of life. (In clubs, on street corners, at social events.) They found the number-one topic of conversation among men was *business* (shop-talk, etc.) *Money* ran a close second. These two subjects led all the rest by a wide margin. Talk about *other men* ranked a poor third. And *women* trailed along after that—followed closely by *amusements* and *sports*.

These findings—as well as those of similar studies—suggest that though the average man definitely enjoys "talking about women," there are other subjects which interest him considerably more—conversationally, at least.

Q: What do men dislike most about their wives?

A: A Gallup Poll of American husbands from coast to coast showed that their chief indictment against their wives was: crossness and irritability, and having a bad disposition. (This, incidentally, was the wives' number-one beef about their husbands.) The five other traits which husbands found most exasperating were: (1) Being too fussy and overcritical ("Nothing pleases her; she's always finding fault about something"); (2) Talking too much, and spending most of her time gossiping ("Yakity-yakity-yak from morn till night"); (3) Spends too much money ("If I could keep her out of the department stores, we could put some money in the bank"); (4) Is selfish and inconsiderate ("All she seems to think about is her own pleasure and enjoyment"); (5) Drinks and smokes too much.

Another common complaint was: "My wife's all right except she seems to be allergic to the kitchen." Among the more unusual gripes: "The only thing I don't like about my wife is she goes without her teeth," and "Mine's okay, except she's always got cold feet."

On the whole, husbands tended to be far less critical of their spouses than were their wives. Less than 20 per cent of the women polled found no complaint to make against their husbands, but more than 30 per cent of the husbands found no fault at all with their wives.

Q: Are most men satisfied with their wives?

A: To find out the answers to this, investigators asked a representative cross section of American husbands: "If you had it to do over again, would you marry the same person?" Only slightly more than half (52 per cent) were completely certain that they would pick the same woman. Twenty-seven per cent were not sure, but thought they probably would. And 21 per cent expressed varying degrees of doubt. . . . THE END

To learn "What Women *Really* Think of Men," see next month's REDBOOK

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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

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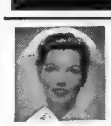

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(Continued from page 37)

hesitantly, "Most of them, but not all, sir."

The general spoke with the finality of a man slamming shut the door: "If you had read all of Lenin, you would know revolt is impossible in Russia."

Igor was startled by this bluntness, and he showed it. Then his eyes lit up.

He sat on the edge of his chair. His deep voice pleaded, "But, sir, *I know my own people.*"

His faith filled the room. . . .

I met Igor through one of Washington's really reliable experts on communism. I asked him if he knew of anyone willing to give his life fighting communism, who wasn't merely looking for a piece of headline.

He replied, "There's Igor. But be careful not to expose his identity. He is too valuable."

We were to meet at the bus stop. Igor was not looking for me, but stood staring into the sunset. He told me later he was occasionally homesick when he saw a sunset or a limitless, star-filled heaven.

He shook my hand firmly and said, "It is a great honor, sir, to meet one who believes so greatly in democracy that he is interested in the Russian people." The words were awkward but had a certain dignity when he spoke them. Igor talks a mixture of formal English and occasional slang.

I told Igor most Americans would want to know whether revolution was possible in Russia.

He said firmly, "Revolt (he pronounced it "rewolt") is absolutely possible, *if* there is help from outside."

Igor made it quite clear he regarded revolution as an exact science requiring intensive study and training. My education on the anti-Bolshevik revolution took place over a period of several weeks.

The first essential, he instructed me, is a mass base of discontent. Igor testified, "Most Russians, perhaps as high as 80 or 90 per cent, hate the Bolsheviks and their system. Every family has lost at least one member in war or in the purges. Life is very dreary, and there is no hope any more that it will improve."

I mentioned that many American officials, including some with Moscow experience, did not believe revolt was possible. They figured that in a mysterious, Oriental way the Soviet citizen somehow enjoyed tyranny.

He replied in disgust, "That is silly! No one likes slavery. These officials of yours see life in Russia from the window of the American Embassy. They don't know how we feel, and you don't think we would dare speak to them, do you?"

Igor added excitedly, "What do they want us to do? Throw a bomb at the Kremlin? That would just mean thousands of innocent people killed or sent to Siberia in a mass purge. We must organize quietly for the right time."

The second necessity for successful revolution, Igor pointed out, is a large group of men who are bitter and unafraid—"the soldiers of revolt." These are the young people of Russia. He explained:

"Kids like to dream of what they will be when they grow up—pilots or scientists or mechanics. They are sensitive about the future. But dreams are short in Russia. When you are 14, your future is decided, and you are sent to a trade school or camp. You are not asked. You are designated as a seaman or factory worker or farm laborer. You cannot change."

Life in this training period is strict, with no time, as Igor said, "to kick balls and have fun." This is the first period of revolt.

A much-needed device for cutting down the noise in an auto is something that would fit right over her mouth.

—*Kay Ingram*

Many boys run away and go home. Their fearful parents return them to the camps. Igor remarked, "Those who have the courage to run away the second time do not make the mistake of going home. They steal or forge false papers and join gangs that roam Russia like wolves in a pack."

He regards the young World War II veterans as the most conspicuous malcontents. Igor has interviewed hundreds who deserted from the Red Army in Germany. These veterans saw a better life outside Russia and liked it. They were promised great favors for war service, but returned to repression and drudgery. Thousands left collective farms and factories and fell into gangs. Soviet prison camps are full of them.

In fact, Igor maintains, so many men have deserted their jobs, been killed or lamed by war, been put in prison or taken for the armed services, that the ratio of men to women on collective farms is 15 to 100.

He tells the story of one Red Army deserter—a major—he interviewed in Munich. Life is not pleasant for a refugee in western Germany, and the Russian major said so quite frankly. He remarked. "I had better quarters in the East. My rations were much better. I had a car to take me every place."

A little exasperated, Igor asked, "What did you leave for? Why don't you go back?"

The major smiled and said, "Freedom! I enjoy more than all my food and comforts the opportunity to talk this way."

The hard core of revolution, Igor told me, is the undergrounds. There are five major undergrounds and hundreds of small village, factory or co-operative farm units with no central affiliation. Their members were recruited mainly from Red Army troops on occupation duty outside of Russia. Igor will not even hint how far the undergrounds reach upward into the Red Army, but it is no secret that Stalin fears "strong men" in the higher echelons and keeps rotating generals in and out of command. Marshal Zhukov, the great war hero, was pushed into obscurity for fear his immense popularity would be turned against the Kremlin.

The third ingredient of revolt, Igor said, is hope. He explained, "Hate is not enough to drive away fear and get people to act. They must have hope that life will be better. But the average Russian knows no better life. The Voice of America can preach a better life and make democracy a rallying cry for revolution."

He emphasized that the fourth essential is trained organizers. They cannot be trained in Russia because of the danger of exposure to the secret police. But there are plenty of experienced teachers and willing pupils among the defectors and refugees scattered throughout western Germany and the Americas. For teachers, there are veterans of the highest Soviet sabotage and infiltration schools. The students would be young men like Igor who are wasting their years in displaced-persons camps. All they need now, according to Igor, is a few tools, a place to live and work together undisturbed, and the bare necessities of life. The "graduates" of such schooling would go back to Russia trained in communications, subversion, infiltration, riot tactics, sabotage, use of small arms and—most importantly—leadership.

"How will revolution come?" I asked.

Igor replied, "That depends on America. With your help, it can come very soon. Without it . . ." He gave his shoulders a despairing shrug. "The whole world may be chained by then."

The mood did not hang on him long, and he continued briskly, "If there is war, the revolution will come quickly, and the war will not last long."

He proposes that the Western powers organize the thousands of Russian defectors into an unofficial "liberation army." Special units would organize desertions in Red Army occupation troops.

Igor said enthusiastically, "When war comes, let us serve in the front lines with loud-speakers. Companies and divisions and whole armies would desert to join us in the liberation of Russia. At each fresh contact, new forces would come over. We would keep on until we reached Moscow and the revolution was complete."

I argued, "But suppose there isn't war. America does not seek war."

He replied matter of factly, "Whether you want it or not, war will come. Every Russian knows the Bolsheviks are preparing for it. They will start the war as soon as they feel secure in armaments."

But at my insistence, Igor outlined how revolt might come without war.

"There would first be an incident in Siberia at an isolated place away from large police or army concentrations. The underground would seize radio stations and announce the revolution had begun. They and radios outside Russia would bombard the Soviet Union with bulletins and slogans from the revolutionary committee. It is important that the revolutionaries in one part of Russia know how the fighting is going in other parts.

"There must be incidents and riots and sabotage of rails and arsenals to keep the police occupied. Underground agents would come out into the open in army barracks, farms, factories and penal camps. I am sure many officers would turn their units over to the liberation. Also, armed guerrilla units would enter Russia from border states and by parachute."

He added gravely, "You understand this is possible only if we have organizers and propaganda help from the outside."

Igor's own life is the best evidence that his ideas are not just some fantastic dream.

He grew up in a town on the Don River. He never knew his father, a former Cossack officer, who was executed in 1937. His mother was a nurse. His first doubts about the Russian system arose from the startling difference between the idealism of the Communist Party indoctrination and the harsh reality. He supposed for many years that this was the result of some terrible local maladministration that eventually would be corrected by the righteous god in the Kremlin.

But when he was in the fifth grade, Igor had a shaking experience. For a week the class reverently studied the life of one Politburo member. He became the youngsters' idol. But a few days later, the teacher announced, "Children, turn to page 26. Tear it out and put it on the fire."

The hero had been liquidated.

When Igor was twelve, German and satellite armies laid siege to Rostov. The city was a gateway to the mineral riches of the south and a major Nazi objective.

Before the Red Army evacuated, it systematically destroyed all food supplies. Igor explained, "The Bolsheviks were afraid the Germans would feed us, and win our friendship."

"When the German Army entered Rostov," he told me, "there was a great celebration. It was like . . ." He hunted for a comparison and smiled. "It was like the parade for General MacArthur in New York. People stood in the streets waving and crying greetings. We thought they were our liberators." (A U.S. diplomat stationed in Moscow early in the war told me the Muscovites so resented lend-lease arms to the regime that Embassy cars were stoned when they flew the American flag. His explanation was, "The Russians then looked on the Nazis as liberators.")

Igor went on with his story: "The Germans didn't understand. In one square in Rostov they made everyone line up in the street. They shot them with machine guns. No one was allowed to touch the dying or dead for two days. I saw this."

He remarked bitterly, "Instead of liberators, we had more to hate."

During the period of enemy occupation, a Rumanian colonel, an Old World intellectual and aristocrat, lived in Igor's house. When the tide of war turned in 1943, the colonel took Igor west with him in his car. Igor's mother left on a train weeks before the withdrawal, and they were to meet on the Rumanian border.

Igor said sadly, "It was terrible when the Germans and their allies moved out. Hundreds of people followed them out of town and begged to be taken away. Some threw themselves under the wheels of trucks. . . . and yet, some of your people say we are satisfied with communism!"

After two months' separation and more than 500 miles of flight, Igor was reunited with his mother. This was a blessed moment, for he holds her in high regard and is extremely fond of her.

Igor and his mother were guests of the colonel's family in Rumania. Then they had to push westward again when Russia, thanks to U.S. matériel, began its victorious march through the Balkans. Igor's route roughly followed the Danube River from southeastern Rumania south and west, and then north to the rugged Transylvanian Alps and Hungary. He arose at 4 A.M. after sleeping under straw in a horse-drawn cart. He led the horses by day and stole or traded for food at night.

They were hunted wanderers in Hungary for fifteen days before they were caught in a mass roundup of slave labor by the Nazis.

The Germans shipped their slaves, 50 to a freight car usually reserved for horses, all the way to Nuremberg. The meandering trip north through Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland and west to Germany took a month. Then they were sent to a slave-labor camp. Igor was put to work loading trucks. His mother scrubbed floors. I have seen photographs of them from the prison files. Igor was lean and bitter, and his mother seemed much older than she does today.

During my many conversations with Igor, he showed personal anger only once. That was when he discussed life in the Nazi camp. His face flushed, and he said in a choked voice, "I'll catch up with that camp director one day and have it out with her. She starved us and turned her big dog on us for sport. She hit the girls in the face with her whip." He added with a sarcastic satisfaction, "She is now a big Communist."

The most terrifying and decisive period in Igor's life was between V-E Day and 1948. The war was over. The Nazis' slaves were liberated. Yet they were not free! Russian refugees and deserters in the western zones were turned over to Soviet authorities, many of them forcibly. Igor tells of an American major who prowled for Russian refugees with a machine gun and turned them over to the Soviet secret police.

Igor assumed a Rumanian alias. He spoke Rumanian, German, Hungarian and Russian well, although he

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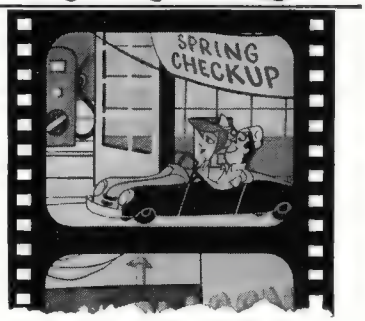

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had had no formal education since he was 12.

UNRRA (the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) housed the "Slavs" in an old Nazi slave-labor barracks. Igor's home had no kitchens, heat or eating utensils. There were jagged holes in the wooden sides.

During this bitter period Igor had a narrow escape from a Soviet agent, a small, dark, suspicious fellow who was allowed to roam the camp in search of Russians.

Igor told me, "He knew I was not a Rumanian. He came to my table and tried to get me to talk. I was quiet. I followed him outside and took his arm and bent it behind his back. I told him, 'You get out of here or I'll twist your neck like this arm.'" He got out.

I asked Igor what he thought about those days. He said, "During the war, you do not think. You are like an animal. You react to orders and simple wants. But suddenly the war was over. I was 16 and had nothing to live for. I had no education or hope. I said, 'To hell with everything.'"

He lived with this mood a year and then, he related, "I woke up. Two men helped me. One had been a captain of intelligence in the Red Army. He taught me that no matter how big a mess there is, you can always do something about it. I began to study and try to get ahead."

Igor succeeded brilliantly. When he was 18, he was the duty officer of a camp, supervising 5,000 refugees, with 120 employees under him. He interviewed, checked for security, and placed the people streaming across the border.

He went on with his story: "The other man was the finest person I know. He was a father and teacher to me. He had been a professor, the chairman of an academy in Russia. He was the leader of an underground."

The professor sharpened Igor's dull hate into bright hope and faith.

And Igor was selected for leadership. He saw impoverished refugees give their scant earnings for underground activities. Others bound their feet in rags and walked through the snows to the eastern zone to distribute leaflets. Igor sat in on the councils of the underground and was given delicate assignments.

Twice, German Communists tried to murder him. His camp was at the end of a streetcar ride and across a lonely field. Igor noticed two men on the streetcar watching him closely. He moved to the rear platform to see if they would follow him. They did. Both were armed.

Igor made a quick decision. As the car rounded a corner, he jumped off with the two men in pursuit. Luckily there was a crowd near the corner, and Igor disappeared into it. The Communists did not dare fire into the crowd.

The next time he was making a night inspection as duty officer at the camp. Two big stones were thrown at his head from a short distance over the fence.

Both Igor and his friends thought he was getting too "hot" and should get out of Germany. The professor believed Igor should, if possible, go to the United States for formal training and first-hand views of democracy. This was eventually arranged through friends of Russian liberation in the United States. . . .

I remember well our last lunch together in a restaurant near the Capitol . . . the handsome, intense, young man sitting bent forward in appeal, his hands forceful as he gestured, his voice low as he said:

"The Russian young people will have charge of the future. They will decide the kind of world we'll live in. They must be told much by the United States, how life everywhere under communism is bad, how life can be free and secure. We must have young leaders who understand democracy and how to adapt it to Russia."

"In America now, there are two or three thousand Russian kids who have escaped. They are intelligent kids. They can mean much to the world, if you Americans will train them to love democracy. This is your chance and choice."

After lunch, we walked in silence across the plaza to the Capitol. He knew then he was leaving in a few days. He looked long at the great dome of the Capitol. I felt he was translating this symbol of democracy to a new Russia.

Igor shook my hand and said solemnly, "I think things will be all right, sir!"

. . . THE END

Is This Murder—or Mercy?

(Continued from page 25)

healthy woman. To the cardiac mother the strain of pregnancy, caring for baby and her other children may precipitate heart failure. And then what happens to the children? Pregnant women suffering from a progressive form of mental disease pose another problem.

"As I see it, our law affords no protection to the baby," he continued angrily. "I feel that even an unborn baby should have some rights. Would you choose to be born if you knew for a certainty you were bound to develop into a two-huge-headed monster? Or without legs or arms? In a medical-school clinic three therapeutic abortions were performed to prevent grossly malformed children. Yet that was breaking the law, even though a law-enforcement agency was informed."

Opponents to induced abortion do not countenance such action. For instance, when a doctor asked Dr. Cosgrove if he would recommend abortion when a woman requested it after she had had two malformations, Dr. Cosgrove answered: "I do not think so. I have seen such patients repeatedly have perfectly normal babies. One never knows what kind of baby he is destroying when he does an abortion. It may be the best baby that patient has ever had."

Fortunately only a small percentage of babies are malformed—called, medically, monsters. They are the result of something going wrong within the embryo. Nevertheless, the possibility of a deformed baby is feared by parents above all else. "I must tell you one thing before the baby gets here, Doctor," a prospective father told Dr. Loomis. "I want that baby and so does Irene more than we ever wanted anything else—but *not* if it isn't all right. I want you to promise me that if it is defective you will not let it live."

"Few doctors have escaped that problem," commented Dr. Loomis. "However they may feel about it in individual instances, doctors rightly resent and resist the rather persistent effort to make them the judges of life and death."

Dr. Loomis recalled the first delivery of a fragile young mother with poor emotional make-up. It was a complete breech birth—the baby's legs being born first instead of the head, always a difficult and tense occasion. When the time came, said Dr. Loomis, "I gently drew down one little foot. I grasped the other, but it would not come down. . . . The entire thigh from the hip to the knee was missing. And a baby girl was to suffer this."

Aware of the dreadful effect on the mother, and knowing that one breech baby in ten dies anyway because it is not delivered rapidly enough, Dr. Loomis decided not to hurry. "Just then," he remembers, "the little pink foot on the good side bobbed out and pressed firmly against my slowly moving hand—the hand into whose keeping the safety of the mother and the baby had been entrusted. There was a sudden convulsive movement of the baby's body, an actual feeling of strength and life and vigor. I couldn't do it. I delivered the baby with her pitiful leg."

Seventeen years later he met her—a beautiful girl with an artificial leg, who, unable for many years to walk, had used the time to become an artist at playing the harp.

Although a number of malformed babies are the result of abnormalities in the embryo, medical science in the last decade has found the culprit responsible for an additional number. And that is a disease with a lovely name—rubella—but a terrifying effect on the unborn. Rubella is the familiar German measles, a mild complaint to all but newly-pregnant women. A medical report from Australia showed that when patients had rubella in the first two months of pregnancy, 100 per cent bore seriously malformed children; when the disease appeared in the third month, 50 per cent had defective babies.

American physicians did not come up with such terrrifying figures. The American Academy of Pediatrics found 18 normal babies in 132 mothers who had had the disease; a Northwestern Medical School group found that 87 per cent of babies born to mothers having

rubella in the first trimester of pregnancy showed such abnormalities as congenital heart disease, blindness, deafness, mental deficiency and malformed teeth. Twenty of the babies had several defects instead of one. Another report showed that up to 50 per cent of such babies had identical abnormalities with those listed above. In addition, they also suffered defects of feet, cleft palates, harelips, abnormally small eyes, while one child was a cretin, another a Mongolian idiot.

Since German measles is so common, doctors wanted to know why these defective children hadn't shown up previously. They found the answer in the fact that a much more severe type of rubella, first noticed in Australia, had appeared here. Fortunately polio in the mother has not been shown to harm the baby, but so dangerous is German measles during pregnancy that many physicians advise parents to expose their female children to it deliberately while they are quite young.

Naturally the question of therapeutic abortion for victims of rubella arose. Some authorities feel that additional study is necessary before therapeutic abortion is routinely carried out; others feel that all such pregnancies should be interrupted. Dr. Studdiford told his colleagues that in three instances in his experience (one in the first month) there was no damage, but he feels that a conservative estimate of embryonic damage is about 50 per cent. He maintains that in young women therapeutic abortion for rubella is fully justified, but in older women in whom further pregnancies are unlikely, it is "a better policy to gamble on the embryo being unaffected."

Dr. Studdiford believes, however, that such virus diseases in the pregnant woman as influenza, mumps, chicken pox, etc., do not justify termination of pregnancy. But he does feel that the knowledge of the effects of German measles is leading to abuse, for he has known of instances in which women misrepresented the facts in order to obtain a legal abortion for personal reasons.

So far the medical profession has failed to define the conditions which obligate a therapeutic abortion. Attempts have been made, but because of the variations in ethical viewpoint among physicians, it appears an unlikely accomplishment.

There is no unanimity of opinion, either, on the operation of abortion itself—some authorities claiming it is simple and unharmful, others that it is more dangerous to the mother than a normal birth, and leaves her with an emotional trauma and sense of guilt.

Fortunately for the mothers of today, the tremendous advances in modern medicine and the co-operation of specialists have lessened the indications for terminating pregnancies. "Formerly," says Dr. Carl Henry Davis, "tuberculosis was considered a valid reason for terminating a pregnancy. Today we have evidence that therapeutic abortion may be more dangerous to the woman than allowing her to continue to term." Other doctors have found that the pregnant tubercular patient fared no better after an induced abortion than did her sister patients who were allowed to continue to term. And the Heart Association of New York City has found that life expectancy is the same for women who have heart disease whether they have been pregnant or not. Nearly a century of research has made childbearing reasonably safe for the woman who has heart disease. A "favorable cardiac" case finds that pregnancy adds almost no risks. Unfavorable aspects in some cases, especially where there also is diabetes, tuberculosis or kidney disease, makes an interruption of pregnancy medically advisable, in the opinion of most authorities.

But for diabetes alone, formerly a serious complication of pregnancy, the discovery of wonder-working insulin has made it possible for diabetic mothers to deliver healthy babies. Both mothers and babies, however, must have exceptional medical care. Such care is also necessary for expectant mothers with severe vomiting. About three per cent, says one authority, must have legal abortion and have it quickly, if their lives are to be saved. Formerly the death rate was high, but now, with intravenous glucose feeding, etc., some doctors report no deaths in ten years from this cause.

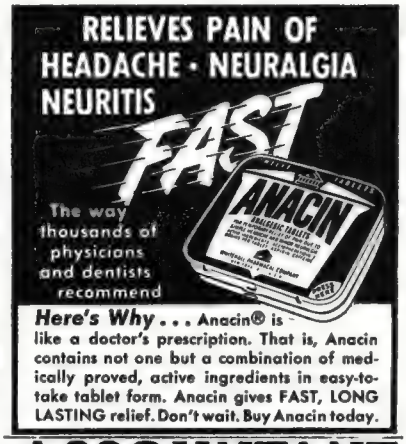
When cancer is detected early in pregnancy, all treatment is directed toward controlling the disease, and this generally means a resultant loss of the infant. With severe kidney disease there is also practically no chance of delivering a live baby. But even when one kidney has been removed, if the other is normal pregnancy is allowed to proceed. Recently the Rh factor was thought by some to demand induced abortion, but now it is generally felt to be merely a problem of transfusion for the baby.

Who is the final judge in the delicate decision for or against therapeutic abortion? First the physician makes his recommendation. Then it is up to the prospective parents to make the final decision.

Mrs. B. is 30, married five years and desperately desiring a baby. Finally she is pregnant, but upon examination her obstetrician detects a serious kidney condition. He calls in a specialist, and together they decide an abortion is advisable. This baby which she nestles warm within her means too much to Mrs. B. She elects to have it. In that case, says Dr. Studdiford, the doctor "can only explain to her the added risks and hazards to which she is subject. It is her privilege to accept these risks or to decline them. If she accepts, the physician cannot refuse to care for her."

And Dr. Davis recalls the case of "a 30-year-old woman previously aborted on medical advice because of rheumatic heart, who decided her days were numbered and worthless, so why not try to leave a healthy body in place of one so greatly handicapped? She attempted another pregnancy and delivered a fine boy. Two weeks later she died, but not before discovering a happiness her invalidism would have denied her."

One of the most tragic indications for therapeutic abortion is rape. In England since 1938 the law permits such abortion, but no state in this country does. Still, it is admitted that the law is sometimes flouted intentionally in the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case of rape—although an ethical doctor will first inform some enforcement groups. The district attorney of one of the largest cities admitted that consent for the operation had been given in several cases of rape.

Yet at a California meeting of obstetricians one reported that an Army nurse who had been criminally attacked killed herself after being forced to bear a child.

In their medical writings many authorities consider therapeutic abortion justified in authenticated cases of rape, but fewer of them favor it for unmarried girls. "The mental reaction and future of the unmarried woman in terms of personal shame and disgrace to the family, when she is forced to have a child which she places for adoption, should be the subject of serious consideration for therapeutic abortion," according to Dr. Marie Pichel Warner of New York, who sees "at present no satisfactory solution to this problem." Dr. Davis, however, feels that whenever possible the best solution is obviously marriage. "There is," he writes, "no disgrace in premature babies. Thousands get born every year. As the obstetricians phrase it, 'First babies come any time. Subsequent ones usually take nine months."

But what of the 14-year-old girl where marriage is impossible? When Dr. Roy P. Finney refused to perform an abortion on such a girl, her mother took her to a criminal abortionist, and the girl died. "Ethical physicians," commented Dr. Finney in his book "The Story of Motherhood," "tolerate abortion only for the purpose of saving the mother's life. They denounce it when performed for any other reason. But here, as in religion or politics, one must distinguish between what the physician thinks and what he feels.

"Though they would not admit it publicly, I am quite sure that many estimable physicians feel that abortion is sometimes justifiable for no greater purpose than to save a character or to spare a heart from breaking. And once in a while out of pity or friendship, but not for money, I suspect they act accordingly. . . . Every practicing physician comes across an occasional case that makes him feel much more a sinner if he refused than if he consented to do an abortion." Confronted with pregnant girls of high-school age, Dr. Finney feels that every physician is tempted to help them, "however strong may be his convictions against illegal abortion, whatever may be his religious creed." Personally he has done none but bona fide therapeutic abortions, but he says, "I cannot help joining the parents of these unfortunate girls in their sorrow, and sometimes I wish that the law did not stand between them and me."

The law, *though, does.* In most states statutes provide that any abortion save one necessary to preserve the life of the woman is a crime. Four states allow, in addition, abortions necessary to preserve the health of the mother.

At a meeting of obstetricians in Los Angeles, an eminent physician disclosed that in the last ten years a large medical-school clinic had broken the law intentionally in 50 of 87 abortions performed in the period. "This medical school," he pointed out, "is far from unique. There are some of the best medical schools in the country which have sponsored many more such operations in the same time. If the life of the mother is even threatened, or if it appears to a group of competent physicians that her future health is certain to be impaired, we should be able to perform therapeutic abortion." In the institution which is asserted to have performed 50 technically illegal operations, the decision to go ahead was arrived at, it was explained, only after some 30 doctors had agreed the procedure was advisable, and after three of them had signed a statement of its necessity.

There you have the medical picture of therapeutic abortion. The miracle drugs, penicillin and other antibiotics, advances in use of blood plasma and intravenous feedings, knowledge of new techniques have in the last decade markedly reduced the medical indications for induced abortion. The next decade should see a still more heartening profusion of new drugs and techniques designed for saving the unborn and their mothers as well. But what of the probability of a grossly defective child? Should the state statutes be broadened to include therapeutic abortion for this tragedy? And also, should they be broadened in every state to include preservation of the health of the woman? Additionally, since England has included rape as an indication for the operation, should the United States follow suit? Should each hospital have a therapeutic-abortion board consisting of an obstetrician, a pathologist and several other specialists? And finally, would more liberal use of sterilization, wider use of sex education and premarital marriage information centers and establishment of clinics for contraceptive advice practically eliminate the question of abortion, both therapeutic and illegal?

In the final analysis it is the mothers of today and tomorrow who must decide for themselves whether therapeutic abortions are *murder—or mercy.* . . . THE END

(Continued from page 40)

"The hell you say! Gail, my God, are you blind? I need you like the devil! I—"

"No, John, you don't. Not really. You need my body. You need a wife you could be proud of—in the same way you are proud of your shiny new car, your first editions, your bottles of fine old brandy—"

"Gail!"

"But it's true. I've known you for two years now. Two wonderful years, in many ways, because I seem always to be attracted to the kind of man who is all wrong for me—as a husband."

He laughed. "I don't see anything wrong with the way we feel about each other. I think it's wonderful."

"Yes," she said softly, "the part you're talking about is wonderful. But there were so many times when I could see that you were worried and upset. You just shrugged off my questions. You never told me anything, never let me help you, never let me *in*, because you wouldn't admit to yourself that there might be something you couldn't handle alone. Sidney was like that, too. No real woman wants to be treated like a plaything, an expensive toy, a—a chattel, without mind—or heart—or feeling."

John was silent, thinking over her words; then he said stiffly, "I've always handled my own problems. I always will. Why should I burden you or anyone else with them?"

"That isn't what you really mean!" she flared. "What you're really saying is *'nobody is as smart, as superior, as competent as I am!'* "

"Well," he had made an attempt at lightness, "nobody is—at least as far as my own problems are concerned. Why should I let some dope who's forever stumbling with his own basket of eggs carry mine? And if you think I could ever lean on a woman—"

"It isn't leaning. It's sharing. But you'll never see it that way, John. I was married to a man who had no respect for me as a separate human being, either. I tried to break through that barrier of false pride and masculine ego until I was sore and bleeding—and utterly defeated. I won't go through that again—n-not even for you—"

She was weeping now, and John longed to comfort her, but he could not do it by promising what he did not have to give. He knew himself too well. Actually, the more he saw of the stupid messes people got themselves into, the less confidence he had in them to handle their own affairs, let alone his. God in heaven, what did she want? A man or a cry-baby? He had always stood on his own feet, battled his way through somehow, and each time he had felt stronger and better able to tackle the next problem.

"Gail, listen to me, darling, please. I have to be honest with you, because I love you too much to be anything else. I don't think I will ever change. I would rather crawl forward one step under my own steam than go all the way leaning on somebody else. I don't want any kind of a crutch, ever. Can you understand that?"

"Yes. And I've known you felt like that almost from the beginning. Only I don't call it a crutch. That's why I—oh, darling, what's the use? What's the use of our going on? We could never have a real marriage. We would end up hating each other. Take me home now, p-please. It would be better if you didn't phone me again."

"If that's the way you want it," he said woodenly, to cover his hurt and anger, "I won't bother you any more."

John swung off the Parkway into Vane Street, walking rapidly now. He had kept his promise and not bothered her. But she had bothered *him*, plenty. He just could not forget her. Lately, his loneliness had become acute, his desire to be with her so strong that he fled from his apartment, from his book of phone numbers, from his closest friends, and tried to drown the ache inside of him at any convenient bar. If that failed, which it usually did, he would walk—aimlessly, for miles—until the first faint light of dawn would remind him that he had a day's work ahead of him. . . .

It never occurred to him that he might go to her, confess his misery, ask her to give him another chance to be what she wanted. His pride would have made it impossible. If she did not want him as he was, he damn well could get along without her. He would not go bawling to any woman, like a lovesick kid.

Yes, his hunger for Gail was one more thing he was sweating out alone. He could not have told any other human being about his torment. In his book, it would have been a sign of weakness, and John had no patience with weaklings, whose knees buckled at the first blow, who could not stand up and fight back until they won or were knocked senseless.

He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he walked right past Claude Nesmann's studio and had to retrace his steps. He stood for a moment studying the one large portrait, artfully displayed in the window. It was a mother and two little girls, exquisitely done. Should he go in? Well, what did he have to lose? He had already made a fool of himself once today.

A small bell tinkled as John entered and stood blinking in the dim light. He heard sounds in the rear, but nobody appeared, so he seated himself in the tiny office and waited. Odd that a man who did such artistic work should have a cluttered cubbyhole like this one. There were pictures all over the walls, but they were old and faded, dating back to another era. Curious, John rose to inspect them more closely. A blurry photograph of several Austrian army officers, standing stiffly erect . . . a magnificent horse being taken over a high hurdle by a young cadet in an impossibly dashing uniform . . . a drinking party in a beer garden . . .

He was studying a photograph of a very young woman, dressed in a court costume of before the first World War, which revealed much bosom and the most beautiful arms and shoulders John had ever seen, when a deep voice said, "Lovely, isn't she? But she was a naughty one, my Mimi. Very naughty. . . ."

John spun around, grinning, and extended his hand to the tall, red-cheeked old man whose bright blue eyes were twinkling at him, "Mr. Nesmann? I'm John Campion. I—I've been admiring some of your work. That picture in the window—"

"Yes, yes," the old Austrian said a bit crossly. "Everybody admires my work. I am good. Very good. Sit down, sit down, young man. I might as well tell you right off: I cannot give you an appointment for at least three weeks."

"Perfectly all right," John said. "I didn't come to have my picture taken."

"So! Then you want to sell me something. You will succeed. I have no sales resistance—none whatever. I buy everything. What I need and what I do not need."

John laughed. "No . . . I wanted to ask a favor of you, sir. You did a portrait recently of a young lady, a Mrs. Bannister—"

"Bannister? Bannister? No. I am sorry." Claude Nesmann stroked his stiff gray mustache. "I will never see seventy again, young man, but my memory, it is still perfect. No Bannister."

John frowned. Had Gail resumed her maiden name? It was possible. "Perhaps, then, a Miss Treynor? Gail Treynor?"

"Ah! But of course. That one I will not soon forget. She was so deliciously like my Mimi—" He blew a droll kiss toward one of the faded photographs and sighed. "There is no gaiety in the world any more, my friend. Not as we knew it. In Vienna, before the assassination, to be young, to be gay, to be in love, to spend one's days dreaming about the most beautiful women in the world and one's nights making love to them at the balls, in the gardens, in the boudoir—ah! Perhaps we were, as the historians say, wicked, irresponsible, recklessly dedicated to the pleasures of the flesh and the endlessly flowing wine, but we were alive, young man. *Alive.* I am old now, but to this day nothing pleases me more than to photograph a beautiful woman. For her, always, my full bag of tricks—to make the eyes shine, the skin glow, the hair—" He broke off with an apologetic shrug. "Forgive me. I forget my manners, and I am boring you. But this I will tell you. A truly beautiful woman is lovely at all ages, but the engagement picture—that is always the best, no? There is a something in the eyes—"

John leaped out of his chair. "What did you say? Are you trying to tell me that photograph I saw in a department store was an engagement picture?"

Claude Nesmann raised his eyebrows and smothered a smile. He knew exactly what was the matter with this young man. "Yes. Yes, of course. Engaged to be married. And very much in love. Is there a reason why she should not be?"

"Yes!" John realized he was shouting and lowered his voice. "I mean—no. Oh, hell. I don't know what I mean. But she's an—an old friend of mine. I happened to spot her picture in a frame at a store today, and decided I would like to have it. They wouldn't sell it to me. Said they weren't allowed to, but that *you* might let me have one. How about it, sir? I will pay anything you ask."

"Alas, no. Not without the young lady's permission. But, surely, if you are, as you say, such old friends, she will not withhold her permission." He twirled one end of his mustache, then lifted the phone off its cradle. "See, we will waste no time. You give me her number, I will call, and it is done."

"No," John said hastily. "Please put down that phone. I—it wouldn't work."

Claude Nesmann replaced the receiver gently. He tilted his decrepit

"... then you yell—'man the lifeboats, women and children first!'"

REDBOOK

swivel chair back and stared up at the ceiling. "It was not so in my day. We did not give up so easily."

"I haven't given up," John said hotly. "I just don't know what to do next. Unless I can persuade you to reconsider? She would never have to know—"

"Tsch, tsch! This picture—is it so important? What will you do with it after you get it?"

"Probably sit in my apartment and look at it," John said miserably, "like a damn fool."

"You will pardon me if I seem unduly curious, but is it not rather an odd thing to do—with an old friend's picture?"

John smiled wryly, and Claude Nesmann murmured, "It is not our friends who make the damn fools of us, no? You love this girl. Why do you not tell her so?"

There was something so compellingly sympathetic about this bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked old gentleman that John did what he had never done before: He confided in a perfect stranger.

"I have. She doesn't want me. She wants some little panty-waist who will come crying to her every time he stubs his toe!"

Claude Nesmann emitted a surprisingly robust chuckle. "Ah! *So*—she is all woman! She wants to be needed. And you are a fool."

"Maybe so," John said stiffly. "I just don't believe in kidding myself, that's all. Or her. Every man travels alone—from the cradle to the grave. Falling in love doesn't change that one iota. You've got to face it, got to make yourself completely self-sufficient so that you are strong enough to take care of yourself *and* the woman you love, or it's no good."

"Ah, my blind young friend. To be strong alone is nothing. It is to plumb the depths of loneliness, for who is there to keep one company? But to be strong together! *That* is to enter the gates of Paradise. Does she, too, not have the right to grow, to find her own strength by giving—to those she loves?"

John ran a distracted hand through his thick, close-cropped hair. "I—I don't know. I never thought of it that way. But it doesn't make any difference now. She's going to marry somebody else."

As he said the words a strange quivering started deep inside of him. Gail married to another man? The thought was intolerable. It could not happen. He would not let it happen! She belonged to him—and nobody else. He would go to her—make her understand—right now!

Claude Nesmann had been watching the expressions that crossed John's face, and he nodded as John rose. "Of course, my boy. Go to her. Tell her the truth. Because it *is* the truth, whether you know it or not. You need her, in the only way that means anything to a woman—as the other half of yourself."

John stopped, unable to take another step. "I can't." The sweat was standing out on his forehead. "I could never tell a woman that—not even Gail."

"Then get out!" The old man had risen in a sudden, terrible anger. "You flint-livered, selfish, half-baked young idiot!" He was flinging folders out of a desk drawer recklessly. "Here is your picture. Two, three, four of them. Take them home. Cuddle them. Warm your stiff-necked pride and your empty heart with them. Use them to cover your nakedness, to hide the fact that you can love no woman as much as you love yourself. Take them and get out! Get out, I say!"

John backed away, trembling with shock and surprise. He did not stoop to pick up any of the pictures. He could not have touched one now to save his soul. All he wanted to do was escape from this wrathful old man, whose words seared him like acid—burning deep, deep down—

My God! What had happened? He stood outside, feeling sick, utterly bewildered, lost. He wanted Gail. Gail. . . .

Never before had he longed to feel her arms about him, to lay his head against her breast for reassurance, and peace. It had always been the other way around. . . . Gail in his arms, he speaking the words of comfort . . . of love. . . .

He stumbled a few steps toward the curb, flagged down a cab, and mumbled an address.

Ten minutes later, he pressed the bell of Gail's apartment and waited, his heart pounding in his dry throat, his hands shaking. Suppose she wasn't home? She had to be . . . she had to be. . . .

"Who is it, please?"

"John. . . ."

The door opened immediately, but when he saw her standing there, remote and coolly lovely, he could not say a word. Like a sleepwalker, he moved forward and buried his face against her hair, holding her so tightly that he could feel every inch of her body against his own. To his intense humiliation, hot tears forced their way through his closed lids, but he could not stop them . . . he could only cling to her, repeating her name over and over. . . .

"John . . . darling . . . what is it? *What is it?* Won't you tell me?"

"I want to come in . . . I want to come in. . . ."

"Why, of course you can come in. Give me your coat. Now, go inside and sit down. Whatever it is, it can wait until you feel better. I'll fix us a drink, and then you can tell me—if you want to—"

He walked into the small living room and sank down on the couch, still dazed. Why was he here? What, after all, was there to say now that she was going to marry another man?

She returned quickly and handed him a tall, cold glass; then she sat down beside him on the couch and pretended

PSYCHOLOGIST'S CASEBOOK

DR. MARTIN'S ANALYSIS

of the case presented on page 41

People normally search for explanations for what goes on about them. When an individual attempts to state the reasons for his own behavior, he often slips into making excuses for himself. Explanations of this sort have a way of becoming face-saving alibis for conduct that otherwise might be revealing of personal weakness.

Andy's explanation of his desire for one last date with each of his old girl friends falls into this classification. Small boys are expected to be embarrassed by their feelings of affection for little girls. Andy's denial of his fondness for Rita was understandable when he was little. But when, as a teen-ager, Andy continued to behave as a child by hiding his feelings for Rita behind teasing, his actions were less appropriate to his age. His flirting with other girls at Rita's engagement party became embarrassing to her because it was so revealing of his inability to behave as a grownup. The final evidence of his emotional immaturity came with his explanation of not wanting to give up his old dates. Diagnosis No. 2 is correct. Andy's explanation is a cover for his retarded emotional development.

Andy gives no evidence of being in love with one of his former girl friends. He is just a boy whose feelings have not grown up as fast as his body. He is still behaving in the self-centered manner of a child who expects others to adjust to his desires. And he does not consider his desires to be weaknesses, or he would not attract attention to them. He has never learned to feel or behave in a way that is appropriate to his age or to the situation in which he finds himself.

Andy needs help to understand that his behavior is unworthy of him and of Rita. He should not be put on the defensive, but rather encouraged to live up to the best that is in him. As he does this, he will experience not only the rewards of the mature, unashamed master of his own feelings, but the reward that comes to those who are skillful in bringing happiness to the persons they love.

PERSONALITY POINTERS

1. Is your bad temper explained in terms of the other fellow's stupidity?

2. Is your inability to spend wisely described as generosity?

3. Do you excuse your tardiness as the mark of an individualist?

4. Do you forgive your thoughtlessness by being sure that your loved ones will understand?

not to notice that he had drained his glass in great convulsive swallows. Suddenly, he set it down so hard that one of the ice cubes bounced out on the coffee table. "You're engaged!"

"I am?" Her eyes widened with surprise. "Who told you so?"

"That—that photographer fellow on Vane Street. Claude Nesmann."

"Oh!" She sipped her drink, her eyes lowered, her fingers tracing little drops of moisture on the glass. "How did you ever get to him?"

"I—I might as well tell you. I tried to buy your picture when I found it in a store. No dice. Then I tried him. He threw me out."

"Why, I don't believe it! That darling old man wouldn't throw anybody out."

"He threw me out, all right." John forced himself to repeat the bruising words: "He said I was a half-baked idiot who didn't deserve a girl like you, because I couldn't really love any woman as much as I loved myself."

She was studying him now, gravely, her beautiful eyes bright with tears. "Well, John?"

"He was right. . . ." Like a dam bursting, the blessed, healing words tumbled out, "He was right, I tell you! I don't even know what love is. But I'm beginning to understand. Can you believe me, Gail? Can you believe that I want to feel differently, to act differently? It won't happen overnight, but I'll get there. Some day. And I'm going to start by telling you what I should have told you long ago—that no man ever needed a woman more than I need you, Gail. I'm only half-alive without you. I need you like I need to breathe, like I need to be happy, like I need to believe in something bigger and better and stronger than myself. Will you give me another chance? Will you—help me?"

"John . . ." She was crying—the easy tears of happiness. "Oh, my dearest . . . yes . . . *yes* . . . now—and forever."

She came into his arms, and he kissed the top of her shining head, her eyes, her lips, which had never seemed so exquisitely sweet and responsive. He knew now that she had always held something back . . . something he would spend the rest of his life savoring with ever-increasing delight, if—holy saints! He had completely forgotten she was engaged to be married! Had she forgotten, too?

"Gail," he whispered, "what about this—this character you're engaged to?"

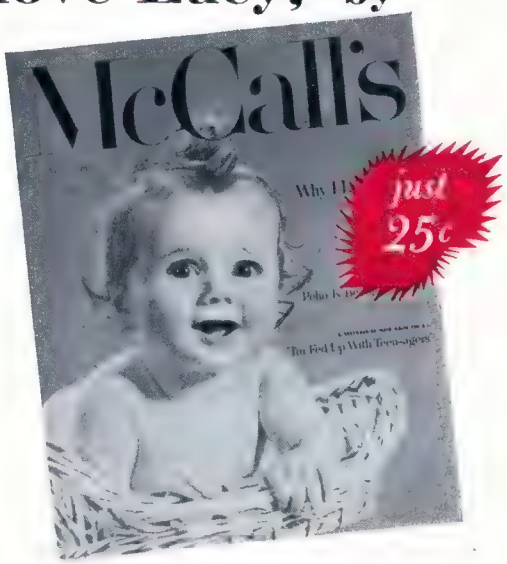
Her clear laugh bubbled out, and she smoothed the worried frown that creased his brow with her fingertips. "I'm not engaged. I never was."

"But—?"

"Claude Nesmann was an old darling, all right, but he had certain romantic ideas which were not darling—just old. It seems I reminded him of a court belle named Mimi. Imagine! At his age! I had to tell him I was engaged and madly in love with my fiancé, or he would have—well—he would have—well, John, after all, they *never* got too old in Vienna." . . . THE END

"WHY I love Lucy," by Desi Arnaz...

a close-up of happy marriage by the adoring husband of TV'S famous comedienne Lucille Ball!



"I'm fed up with teen-agers!"

The mother of a girl of 16 and a boy of 18 speaks out on a *very* sore subject . . . with 9 startling camera shots to back up her views!

Polio is being defeated

It may be only a matter of months before the doctor can vaccinate your child *permanently* against this dread disease. Here are the new facts!

You're too young, my love

Chet was 22, but George-Ann was legally still a baby. Well, they had been warned – and had ignored those warnings. Now they would have to take the consequences! *A complete novel by I. A. R. Wylie.*

Betsy McCall gets a surprise

In January McCall's, the popular copyrighted picture-doll gets 3 new dresses – and children get 5 more delightful designs to amuse them.

House on 3 levels

Plenty of light and air, plenty of room in this new 3-bedroom, split-level house . . . yes, you can have all this *at a reasonable cost, too!* Don't miss Mary Davis Gillies' article with color-photos, floor plans!

What would YOU do with $25,000?

If you'd buy a mink coat or a world-cruise, you're exceptional. Be sure to read McCall's fascinating follow-up reports on 5 housewives who won a total of $110,000 in prize contests!

(Continued from page 27)

that the woman patted her hand. "Never mind, honey. I understand. I've got a sister who has INDIGESTION."

After some minutes of clinical comparison, they smiled sympathetically at each other, and Rosemary tiptoed on down the corridor to her aunt's room. Not her aunt's and uncle's room. Uncle Amby was permitted to share it, but it was, of course, her aunt's room.

She had been afraid last night that Aunt Louisa might be going to have a headache. Aunt Louisa was a Daughter of American Independence. Back home in Winterset it gave Louisa considerable importance, for she was the only Daughter in the town. They were in Chicago to attend the regional convention of the Daughters, but here, among hundreds of other Daughters, Louisa's importance had dwindled to nothingness. And Rosemary, watching her aunt's face grow more and more pinched as no one paid any attention to her at all, had felt uneasily that a headache was on the way. She remembered the time that Aunt Louisa had wanted to be president of the Garden Club, and Mrs. Walker had won. Oh, dear. That headache had lasted for a whole week.

It wasn't until she lifted her hand to knock on the door that a wild hope rose in Rosemary. If her aunt couldn't go out today, that would mean that Uncle Amby would stay with her. And in that case she might for the first time since their arrival get a chance to see some of Chicago by herself. And if she could, she knew just where she was going!

As she knocked softly she tried to rearrange her features into an expression of solemn concern. It wasn't easy to do, for her face didn't lend itself to that kind of expression. Her eyes were a wide and eager blue; the corners of her mouth curled upward as if she might laugh at any moment. Her hair was the color of a newly minted penny, and little freckles like miniature pennies were dusted across her tilted nose.

Uncle Amby opened the door and slid out, leaving it open a crack in case Louisa should need him and call out. He was by appearance and nature admirably suited for his role of prince consort to the Queen of Migraine. Gray is a nice, soothing, monotonous color, and Amby was gray—gray suit, mournful gray eyes, gray hair, gray voice. "Your aunt has . . ." he whispered.

"I know, Amby; the clerk told me. Is there anything I can do?"

He shook his head. "You know how it is, Rosemary. I guess you'll just have to stay in your room today and read a book or something."

"Oh, no," she said beseechingly. "We've only three days left. It seems a shame to waste one."

He had a withdrawn, listening look. "Wait—I'll see what Louisa says."

The door closed, and Rosemary waited hopefully. If she just says "Yes," I know what I'll do. They had driven past Riverview Park one evening—so gay, so glittering, even its lights seemed to have a beckoning twinkle. She had heard the happy shrieks from the Sky Ride, the roars of laughter from the Fun House. Her own lips had curved at the sound of it. "Can't we stop?" Rosemary had asked.

"Tawdry. Cheap," her aunt had said, her lips closing firmly. So of course they hadn't stopped, but Rosemary had looked back wistfully. Was it tawdry and cheap to have fun? She didn't know. She hadn't had much so far on this trip. They had visited the stockyards, the historical society, the Art Institute. All very nice, very instructive, but not exactly FUN.

Uncle Amby slid out again. "Louisa agrees that the day shouldn't be wasted. She said you should go to the Natural History Museum. It's not far away, so there's no danger of your getting lost."

"Oh."

Riverview Park trailed dimly out of Rosemary's mind like a fading comet. She knew she would have to go to the Museum. Louisa would want a detailed report. Oh, well, she thought disconsolately, it's better than staying in my room.

"All right, Uncle Amby. Give Aunt Louisa my sympathy."

As she reached the turn in the corridor, he caught up with her. "You're to be back by five."

As she stepped into the elevator, he came running after her, gesturing wildly. "You're not to speak to any strangers!"

Going down in the elevator, Rosemary thought rebelliously, "Don't get lost. Be back by five. Don't speak to strangers!" Good heavens, you'd think she was eight instead of eighteen! But that was Aunt Louisa for you. She was always telling Rosemary's parents that they were too lax in their discipline of their children. And they always listened patiently and then smiled at each other later. It was just Aunt Louisa wanting to run things. And Rosemary thought contritely that she should be grateful to her, for Aunt Louisa did love her; she wouldn't have brought her to Chicago with her if she hadn't. Perhaps it was just because she didn't have any children of her own that she always fussed so.

But then all thoughts of Aunt Louisa slid out of her mind as she walked out into Michigan Boulevard. It was such a champagne day! She had never tasted champagne, but if what she had heard was true it was all sparkly and bubbly, and that's what the day was like. Waves played happy chasing games with each other out on the blue lake. The spray of Buckingham Fountain caught and tossed the sunlight. Everyone seemed to be smiling at her as they went hurrying somewhere to have fun. Everyone but me, she thought as she boarded the bus.

Walking down the echoing corridors of the Museum, she decided that she was the only one in Chicago, perhaps the only one in the whole world, who was wasting such a lovely, never-to-come-again June day looking at exhibits. She seemed to be moving through a vast, cavernous silence. She stopped and studied the directory. Egyptian. She gave a little inward shiver. Mummies. People dead thousands of years. The Chauncey Keep Memorial Hall of the Races of Mankind? She gave another shiver. Well, she had to begin somewhere.

Going into the first gallery, she stopped, and her eyes widened with awe. Oh, it was magnificent! As she walked slowly past the figures, she was glad Aunt Louisa wasn't with her. She was sure her aunt would have rushed her away from so much nudity, even if it was art.

She stopped in front of a statue of a dancing girl. Lovely, lovely, she thought, returning the bronze smile. She stepped back and tried the pose. No. She looked at the figure again. Barefooted. She slipped off her pumps and tried again. Oh, this was it, this was it! She extended her right arm, letting her hand fall limply from the wrist; she tilted her head to one side and smiled. She could feel the joyous rhythm of the pose in her bones. She began to hum softly, swaying a little, her eyes closed.

"May I have this one?" Her hand was suddenly clasped firmly in a broad male palm; she was swept into big arms and went whirling and dipping around the hall. Whirling and dipping until it seemed that all the bronze statues seemed to be joining in the dance with them and the whole room was alive with whirling figures. Faster and faster they went. Oh, she should stop! She should jerk away, but it was so much fun!

Then, just as suddenly, he released her, and they drew apart, laughing breathlessly.

Looking up at him with the room still tilting a little dizzily, she thought instantly that if she were running this museum she would put him on a pedestal. Just as he was—in slacks and T-shirt, his white teeth showing in a broad grin, a lock of his black hair dangling on his forehead, the fun of the dance still shining in his dark eyes. Modern American Male—Superior Specimen.

He swept the hair back with his hand and said, "I think this next one will be a waltz. Shall we . . .?"

He extended his arms. She hesitated only for a moment while he smiled down at her, and then she said, "Yes," and he took her hand and put his other hand lightly on her back. He began to hum a waltz, and soon she was humming, too, and they moved with a slow, lovely rhythm around the hall. He held her away from him. . . . "Live in Chicago?"

"Just visiting."

Hmmm, hmmm, hmm-hmm. . . . "By yourself?"

"With my aunt and uncle."

Hmmm, hmmm, hmm-hmm. . . . "Are they with you?"

"No; she isn't well. They stayed at the hotel today."

HMMM, HMMM, HMM-HMM!

"What's your name?"

"Rosemary Whittaker."

"Rose-ma-ry, da . . . Whit . . . ta . . . ker . . . da . . . I-like-it . . . hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm. Mine's Joel. Joel Taylor. Call me Joe."

"Hmmm, hmmm. . . . I like it, too.

I like it, too. . . . What do you do, Joe? . . . . What do you do?"

"I . . . hmmm, hmmm, hmmm . . . Oh, pardon us!" This he said to a bronze Solomon Islander whose base they had brushed. Joe grinned. "I don't think he likes me."

They stopped and looked at the fiercely grimacing ring-nosed native. "He does look upset about something."

"Just jealous. He'd like to cut in. Shall we tell him to go climb a tree?"

They both laughed. The Islander was already climbing a tree, his metallic feet firmly clenched around it.

They stopped laughing and stood a little apart, looking at each other. The moment lengthened until Rosemary felt a little giddy. It was as if the dance had bridged the long, tiresome gap of getting-to-know-each-other that always had to be crossed when you met a new boy. She looked away. She looked back at him. Then she said, "My shoes!"

They went back to where she had left them. And while she slipped into them, smoothed her dress, settled her little piqué hat more firmly on her curls and picked up her gloves and purse, he stood silently by. But she was sharply aware of him—aware of him and filled with a heady anticipation. When she was finished at last, he said, "Now then . . ."

"Now then" . . . Meeting his smile, the words gave her a breathless feeling; they were like the first tug on the ribbons concealing some wonderfully enticing package.

"Where were you going from here?"

"Oh, just around. I haven't seen anything else. I started here."

"Mind if I trail along?"

She shook her head, not quite trusting her voice. As they walked together down the long corridor, she said, "I didn't want to come to the Museum today."

"Sorry you did?"

She looked at him. He wasn't smiling. He was looking down at her as if he wanted very much to know. As if much depended on her answer. She said softly, "I'm not now."

His face brightened as if he wanted to shout. He took her arm. "I'm sure glad you did."

As they went on, he said, "If you didn't want to come to the Museum, where did you want to go?"

"Riverview Park."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"My aunt. She wouldn't approve. There are so many things she doesn't approve. . . ." She drew away from him and looked at him under her lashes as she said, "She also said I wasn't to talk to any strangers."

He grinned. "A very sound woman, your aunt. I agree with her. Don't let me catch you doing it. But about this Riverview business. I could run you out there. I've got my car."

"Oh, I couldn't. Aunt Louisa would want to know all about the Museum. She'll ask me all sorts of questions . . ."

"That's no problem. I've practically lived in this place ever since I was a kid. While we're seeing Riverview, I'll brief you."

"Oh, I couldn't, Joe. . . . It wouldn't be right. . . . I. . . . But I would love to." They were at the entrance to the Museum now, and all the green, sparkling June day waited outside. She turned to him. "Oh, yes, Joe. Let's!"

As they walked toward the parking lot, Rosemary looked anxiously in the direction of her hotel; she felt as if her aunt could see her through the brick and steel and across the park and paving that separated them. See her not only talking to a strange boy, but getting into his car with him. She felt a twinge of misgiving. But at the sight of the car, she was reassured. It was such a battered, merry-looking car. So much like those the boys at home went tearing around in.

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 3, Between the Lines—Ralph Artland; Page 8, Your Contact with the GIs—J. Winston Pennock; Pages 14-17, Tops in the Shops—Thomas Yee; Pages 28-31, What's Coming in Entertainment—Barry Kramer, C.B.S., Bert Six, Ernest Bachrach; Page 61, Paradise for Snowbunnies—Province of Quebec Publicity Bureau; Page 66, We Are Proud to Announce—Binder & Duffy.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 21, Editorial: The Flame Burns Steady—Illustration by Herbert Saslow; Page 41, Psychologist's Casebook No. 30—Illustrations by Oscar Barshak; Pages 50 & 51, Now Is the Time—to Fill Your Linen Closet—Blankets by Kenwood Mills (Dorothy Liebes, Stylist), Martex Towels by Wellington Sears Company, Candy Stripe Sheets by Wamsutta Mills.

Just the way he looked at it told her so much about him. That he probably fixed it himself, talked about it as if it were a person. She knew, too, that no matter what fancy cars he might drive in years to come, it would be this car of which he would say, "Now there was a car!" And she thought also, I'll always remember it, too. This June day. This dear little battered car.

She felt at ease as she watched him start it. She knew about that, too. Cars like this were temperamental—sort of one-man cars. Each had its own peculiar starting ritual. When they were finally moving through traffic, he turned to her. "Now about the Museum . . ."

But she cried, "Oh, look, Joe . . . a whole fleet of planes!"

They looked up at the planes, and the Museum wasn't mentioned again. Not then, nor at any time during the deliriously happy afternoon. There were so many, many other things they had to say to each other. So many really awesome similarities they found in their tastes and backgrounds. She told him about Winterset, about her father and mother and her two little sisters. About Aunt Louisa and the Daughters and Aunt Louisa's headaches. And he told her about his parents and his two little brothers. His mother was a Daughter, too, but she didn't work at it. She hadn't even gone to the convention. And he told her about school and that he would probably be drafted in the fall. And when he said that, they were both quiet for a while, sitting there on the bench in the June sunshine holding the hot dogs that tasted better than any hot dogs Rosemary had ever had before. And then, because the moment became too silent, too solemn, they broke it by rushing to the Sky Ride, and all of the feeling came out in delighted shrieks as the car teetered and came down with a swoop. They went down the Water Chute. They were gay and silly on the Merry-Go-Round, and then grew stiff and solemn again in the Tunnel of Love. He put his arm around her in the darkness, and Rosemary's breath caught painfully in her throat. She was afraid that he would kiss her, and equally afraid that he wouldn't. Then, when they came out blinking in the sunshine, she was suddenly glad that he hadn't because, looking up, she saw that he had wanted to, but he hadn't.

They pitched balls and threw knives and fired guns, and neither of them won anything, but that didn't matter. It was only as the shadows began to lengthen a little in front of the booths that Rosemary began to wish anxiously that he would say something about wanting to see her again. What if he doesn't? she thought. What if this is all I'll ever know of him? Because the thought shook her so, she punished herself by the reminder that she was only a pick-up—only a pickup, even if it had been in the sanctified halls of the Museum.

She knew she must leave soon, but she waited, hoping he would say something. As they were having their pictures taken, their heads thrust through two holes above a painted bicycle built for two, she said, "Joe, I have to be back at the hotel by five. It's four o'clock now!"

"Jeepers! We'll have to step on it."

She waited while he got the pictures, and then there was no time to talk as they ran to the parking lot. No time to talk as he drove the car swiftly through traffic, racing against time, driving as fast as the limit would permit, darting in and out of the cars ahead. Rosemary sat on the edge of the seat; all of the brightness seemed to be rubbing off the day. He probably knew all kinds of girls—girls who didn't have to be back by five, girls who would be able to go dancing with him in the evening. Dancing . . . At the thought of the dance, that wonderful feeling of beginning she had had only a few hours before, a heaviness seemed to settle down upon her.

She looked at the passing streets. "Joe, we're almost there. You'd better let me out at the corner. . . ." She didn't want Uncle Amby to see her, or Aunt Louisa if she had recovered and was in the lobby.

"Let me take you up to their room."

She clasped her hands nervously. "Oh, I couldn't!" She was thinking rapidly. . . . If he wants to see me again . . . and Aunt Louisa's headache hangs on . . . and we could meet again tomorrow some place . . . But the car was suddenly

at the curb on the corner. The car behind them began to hoot noisily as she jumped out. "Thanks, Joe . . . thanks for everything. . . ."

He lifted his hand. Now more cars were honking. He started to drive along the street. He shouted something, but she couldn't hear him. She ran along, calling to him, "What, Joe . . . what?" A truck came between them, and she could have cried with vexation. When she could see him again, he was too far away to hear her. He waved and she waved, and then he was gone. She dropped her hand to her side. He was gone. Then she stopped and stared in the direction he had taken. She didn't even know his address. Even if she wanted to get in touch with him, she didn't even know his address. People were stepping around her, but she didn't notice them. The lovely, never-to-come-again day was over.

It wasn't until she reached the door of her aunt's room that she remembered that they hadn't talked about the Museum at all—that she wouldn't be able to answer her aunt's questions if she did ask her. She knocked on the door hesitantly. Uncle Amby opened it. He looked, if anything, a little grayer than he had in the morning.

"Is she better?" she whispered.

He shook his head. Rosemary felt a leaping hope. Tomorrow she would go to the Museum again. He might come back, hoping that she would. Then, as she went into the room, the hope died. There were open suitcases on the chairs. The drawers gaped. Amby had been packing!

"Uncle Amby!" she said in a shocked whisper.

"We're going home tomorrow morning early."

"Rosemary."

At the sound of her aunt's voice, Rosemary moved over to the bed. The room was in half-darkness; Aunt Louisa had an icepack on her forehead. Looking down at her aunt, Rosemary was filled with pity. Poor Aunt Louisa. Perhaps having a husband like Amby, a man who would never in the world have said laughingly, "May I have this dance?" . . . perhaps never having known someone like that made being a Daughter, made being recognized as Someone, important. . . .

"How are you, Aunt Louisa?"

Aunt Louisa removed the icebag. She lifted a hand and let it fall limply to the bed. "Terrible."

"I'm sorry," Rosemary said. And she meant it sincerely. She was sorry for Aunt Louisa, who had to find happiness in running things, sorry for Uncle Amby, who could only help Louisa by letting her boss him, sorry for all the people in the world who had to take substitutes for what they really wanted. But most of all sorry for herself, for she knew that whatever she did, whoever else came along in the future, it would only be a substitute for what she really wanted. And she would never see him again.

Aunt Louisa said, "I want you to pack tonight, Rosemary."

"But the convention, Aunt Louisa. There's still three days."

Louisa's mouth drooped tiredly and then set in its familiar fixed lines. "I certainly can't enjoy the convention with one of my Headaches. I'll be better off at home. You run along now and pack. I'm going to have Amby leave a call for four, so that we can get out of the city before the traffic gets too heavy."

"All right."

"Amby and you can get your dinner downstairs. I don't want anything."

"All right. I hope you'll feel better soon, Aunt Louisa."

In her own room she sat down on the bed and thought about the day. She got up and found the massive telephone directory. She knew it was hopeless. She didn't even know his father's first name. There were columns of Taylors. She sat there reading them, knowing she wouldn't recognize the right one, but taking some comfort in just seeing the name over and over again.

She was in the shower when the phone rang. She didn't even stop to dry herself. She ran dripping across the room. He knew *her* name. He knew where *she* was. She almost dropped the phone from her slippery wet fingers when she picked it up. Then her breath came out in a tired sigh. It was Amby.

"I'm going to order dinner for you and me sent up here, so Louisa won't be alone."

"Oh, all right."

"Come down in about an hour then, Rosemary."

"All right, Uncle Amby."

"You can pack in the meantime."

"Yes, Uncle Amby."

She dressed slowly, putting off the moment when she would have to start packing, putting off the finality of it. But at last it was done. It was too early to go to her aunt's room. She went out in the corridor and walked to the window at the end, where she could see the street. She stood staring out at it. In the morning, in the morning while he was still asleep somewhere in this city, they would be gone. Fragments of the day came back to her . . . "I didn't want to come to the Museum." . . . "Sorry you did?" . . . "Not now." . . . And then that look of delight on his face. Oh, it couldn't, it simply couldn't end like this!

She turned. I'll go to Aunt Louisa. I'll tell her we simply have to stay another day. I have to have another chance. I've got to make her understand. . . .

She went down the corridor swiftly. But what if he didn't want to see her again? What if she waited and waited at the Museum and he didn't come? She had to find out. She had to at least try. For she had a feeling that she would go on waiting and waiting all her life if she didn't at least try. Go on waiting. . . .

As she turned into her aunt's corridor, she stopped and stared. Her aunt and uncle were both standing outside the door. Her aunt was dressed for the street; her uncle was flipping the key in his hand, and he was smiling.

"Aunt Louisa!"

"Rosemary! We've been waiting for you." Her aunt was smiling. There were two spots of color on her cheeks; her eyes were bright. "Come on. We have to hurry."

Rosemary almost ran to keep up with them as they went toward the elevators; her aunt's words came to her in snatches: "Called . . . one of the Daughters . . . she wants to take us out to dinner . . . said she'd been trying to get in touch with me, but hadn't known where I was staying."

"What . . .?"

They got into the elevator. Aunt Louisa's face wore its usual confident look. "They usually do try to entertain the out-of-town Daughters, you know. I've been surprised someone hasn't asked me."

"But your head . . ."

"It'll do me good to get outside."

"Will we be staying on, then? Will we be staying, Aunt Louisa?" Silently Rosemary pleaded, Please, please, let's stay on. . . .

Her aunt smiled. "Well, we'll see. I don't know. She may have people she wants me to meet. Anyway, tonight will be good for me. I feel better already."

The doors slid back, and then they were out in the lobby. Rosemary followed her aunt and uncle, feeling bewildered and slightly dazed by the suddenness of it all. Trying to think, to pull her mind together, to plan what she would say to her aunt if they stayed on, she wasn't aware that they had stopped walking until she bumped into them. She heard a woman say, "Mrs. Whittaker?"

Rosemary stepped away and looked at the woman coming toward them. Her hand was outstretched; her pleasant face was lighted with a welcoming smile. As she reached them, her eyes moved swiftly to Rosemary, briefly scrutinizing her; then her smile widened and she was shaking Aunt Louisa's hand and then Uncle Amby's. They were all talking and laughing, but Rosemary was scarcely aware of what they were saying. She was staring with disbelief at the tall young man who had come up with them—staring while a wild, wonderful sweetness went sweeping through her veins, making her heart jump furiously. His eyes twinkled as they met Rosemary's, but quickly he resumed his expression of polite waiting. Then the woman turned and laid her hand on his arm. "Mrs. Whittaker, I'd like to have you meet my son, Joel."

Aunt Louisa smiled on him approvingly. When she turned to Rosemary, her expression was almost arch. "Mrs. Taylor, I'd like to have you meet my niece, Rosemary."

Joel's mother took Rosemary's hand, and then, though she held it so briefly, pressed it so lightly, there was something beautifully warm in the manner with which she passed it to Joel. "And Rosemary, this is Joel."

Her hand was clasped in his own broad, warm one, and though neither of them moved, it seemed that music played somewhere, and that the lobby began to revolve slowly, to dip and sway in a lovely, lovely rhythm. . . .

"Hello, Joe."

"Hello, Rosemary." . . . THE END

A well-fed husband seldom looks fed up.
—*Gladys Martin*

(Continued from page 44)

layman without a professional background or any medical or psychiatric degrees. Yet out of a dozen practicing psychiatrists asked, "What do you think of Mary Haworth?" only one was critical of her column.

The stream of letters that pour into Mary Haworth's office daily—many of them letters of gratitude—is ample proof that a substantial percentage of troubled readers believe in and follow her guidance. But there are strong indications that her influence has made itself widely felt in other ways, as well.

For example, the publishing house of Henry Schuman, Inc., has found to its utter amazement that a one-sentence mention in "Mary's Mail" sells more books than a front-page review in the New York *Times' Book Review* or a radio plug by Walter Winchell. A single reference by Miss Haworth is credited with an overnight spurt of sales for Ashley Montagu's "On Being Human" and Glenn Clark's "A Man's Reach." Another suggestion moved 800 copies of "How to Keep House," by Mary Davis Gillies, off the store shelves within a few days, although the week before, only 8 copies of the book had been sold over the country. Within a few weeks the book passed the 10,000 mark.

Several years ago a committee of psychiatrists, delving into the impact of Mary's column on her readers, found the reader response to be "extraordinary." Mary once advised a young father, who feared he was going mad, to write to the National Committee for Mental Hygiene for guidance in obtaining help from the nearest community psychiatric clinic. As a result of this suggestion, the national headquarters of the society was bombarded by more than 2,000 requests for similar information, and hundreds of other inquiries were rerouted by the newspapers carrying Mary's column to local mental-hygiene agencies.

The influence of Mary Haworth can be measured, too, by the number of Army officers who have sought her help in writing letters of sorrow and gratitude to the mothers of boys lost in action. A noted minister telephoned her for her opinion on the advisability of his performing the marriage ceremony for a 17-year-old girl and a 20-year-old youth about to enter the armed forces. She also received a letter from the commandant of the United States Naval Academy lauding "Mary's Mail" as a character-builder.

During World War II, Mary Haworth created a nationwide controversy when she verbally whipped a Navy wife who said that she saw no reason to drag along during nine "miserable" months of pregnancy while her husband went to service overseas. "Am I reasonable or selfish?" the young wife wanted to know. Retorted Mary:

". . . God help humanity, if your 'alleged' thinking on this subject were a typical sample of what gallant men . . . had to cope with. It is a thinly plausible rationalization, at best—an attempt to put the best face on your secretly intense repugnance to the idea of undergoing the physical ordeal of motherhood. . . ."

The mails and wires sizzled with reaction for days.

Another furious debate broke out when Mary first uttered her oft-quoted (oft-denounced, oft-defended) dictum on divorce.

"Divorce," she said, "is a desperate remedy for an otherwise hopelessly sick relationship."

Then what about the commonly accepted belief that parents should stick together, no matter what, for the sake of the children? To this one, Mary replies:

"Often, children are better off in the security of a one-parent home than in the instability and turmoil of a quarrelsome two-parent home."

Doubtless, Mary's philosophy on divorce is the result of her own experience. She had been a successful newspaperwoman in her native Ohio when, in 1930, she quit her career to marry an advertising man and settle down to housekeeping in a suburb of Washington, D. C. They had two children in three years, but the marriage failed. In 1933, Mary went to work for the Washington *Post*, once again a "girl reporter."

"It wasn't a question of becoming a career woman for a second time," says Mary. "It was simply a case of earning a livelihood for myself and my two infant daughters."

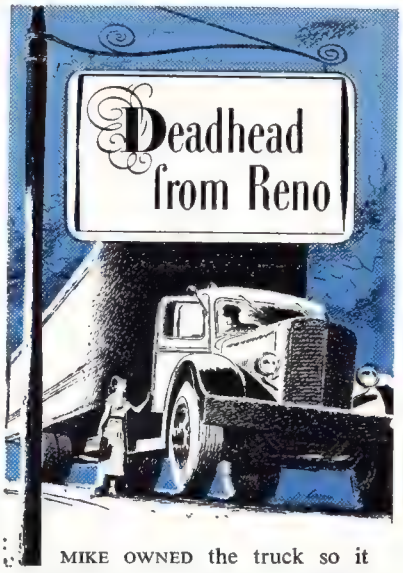
A year later, Mary Elizabeth (nee Reardon) Young, with the encouragement of her editors, tried turning out a "different" column of advice to people in trouble—a column with a psychiatric slant. She adopted the by-line of "Mary Haworth." "Haworth" was the family home of the Brontë sisters, whose novels she had admired from childhood.

Initially called "This Business of Living," the column was retitled "Mary Haworth's Mail" because of the extraordinary stream of letters which poured in, stimulated by her forthright, provocative opinions and her whiplash comments. The column quickly achieved a national reputation, and when it was syndicated in 1944 by King Features, it was immediately snapped up by 86 newspapers.

Miss Haworth still writes her column out of Washington, sometimes in her anonymous cubicle of an office in the National Press Building, but more often in the serenity of her spacious, high-ceilinged, old-style apartment atop a hill overlooking Embassy Row. Mary writes at any time of day or night, as her mood impels.

Once a week, Mary selects five letters from her mail to be answered in her columns for the week. She answers no letters individually. She estimates that she spends two or three hours usually on each letter, reading, analyzing, and condensing it into four paragraphs, hewing as closely as possible to the wording of

(Continued on page 87)



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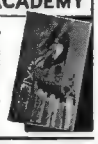

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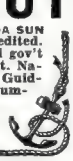

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(Continued from page 83)

the original. She studies each answer carefully and long before writing a line of response, often consulting with a psychiatrist, psychologist, clergyman, lawyer, social-welfare worker or other specialist for background information. Then, after filling up a wastepaper basket with discarded fits and starts, she rapidly types off her reply in five long paragraphs.

As a rule, Mary is exhausted by the time she has finished. Nonetheless, she takes a special pride in—and never fails to compose—the headline for her column, a chore most columnists are happy to leave to the editors. Mary insists that her copy be run as is, to the comma. The syndicate respects this wish.

Admirers who meet Mary Haworth for the first time are amazed to discover—not knowing what to expect—that she's a slim, attractive blonde with oversize harlequin spectacles, who looks tinier than her five-feet-four. She talks rapidly and with animation, and her blue eyes glint to match the mood of her words.

At her office, or at a cocktail party, Mary's certain to be dressed simply but smartly in tailored clothes, usually topped by a perky hat. She takes off her huge glasses when she leaves her office or home. She used to smoke a lot, but she hasn't had a cigarette in over two years.

Mary enjoys most a quiet lunch or dinner with her newspaper friends. She politely passes up invitations to formal affairs, but occasionally shows up at one of those celebrated Washington cocktail parties. When she does, Mary Haworth inevitably becomes the center of conversation, with Congressmen, jurists, high Government officials and diplomats joining in the rush to meet her. Celebrities are as common as spinach in the nation's capital, but Mary Haworth's a rarity.

Some months ago, Mary advised an unhappy girl: "The widespread notion that life should be . . . a constant procession of rich, engrossing experience for fortune's darlings is just an illusion. . . . If you can relinquish anxious activity, of mind and body, for a while, you may discover an oasis of satisfaction in simple daily living."

This is not merely counsel; it is also Mary's way of life. She lives quietly and simply, wrapped up in her work and in bringing up her two daughters, Mary Elizabeth, 20, who's finished junior college and is now working as a medical secretary, and Amelia Ann, 18, a student at the College of Notre Dame, Baltimore. Reading is Mary's chief diversion, and most of her reading is in books, modern and ancient alike, which she feels will help her throw a ray of light on the problems of the perplexed.

Mary Haworth feels strongly that the confused, the bewildered, the troubled need a "voice of certitude quietly speaking." Mary has such a voice. Ask her the obvious question, and she replies, "I believe absolutely every word I write."

Fundamentally, Mary believes that a fighting, old-fashioned effort should be made to keep a marriage going, even though divorce should be available as a last-resort "social surgery." Recently, for example, a 30-year-old woman, blissfully married for four years, was suddenly confronted by her husband's confession that he had fallen in love with a younger woman and was contemplating divorce. She was frantic at the thought of losing him, she wrote. What should she do?

"You aren't standing up to the crisis with determination as a spunky wife should, if greatly in love with her husband," admonished Mary.

"It may be that Steve is challenging you to 'fight' for him . . . due to latent fear that he lacks the capacity to please a love partner in a monogamous relationship for a lifetime. He might be infinitely grateful and profoundly reassured . . . if you boldly, bluntly, passionately refuse to consider giving him up."

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virtually always evokes from Mary an old-fashioned challenge to meet the issue squarely and fight it out—the triangle involving a married couple and a dominating mom. To a cry for counsel from a young wife whose mother insisted on living and interfering with the couple, Mary recently advised:

"You've got to talk turkey in a case of this kind. Speak up; assert yourself and don't coddle her moodiness. Maybe you can't change her, but at least you can be articulate on a vital matter; and you will feel better for acting so. . . ."

Whenever she can—too much so, say her critics—Mary delves into the tangled emotional roots of the problem, deep into the labyrinths of the psychoses and neuroses. For example, a 21-year-old girl, engaged to be married, suddenly developed an obsession for a movie star whom she had never met. She continually daydreamed about him. Unable to understand her wild passion and fearful that it would wreck her marriage, the bride-to-be wrote an appeal for help to Miss Haworth.

Mary replied:

"Much as you wish to belong to a sex partner, you unconsciously shrink from the test of conjugal intimacy with the man you love, lest you be found frigid or unsatisfactory to the bridegroom, or unlovely in his sight. . . . It is not the actor, but your low self-esteem, that threatens to spoil your chances of happiness with Jack. Well-balanced, comfortably self-accepting individuals don't want a big-shot glamour girl or glamour man as partner in their love life. They want a pleasant person . . . with whom to share the plain bread of loyal companionship."

Replies of this sort by Mary evoke protests by some critics that Miss Haworth is always looking under the bed for a lurking neurosis. One of her sharpest lay critics is Robert Ruark, the syndicated news commentator, who sometimes turns out a full column rapping his favorite "psychiatry-bitten soothsayer." He thinks there's too much "dark hinting at disorders of the brain" in a medium which used to devote itself to "harmless guff."

Other lay critics aver that Mary Haworth all too often winds up her column by saying: "Go see a psychiatrist." To this assertion Mary replies that she indeed does give such counsel to the troubled, because they are at the end of their rope when they write her and they do need guidance from experts.

Some psychiatrists criticize "Mary's Mail" for undue temerity, for being too "analytically oriented," and for creating new anxieties in the minds of already-troubled people. But there are other psychiatrists who discount such criticism and hold up the overriding fact that Mary Haworth has made an important contribution toward educating Americans that mental illness is not a social disgrace, but a disease requiring proper diagnosis and treatment.

To laymen and psychiatrists alike who feel that none but a professionally trained specialist should set herself up as an arbiter over the tangled affairs of other people. Mary replies that all she offers is "one woman's viewpoint—and that," she adds, "isn't binding."

Newspaper editors, who worship short, simple sentences and paragraphs, tear their hair out when they first read Mary's column. They used to think—until the reader surveys showed otherwise—that Mary's use of strange words and ideas from the lingo of psychiatry placed the column far above the heads of the average reader. Mary defends her verbose replies on the ground that it takes time to tell the truth; and as to writing above the heads of her readers, Mary maintains, "I write to an adult audience considerably schooled in adversity and thereby prepared to grasp my thinking with instinctive understanding."

How well Mary gets over her psychiatric slant is dramatically attested to by a noted Boston psychiatrist, Merrill Moore, who was treating a depressed, suicide-bent patient. Somehow the patient came across "Mary's Mail."

"It hit him just right," the psychiatrist wrote Miss Haworth later. "From the column, the patient began to develop some insight . . . of his own problem, after reading about others. You managed to get at him on the level he could best appreciate, and I think his discovery of psychology in your column was quite important in his treatment."

There are some problems, Mary feels, which are beyond the scope of psychiatry. For these, Mary urges the bewildered and the lost to search the Scriptures "for the truth about God's nature"; and even as she leads the mentally ill into the psychiatrist's clinic, so does she shepherd the spiritually bereft into the pastor's study.

A few years ago, an invalid—sick of life and fearful of death—wrote Mary from England asking how he should spend his dying days. "Waste not time in vain regrets," replied Mary, "but instead seek strength and comfort in the Gospels and Psalms. Read very much as impulse dictates until certain passages speak directly to you, with tender voice, as the Bible invariably does to humble seekers of its light and joy-giving truth."

Shortly she received a second letter from the dying man. His problem now, he said gratefully, was how to find time to answer the flood of inspiring letters from Mary's readers when he was so busy immersing himself in the Testament.

"When I started to write my column," Mary confided to a close friend several weeks ago, "I was young enough to believe there was a full and happy solution for every problem. Now I'm less concerned with solutions than I am to have people accept life on its own terms—life in which there will always be problems."

Her daily goal, she once wrote, is to give the individual in trouble, and her readers generally, "a philosophy of life which is sanely optimistic, self-sustaining, on-going and up-reaching." The measure of her success in achieving this goal is summed up in the words of one of Mary's troubled people, who in writing her a note of gratitude for counsel, added:

"In this sick world, each community should have its own Mary Haworth."

. . . THE END

MAN IN THE MOONLIGHT

BY CECILE GILMORE

Caught in the Islands' mysterious spell of beauty, three lonely women confided in a stranger. To the first he gave a warning; to the second, hope. But only to the one who feared love was his secret revealed—a secret as old as his unforgettable paradise

REDBOOK'S COMPLETE JANUARY 1953 NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY AL TARTER

When the Government launch that carries mail among the islands appeared on the horizon, two almost naked young women left the Azaleas, Mrs. Jardine's family-style hotel, and started walking along the beach toward the dock. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the tropical sun was blindingly hot.

Minutes later a third and older woman, Francette, who had been first to sight the *Wasp* coming in from St. Thomas, followed them. She had taken time to find and put on a hat; it was a Tortola hat, one that Francette had bought on a sight-seeing tour of some of the other islands. Wearing it made her feel vaguely smart and rakish. It also kept her complexion from becoming any harsher and drier than it was. The colorful native straw, tall and tapered like a chimney, and wide-brimmed, shaded a pair of clear, pale blue eyes in a round face, and wren-brown hair caught in a bun on the nape of the neck.

In addition to the hat, Francette wore a thigh-length, full-skirted costume of pale blue jersey. The woman in New York who had sold her this bathing suit had told her it was becoming, and that it flattered "a figure with hips."

The sand was hot under Francette's bare feet; it reflected glare like a bed sheet. The famous trade winds she had heard so much about from the travel-bureau man had died down, as they often did at this hour, and the moist heat was a scalding bath. She could feel the sweat trickling between her breasts and down the backs of her knees.

But Francette had ample self-control, in some respects, and it never occurred to her to fret and complain about anything as impersonal as weather. As she toiled, panting, after the other two, she was thinking not so much about the climate of St. James as about the husband she had left at home in New York. Surely there would be a letter from him today! Surely, since writing was his business, Don could sit down at his typewriter and tick off a letter of some sort; she had written him how lonely it was here, how the days dragged and the nights were longer, even, than the days. After all, *she* was going through all the discomforts of getting the divorce. If he thought she enjoyed spending six weeks practically alone on this hot, primitive island with two younger women who were also sitting out their divorces, he was mistaken.

She had written him (she really had no one else to write it to) long descriptions of the scenery, the natives, the food, the tedium, the crudeness, the absence of anyone to talk to, the heat, the night-bites of mosquitoes and the day-bites of sand flies, the lack of any diversion except Mrs. Jardine's radio. There was not even a telephone on the island!

It was not easy (and she was no writer!) to get across in a letter the lonely, disconsolate, *eerie* feeling of being one of three female boarders on an island—and such a *little* island!—where there were only the natives, Mrs. Jardine and themselves. And those horrible goats and the dogs.

Of course, under different conditions—with their own menfolk here—it could be lovely, really ideal, she supposed. This beach that she and Evelyn and Cynthia called "their" beach because no one else used it—the natives, she had observed, seldom went in the water—was a lot like color pictures she had seen of Waikiki.

In fact, if she had a camera she could make a very nice picture of "their" beach right now—in the far distance the little dock and the upside-down rotting boat there under the trees; that group of native children playing in the sand around the old boat; the dogs helping the children dig in the sand; and of course the center of the picture would have to be Cynthia and Evelyn, strolling along toward the dock (without a sign of a hat on either head, the foolish creatures!), because all those pictures you saw in the travel sections of the Sunday papers had a couple of attractive girls with bare legs and wind-blown hair, like these two.

Francette's farsighted eyes fixed themselves dispassionately on the two pretty girls. What did she know about them? In one sense, quite a lot. But in a deeper sense, nothing. Nor did she seek to know anything. In her thirty-nine years she had traveled relatively little, and met few people, and she lacked the knack of making friends easily and quickly. Her mind kept asking what two such girls as these could find in *her* that might conceivably interest or attract them.

Of the two, she felt a little more drawn toward Evelyn, simply because the little dark-haired Southern girl came nearer being her own breed of cat. Evelyn worked in an office, had to save her money, could neither read nor speak French, and was practical in ways that she herself was practical. Not much of a one for conversation (Cynthia was the entertaining one), but still she had a quality, a soundness, that made her pleasant to be with. And though Evelyn was no match for the blonde girl, she had a sort of quiet beauty of her own. Those diminutive brunettes always seemed so dainty, so feminine, and this one was quite prettily shaped—as anyone could plainly see; she was as near bare as she could get, in a strapless cotton bathing suit that had started out bright purple and was now a faded mauve. Looked lovely, though, against Evelyn's golden tan.

The other girl, Cynthia, was narrow-boned, willowy, blonde, exotic and blatantly rich. People who might have

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been nice to Cynthia anyway, Francette surmised, were twice as nice, because she was rich. Everything about Cynthia—her skin, hair, teeth, clothes, even her long, lovely legs—fairly reeked of money.

Francette knew that Evelyn was twenty-eight and guessed Cynthia to be the same, though she looked about twenty-three.

But Francette was not envious by nature, and she felt no call to envy these two anything—either their youth, or their good looks, or Cynthia's money, for they were in the same sad boat that she was in, weren't they? . . . They were in the process of being divorced.

No; she was not envious, or curious about them, or even really interested in them. She had no intention of confiding her life story to either, and she took the greatest pains, on the nights when she found herself crying, to muffle the sounds from their two bedrooms, one on either side of her own.

The beach at St. James is a perfect crescent, a narrow melon-slice of clean, pure white sand rimmed on one side by the posterish blue-green Caribbean, on the other by an equally posterish fringe of tropical greenery: palm and eucalyptus trees; sea grapes, oleanders and frangipani; papaya, finger-banana and fig trees, and the inevitable pink or scarlet hibiscus.

Mrs. Jardine's house is off to itself at one end of the beach, facing the ocean. Close by, to the north, on the side looking toward the landing, is a cemetery. To the south is a lush thicket of tropical growth that always needs cutting back. At the rear is a mountain on whose slopes can be seen three native houses and a one-room schoolhouse with the American flag on a white pole in the yard.

The Jardine house is built in West India style with a breezeway clean through and six bedrooms upstairs, three on either side. Downstairs there are three more bedrooms, and across from them the big dining room and a little room that is Mrs. Jardine's office. The built-on kitchen is off to one side at the back, and the only lounge for guests is the veranda, one half of which is roofed and screened, the other half open terrace. The view from the veranda is superb. In fact, you probably couldn't find a more picturesque spot anywhere in the world, thought Francette.

Yes—and right out there are barracuda that can kill you, and poisonous coral you can cut yourself on, not to mention nasty little sea urchins with their dreadful barbs, and something slimy that blisters like hot, spattering grease if it touches you—Portuguese man-o'-war, it is called.

She was dimly conscious of something unreasonable in this attitude; she was carping, probably, at trifles simply because all this peace, this beauty, this perfection was so opposite to her own present state. . . .

Up ahead, Evelyn, despite her better judgment, was discussing her affairs with Cynthia. She knew she was foolish to do this, and that she might later regret it. But Cynthia had a knack of drawing people out, of listening attentively and with such an air of concern. . . . Why was it so much more flattering to be listened to thus by someone who had *everything*, like Cynthia, than by just a plain person like herself or Francette?

"Alan's last letter said for me to keep the furniture," she was saying. "He's really terribly generous. I'm to take everything—all our things—except the books. He wants those. That's all right. They're much too deep for me."

"He the intellectual type?" Cynthia inquired sympathetically.

"He's rather brilliant, yes."

"Mmm," said Cynthia. "I hope your lawyer arranged decent alimony."

"Oh, no," Evelyn replied quickly. "I wouldn't want *alimony*."

Cynthia paused in the act of lighting a cigarette and threw her a glance over the flame. "Pish tush!" she said. "What's all this?" She tucked her lighter back beneath the rubber band that held together what she called her kit: a pack of cigarettes, a thin platinum lighter, a small square mirror from some purse, and a plain black comb. Pocketless as she was most of the time, she carried her kit in her hand and was seldom seen without it. "Of course, if you have buckets of money of your own—"

"Well, hardly," replied Evelyn with a wry smile. "I've never needed a bucket yet to take home the salary they pay *me* each Friday."

"Then there you are!" said Cynthia with an air of settling matters. "I don't know what the private secretary to a linen importer makes—whatever it is, I'm sure you're worth twice that to the firm—but in any case, your husband should be made to take care of you. You listen to old Mother Innes, my pet!"

Evelyn adjusted the boned top of her bathing suit. "I don't believe in alimony," she said firmly.

Cynthia, eyeing her dispassionately, thought, This is the kind of magnolia blossom that goes around begging to be trampled. I'll bet the husband takes advantage of her right and left—selfish as a shark. But would *she* ever see that? Aloud, she said, "Tell me about your boss. Is he attractive?"

Evelyn laughed. "A breath of wind would blow him off his little feet. He's eighty-two years old, you know. Oh, he's sweet and considerate most of the time, until something goes wrong with his hearing aid. Last year, when I asked him if I could save up my vacation and add it on to this year's, so I could come down here, he was terribly upset. He said, 'How do you know I'll be around next year to give vacations to anyone, Miss Mannerly?' "

"Is that what he calls you—'Miss Mannerly'?"

"He doesn't like the idea of married women working in an office," replied Evelyn, sobering, "so I use my maiden name there." She realized that she was talking too much about herself, and that it was a mistake. Cynthia so often *seemed* to be interested in a person when actually there was no reason for her to be. It was part of Cynthia's smoothness, her polish, her effortless charm. Simply by looking at you, and listening to you, and speaking in that lovely finishing-school voice, she casts a spell, Evelyn reflected.

"There's Boston!" This was Cynthia, herself changing the subject. "Look at him, always laughing and waving his tail! Oh, he reminds me so much of a guy I used to know—ugly little runt, but cute." She whistled. "Hi, Boston!"

Hearing his name, a short-legged tan native dog, with wise, experienced eyes and a long muzzle, came over to Cynthia and kissed her on the knee without a moment's pause for the amenities. He had the air of a businessman with more important things to do elsewhere. "Old personality kid," Cynthia said. "Old island character." She began scratching the place between two pert, bent ears. Boston's amber-colored eyes slowly closed. "Old softie," she said. She lifted her hand, and the dog's eyes opened and looked at her. "Don't look so smart or I'll begin to worry about you—you'll be repeating everything I say all over the islands."

"I wouldn't be too surprised if he did," said Evelyn, watching the little dog trot away. "He'd have to be wiser than the average dog, to be alive in this place. They don't coddle their animals much." She paused and glanced at the incoming mail boat, gauging its speed. There was still plenty of time. "Did you hear all the racket the dogs were making in the cemetery last night?"

"Did I! Sounded like bloody murder. Dogs *and* goats. I think they were Jardine goats, turned loose for the night in the nice, convenient cemetery. I meant to complain to Mrs. Jardine—for about the fourth time—but I forgot."

"I did complain," said Evelyn. "She said *she* didn't hear anything."

"Sleeps well, doesn't she! Last time we talked about it, I said it was bad enough having the St. James cemetery right under my bedroom window without animals crashing and howling around in there all night. She said, 'But, Mrs. Innes, St. James is so beautiful we must put up with a few little inconveniences.' *A few little inconveniences!*"

"Cynthia—I've been meaning to ask you—how did you happen to come here? Oh, I don't mean why are you getting divorced; I mean why did you choose this particular island?"

"Because some nature-loving female in my brother-in-law's office told me it was exactly like the Garden of Eden," replied Cynthia. '*Exactly* like the Ga-har-den of Ee-den, my dear!' "

Evelyn grinned. "They mention the even temperature and the fine swimming?"

"Ee-yep."

"They tell you you could pick your mangoes and limes and bananas right off the trees?"

"Ee-yep."

"*Why* would you want to pick your own mangoes and bananas?"

"God knows," said Cynthia. "This woman went on and on about how quiet and unspoiled it was. But she forgot to tell me it's monotonous as hell, and that you sleep so much you get to feeling like the *Dormouse* in 'Alice in Wonderland.' . . . You know, Evelyn?"

"What?"

"Can you imagine what Eve did with herself all day in that Garden of Eden?"

"Chased Adam, maybe?"

"Lucky, *lucky* girl," said Cynthia, taking another cigarette out of the pack and absently looking at it. "*She* had a man."

"And no competition."

Cynthia said, "I'm smokiug too much," and flicked the lighter. "*You* don't have to be afraid of competition," she added politely.

"The *Wasp* is really flying along today," said Evelyn, glancing toward the boat, "Don't you hope she brings us something?"

"At the very least, a couple of fresh magazines. Preferably a couple of fresh boarders. Not that you and Francette aren't as charming as can be."

"Better to endure the ills we know, than flee to those we know not of, as Mr. Shakespeare says."

"Shakespeare never needed a fourth for bridge, then. I was thinking of that, more than anything else. How many days are three weeks and three days?"

"Is that how long you've been here?"

"It's how long I have still to go in Mamma Jardine's *pension*."

"You could move to a bigger place, like Charlotte Amalie. You'd still be a resident of the Virgin Islands."

"And desert you and Francette, my sweet? Never! Besides, I suppose one place is as good as another—when you're divorcing."

Evelyn bent and picked a piece of broken bottle out of the sand. "One of the children could cut his foot off on this. Wait a second while I hide it."

"Take your time." Cynthia put her cigarette to her lips and turned to look out over the water. Evelyn climbed a little way up the sandy embankment.

While she was digging a hole under a thatch of seagrape, burying the glass and pulling the sand over it with her hands, she felt herself coming out from under the spell of Cynthia's stronger personality, and being caught up once again in the witchery of this fabulous, saddening, beautiful place. No matter how much Cynthia belittled it, the fresh, open, primitive beauty of the island, the smell of clean sea air and lime blossoms, the majestic silence that pulsed underneath with thousands of soft little noises like the buzzing of bees and the voices of birds and the stirring of leaves and the rustling of the tide . . . all this added up to a beauty that tugged at the heart. It was like listening to great music, or reading certain kinds of poetry—it made her restless and vaguely uneasy. And yet she would not change it for the world. St. James had turned out to be exactly what she had hoped—what the agency had promised: a regular fortress of solitude where no one ran around getting up dances and games of tennis and golf. . . . In short, the social life of St. James Island was nonexistent.

She was always sending off letters to her mother, cousins, brothers and two sisters-in-law in North Carolina, telling them about the perfection of St. James, describing the half-mile of pure white beach, the native boats that came and went at the primitive two-plank dock in the center of the beach, the sad and squalid native houses that were mostly improvised out of flattened oil tins or old sugarmill ruins back in amongst the magnificent tropical trees. She reported faithfully to all her acquaintances on such things as the smells, good and bad, and the people with their strangely inflected English, and the hunchback, Satchel, whom the natives made the butt of their sometimes cruel humor.

There! That ought to stay underground for a while—She gave the sand a final pat and stood up. The boat was fairly near now. She looked at it broodingly and thought, Wouldn't it be awful if Cynthia got her wish and a bunch of strangers got off . . . but it won't happen. Nobody ever *does* come here just casually. That's the beauty of St. James.

She stood there a moment watching Francette's measured progress along the beach, thinking, I love it just as it is! I wouldn't change anything here from the way it is! Poor Francette—how she hates the heat!

She cupped her hands to her mouth and called. "Hurry, Francette! You'll be late for the grand debarkation!"

". . . don't care! Can't run in this sun!" Francette flapped her hands vaguely. "You two go on!"

Cynthia had already gone on, veering off at an angle to wade, leaving a trail of long, narrow, delicate footprints in the wet sand. Evelyn ran lightly down the embankment and across the narrow strip of beach and joined her in the ankle-deep, jade-colored water, jumping over a fat orange yellow starfish and splashing a little sea water on Cynthia's legs. They began talking about coffee and the various ways of making it, and Cynthia mentioned some of the places in the world where she had tasted the best coffee, among them Shepheard's Hotel.

"What was it like, being in Egypt?" asked Evelyn. "Was it exciting?"

"Sort of," replied Cynthia. "I got engaged to an English boy while we were in Cairo. My mother found out about it and whizzed me out of there so fast I hardly had time to see anything."

Evelyn gave a little half-sigh. Her sidewise glance took in Cynthia's arms and legs and a good deal of the rest of her, left bare by a black satin custom-made suit, if you could call that scrap of material a suit. She looked at Cynthia's lovely hair, a shiny gold fountain tied with a narrow cerise ribbon into a pony's tail, and at Cynthia's mouth, the kind of mouth that beckons to men regardless of its owner's intention . . . and she could not suppress a small qualm of envy.

"Alan's family took him on a trip around the world when he was seventeen," she found herself volunteering. "You and he might have been in the very same hotel, in Egypt, or somewhere, and not have known each other. Or maybe you *did* know each other!"

"Of course. Our *affaire* was the scandal of all the capitals of Europe."

"He's quite fascinating to all types and ages of women," Evelyn said with a preoccupied air, "but he has never been unfaithful to me, to my knowledge."

Chapter 2

Francette saw that Evelyn and Cynthia were walking in the sea, but she continued plodding straight ahead. They were strolling along in the water, their heads turned in toward one another; they looked as though they were talking about something confidential.

I don't care, she thought—let them have their private talk. For she had noticed that Evelyn played up to Cynthia in the matter of trying to keep her amused—and laughing at her jokes, and being willing to swim, or play canasta, or take an evening walk on the beach if that was what Cynthia wanted to do. She, Francette, was independent, thank God. Even Don had had to admit that—

She broke off, drawing her breath in sharply and holding it while the blood drained away from her brain and took some of the color out of all the vivid colors before her: she had just seen her husband, Don.

Instantly, common sense told her it was not Don; it was a man waiting for the boat to come in. He was far down on the beach, beyond the landing, beyond the children, standing half in the sun, half in the dense shade of the trees that ran down at that point almost to the water's edge. Now who could—

Her naked foot came down on something sharp in the sand. She cried out and lifted her foot; a broken shell, with one needle-fine point embedded in her flesh, came with it. She sat down and pulled the shell away, blinking back tears of pain. A pale smear of blood spread around the spot on her foot where the shell had penetrated.

The *Wasp* was angling in toward the landing now. It gave a shrill toot that brought the children yelling and racing to the dock, with the dog Boston running in and out among them, barking. Dark men and women came out of their houses and sauntered toward the pier. A lazy bustling commenced, at the very peak of which the native whose house was the post office came out from under the trees carrying his limp mail sack. He walked out on the dock. The mate of the sturdy little white motor launch tossed a line to him. The postmaster caught it and snubbed it around a stanchion. He and the captain exchanged mail sacks—and the "grand debarkation" was over.

Francette looked again for the man she had seen, but at some moment during the process of docking the *Wasp*, he had disappeared. Getting to her feet, she asked herself who he could have been and where he had gone—for he certainly had not gone aboard the launch.

She felt foolish now for having mistaken him for her husband. For one thing, Don couldn't possibly have scraped together enough money to come here; he had had to borrow on his insurance in order to pay for her trip and this divorce. She, the only one with a head for business, had been appalled at raising the money in that fashion, but she had had to let him do it. She hadn't been able to resist saying, "Wouldn't it be nice if some of those friends you're always lending money to would offer to pay it back now?"

But of course they hadn't. And she was sorry after she'd said it, because it had brought on one more of those level-eyed looks of his . . . and accomplished nothing.

A wave of enormous regret swept through her, and she swallowed the bitter thing that choked her, for it would never do to break down and show her true feeling—especially since the girls up front had turned before they got to the dock and were coming back now, Evelyn trotting ahead.

"I stepped on a shell," she explained, feeling her breath shallow and rapid in her mouth.

"Let me look," said Evelyn, bending over and reaching down for the foot. "Put your hand on my back, and give me your foot. . . . H'm. It isn't bleeding much, but there's a little cut. You ought to get back to the house without getting sand and stuff in it, I suppose." And to Cynthia, who had come up—"Francette's punctured her foot. What do you think we ought to do?"

"Well, it's a cinch we can't carry Francette piggyback," said Cynthia; "but she can lean on me and hobble along—"

"No. Both of you go and get the mail," ordered Francette. "I'll take my time going back and you can catch up with me, maybe." She wanted time to collect her thoughts. If it weren't for this stupid thing happening to her foot, she could stroll on down along the edge of those palms and just glance around. . . . But of course it had been an optical illusion . . . or a native standing in such a way that . . . but this had been a white man! Oh—stop being a damned fool! she admonished herself harshly. It's this heat, and wanting so much to get a letter from him today—

"You look shot, Francette," said Cynthia, not unsympathetically. "Come on—we can walk you to the house, then come back in plenty of time. You know how long it takes Claude to sort six letters."

Claude was the postmaster.

"Well, go and watch him do it!" Francette said in a rude, almost frantic voice. "That's—that's half the fun of getting mail in this silly place, isn't it? Go *on!*"

Evelyn looked at her thoughtfully. "We may as well go, Cynthia," she said. "Take it easy, Francette, and try to keep the sand out of your foot. If there's any mail for you, we'll bring it."

When they had walked off, Francette turned and started back the way she had come. She used the heel of the injured foot for a while, and then the ball. It really didn't hurt very much now—it was her head that hurt. It ached almost unbearably. From the glare, most likely. The white sand made the sun dig into her eyes like little knives. Both Cynthia and Evelyn had offered to lend her dark glasses, but she wouldn't take them. No one had told her before she left New York that she might need such things. No one told her much of anything, anytime, she thought in vague resentment. And there would be no letter again today. . . . She toiled on heavily, breathing through her mouth because the air seemed less hot that way.

When the two younger women returned to the hotel, Francette was sitting in the screened half of the veranda, with her foot up, looking at an old magazine. Evelyn had two letters poking out of the top of her bathing suit, where she had stuck them.

"No mail for you, Francette," she said as she bounded up the steps. "How's your foot?"

"All right, I guess. It really doesn't amount to much."

"Did you ask Mrs. Jardine to look at it?" demanded Cynthia sharply. "If you didn't, you're crazy. You could get an infection from this coral stuff as quick as lightning."

Francette said she hadn't bothered Mrs. Jardine, who was probably busy back in the kitchen with her bread-making. "It's fresh-bread-day today." She sounded inane, half-martyred, even to her own ears.

Cynthia snorted. "I'll find her."

When she came back, the owner of the Azaleas was with her. Iris Jardine was carrying a white, folded towel on the flat of one hand and a basin of water with a sponge in it in the other. She was a gaunt woman, with sparse gray hair held back from her face with old-fashioned side combs, and a coarse, rough skin. She was wearing a patched, but clean, shirt of faded gingham and a pair of men's overalls.

"Where's the patient?" she asked, looking at Francette with an air of long-suffering good temper. "Show me the foot." She put the towel and the sloshing basin down on the porch table and began taking things out of her pocket: a bunch of keys, a roll of picture wire, three walnuts, a cluster of knotted twine and a small bottle of alcohol.

She searched the pocket again and said, "Damn! I've come out without my glasses."

"I'll run get them," offered Evelyn. "Where are they?"

Iris told her.

In a moment Evelyn came back carrying the spectacles. Iris put them on and made Francette prop her foot high on another chair; then she bent and examined the sole of the foot without touching it. While she was doing this, she remarked with a twinkle, "Why is it that the guests have to go barefooted? We poor islanders can, and do, wear shoes." A moment later she said, "I don't think it amounts to much," and opened the folded towel. A fully-loaded hypodermic syringe lay there. "Better give you a tetanus shot, though, just in case."

At sight of the shining needle, Francette shrank back.

"Won't hurt you," her hostess assured her laconically, and, without further ado, she swabbed Francette's arm with alcohol, picked up the syringe, and inserted the needle in the fleshy part of the upper arm.

While this was going on, no one spoke. Francette, who hated herself for showing her fear to the others, fixed her gaze on the throbbing throat of a small lizard that clung to the outside of the wire screening with one of his ruby-like eyes on *her*.

Evelyn said, after a moment, "You have to be a registered nurse to do that, don't you?"

"I can do it," Iris said briefly, without glancing up.

"I *couldn't*," Cynthia said flatly. "I couldn't do some of the things you have to do—not if I lived here all my life."

"How long *have* you lived here, Mrs. Jardine?" Evelyn couldn't resist asking questions of people, once she got interested in them. And here was certainly an out-of-the-ordinary person.

"All my life," Iris replied briefly.

Cynthia said, "Darling—don't be nosey. If Mrs. Jardine wanted to give you the story of her life, she'd have done it by now."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry," said Evelyn, blushing.

Iris Jardine withdrew the needle from Francette's arm, dabbed it with alcohol, replaced the syringe in the towel, and folded it. Then she straightened her tall body, put her hand to the small of her back, and grinned. "Did anybody go down for the mail?" she asked.

"We did," said Evelyn. "There wasn't anything for you."

Francette, her fingers feeling along her punctured arm, could not resist asking, "Did you or Evelyn see any strangers down by the dock, Cynthia?"

"No. Why? Did you?"

Francette, coloring under three pairs of eyes, said no.

"Stay out of the water the rest of the day," Mrs. Jardine said, giving her a sharp look.

Then Evelyn sneezed, Iris said "God bless you," and the moment passed.

Suppose it *had* been Don coming to find me, Francette thought—coming to take me home—what would I have done? She had never been so churned up inside, so indecisive, in her life. The mere fact that she *might* have had to make a decision threw her into panic. Tears rose and filled her eyes. To hide them, she bent over and examined her foot again.

Iris Jardine was stuffing things back in her overall pockets. "You won't have any trouble, I'm sure," she said, and walked away with a casual, swinging stride into the house.

The guests sat on as they were for a while. Cynthia began lazily ripping open and reading her letters. Counting the advertisements, there were nine.

Evelyn thought about rereading her letter from her mother, but decided it would be rather unkind, since Francette hadn't any. Besides, she'd rather save it for just before going to bed. She picked up a thumbed magazine from the table and began turning its pages.

The setting sun's rays were long and slanting now, and the air seemed almost to throb with the stillness. A goat back somewhere in the bushes behind the house bleated plaintively. From the mountainside to the far right, a dog's sudden, shrill yelp of pain split the air. The sheets of Cynthia's mail, dropped one by one on the floor beside the chair where she sprawled with her feet on the railing, rustled briefly, not enough to frighten the lizard clinging to the rusty wire screen. He darted a few inches down, reversed himself in a lightning motion so that his head pointed upward, and closed his eyes.

Cynthia tossed the last letter to the floor. "Sunset," she said, stretching and yawning. "Cocktailtime. Ah, cocktailtime! Think of all the pretty people having drinks together, everywhere, in bar and bistro, the Palm Court of the Plaza, the— What's your favorite drinking spot, Francette?"

"Dinty's Hideaway," said Francette. The name popped out inexplicably; she had never been there. But she had heard Don talk about it, and she knew that was where he went when he could afford to treat all his sponging friends. The ones who never bought him a drink in return, as far as she could make out. If only he weren't so outrageously generous and easygoing, everything might be different now—

"I don't think I know it," said Cynthia, getting up. "But wait here, my children, and I will see what I can stir up out of a few bottles in my emergency kit."

When she came back, the house had begun to smell strongly of the odor of freshly-baked bread. She came bearing a pitcher of Martinis and glasses on a little tray.

They sat in a row, sipping their drinks.

"Look—Mrs. Jardine left her keys," said Evelyn after a while.

"Good!" said Cynthia, reaching out for the keys. "Tonight, if any of us is hungry after a perfectly *delicious* fish chowder, we can loot the pantry." She swung the keys idly from one finger, jangling them. "Why on earth do you suppose she thinks she has to lock things, in a place like this?"

"To keep the servants from stealing her food," Francette said seriously.

"Food! What food? I've eaten better chow in a diner next door to the last gas pump at the edge of the Mojave Desert."

"Oh, I don't know," put in Evelyn. "The food's pretty good, I think. At least, it's different."

"It's all of that."

"The trouble with you, Cynthia," began Francette, then stopped. Why should she take out her own gnawing disappointment on Cynthia? She would do better to finish her drink, then go take a shower and put on the least rumpled of her three cotton dresses.

"Yes, Francette? The trouble with me—?"

"Is that you're too darn pretty. That husband of yours must have spoiled you."

Evelyn hastened to pour oil on the waters.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" she demanded. "Alan used to bring me breakfast in bed every Sunday. Probably your husband spoiled you a little now and then, too, Francette."

"I wouldn't say so."

Cynthia was no longer listening. She glanced restlessly about the enclosed veranda and through the rusty screen door to the open terrace beyond, thinking, If I had a strange power and could change these two females into half a dozen of the right kind of people, this place *would* be fun!

And she thought, Poor things, it isn't their fault, but here we sit, day after deadly day, telling each other to note the beauty of the clouds, the brilliance of the sunset, the mysteriousness of the shadows on the mountains opposite. . . . Good God. After dinner it'll be how dazzling the stars are, or how wonderful the moon is. . . . John, my boy, you'd damned well better appreciate me when you get me, after what I'll have gone through to get this divorce!

The sea was now a burning purple—the sky lilac, rose, cerise and flame. The joining of sea and sky at the horizon line was invisible, so that the three women sat looking into a vast curving realm of the most sensuous colors.

"I suppose I'd better go and put on a dress for dinner," said Evelyn, getting up. "Thanks for the drink, Cynthia."

"Don't go. There's lots more."

"No more for me, thanks."

"Francette? Wee drop?"

"No, thank you, Cynthia," Francette said primly. She, too, stood up.

Evelyn said, "Don't sit out here alone, Cynthia; it's bad for your morale. Aren't you going to put something on?"

"There's nothing wrong with my morale that another Martini won't fix up just fine," replied Cynthia. She held the key ring up to her eye and squinted through it. "Must dress for dinner, though, mustn't one! The tropics will get you, you know!"

Evelyn laughed and went indoors. Francette followed, limping.

Cynthia sat on. Her feet were up, she had on practically no clothes, the Martini pitcher was within arm's reach, there was nothing to worry about and no use worrying because you couldn't *do* anything about it here, even if you wanted to. . . . It was the nicest time of the whole day, she reflected, and poured herself another drink.

In just a little while she *would* go and put on a dress . . . yes, indeed. After dinner she would probably take the dress off and walk out of the house naked and go down for a swim in the moonlight. She had done it before. She didn't give a damn if it shocked Francette. Or Mrs. Jardine. Or Evelyn. Or any native who happened to be hanging around—and they weren't supposed to be hanging around at that hour.

If Charles were here, he would make her wear something over her bare hide. In fact, if Charles were here, she wouldn't be able to night-bathe at all on account of the fuss he'd make about the dangers of her cutting herself on the coral or stepping on a sea urchin in the dark, or something. . . . Now, John would approve of night swimming in the buff; he'd be the first one in.

What was Charles doing now, she wondered. Having a drink with John at Twenty-one, probably. She could see them. They'd have one or two at the long bar, then go upstairs and have dinner together, possibly—if John had decided not to go home to Ruth. They'd be talking in a friendly enough way, but not about her. Not Charles. When she'd told him she had to have a divorce because she and John wanted to get married, he'd said, "I can understand your wanting to get away from me; I know I'm a dull sort. But what's so hot about John Soams? He's no smarter than I am, he's no better looking, he doesn't have any more money, and God knows he's not as faithful! I don't see how Ruth has put up with it this long."

Cynthia had tried to explain . . . and that was a mistake. Always a mistake to try to tell a man why you love someone else. Charles hadn't understood. But he went right on being friends with John, after he found out everything was all aboveboard. . . . Only, he'd said, we won't talk about Cynthia. Ever.

"So let's have just one more," Cynthia said aloud to the lizard, who jumped and disappeared in a flash. She picked up the Martini pitcher and gave it a little shake. "We'll drain these dregs and drink to my beautiful Johnny-boy. Then we'll go and dress for dinner!"

Chapter 3

In the middle of the night Cynthia was awakened by a noise. It sounded vaguely like bleating. Goats, she thought. It did not come again. But now the room was cramped and hot, and the thought of more sleep failed to attract her.

She pawed her way out from under the mosquito bar, groped for cigarettes and lighted one, and padded over to the unscreened window. In her knee-length white cambric nightgown with the long, full, tightly-cuffed sleeves and high round neck, and with her hair falling down her back, she looked like a cross between a snowy-tufted crane and one of Botticelli's angels.

Outside the window, the night pressed down, warm and sweet and swollen. There was a round moon whose white radiance made a silver-and-black painting of the leaves of palm and papaya, and illuminated the mountain beyond so clearly that she could see the crude road winding up its side.

There were all kinds of noises. Crickets chirped, frogs in a stagnant pond beyond the cemetery croaked, a bird passing the night in a near-by tree, overbalanced, clucked angrily, and resettled itself with a thrumming sound. And somewhere farther off, two donkeys talked, hideously.

Cynthia leaned out and sniffed, then drew back, her small nostrils quivering. The lemon shrub and the cape jasmine smelled delicious—but someone had left a basketful of yesterday's lobster shells in the yard directly below her window.

How typical, she thought—and decided to go for a walk, or a swim, or even both. It was nice to walk along the beach at night when everyone was asleep except the silent, free-running dogs, and the goats and the donkeys. And the big, well-camouflaged crabs that waited to be almost stepped on before they scuttled out of the way. . . . She was not afraid of anything on the island—or anywhere else, for that matter.

Tossing her cigarette into the damp greenery below, she glided over to her bedside table, collected cigarettes and lighter, and a moment later was slithering barefoot through the house, over the old creaky boards without a sound, and down the worn front steps.

The breeze down by the water's edge was sweet to the senses after the hot, airless room; she put up her arms and let it embrace her. When she turned her back to it, and to the sea, her short, full-skirted nightgown ballooned outward and her long, lustrous blonde hair fanned like a cloud in front of her face. She thought the presence of so much warm wind from the west might indicate a storm soon. But

that hardly seemed likely with this moon. Anyway, the air felt wonderful, like a kiss.

She had been a little drunk before dinner, but that had worn off. Now she was just restless. In the distance, barely discernible, were some native boats, tied up at the landing for the night—should she go that way and look at them? Or should she walk the other way, around the point to where the rocky cliff behind Mrs. Jardine's house shelved down, and where there was a niche in the shoreline that was as big as a small room and that she loved because it was so absolutely private?

It was hard to get to—which made it even more attractive. It was sealed off from land by a dense growth of mangrove trees, and in order to approach it by sea you had either to swim in a vast circle out around the point because of shallow water, or wade—at the risk of stepping on all sorts of things. She decided to wade.

The water was even warmer than the air. It reached her ankles, then the calves of her legs. Presently the tepid stuff was lapping at her knees. One false step, and she might as well be swimming. She *would* swim, if it weren't for these long sleeves. . . .

This was turning into a goodish long walk, or wade. She had never tried it at night, before. By day, you could look down and see thousands of little blue and yellow fish streaking along past you—

Something caressed her instep, and was gone. Like seaweed, only seaweed didn't swim away. . . . Ouch! That coarse-textured, yielding, rubbery thing she had stepped on was a starfish. Better, though, than stepping on the horrible black spines of a sea urchin.

There hadn't been any urchins among these rocks this morning, but that was no guarantee they hadn't arrived since. Strange they hadn't infested the niche; it was a perfect, natural place for the little stinkers to congregate. . . .

She was wading very carefully now. The place couldn't be much farther. Just along here. Yep! There was the marker, that tree covered with white frangipani blossoms—it was just a yard or two beyond that. Well, here we are, at last!

She turned and headed for land. She was moving delicately, feeling for the hidden bottom with each cautious footstep, and looking downward. She thought she was completely alone.

Then she saw the man.

He was nude except for swimming-trunks and a string about his neck with something shiny hanging from it—probably a dog tag—and he was approaching obliquely from the opposite direction, wading cautiously along the rocks, down-glancing, completely silent in his movements, and obviously heading for this very same niche. He peered intently toward it every few steps.

Cynthia had experienced before the feeling of omniscience in looking at someone who should have been equally aware of her presence, and plainly was not. It always gave her a sense of power, and it did so now. It diluted the first inevitable shock of fear. Clearly the advantage was hers, though not for long. In a moment, unless he looked up, he would bump into her.

"Who are you?" she demanded firmly.

He jumped, lost his footing, and fell backward with a splash. A moment later he was up again, snorting, but by that time Cynthia had had her laugh, unheard.

"Gosh, you scared me!" he said, hitching up his trunks with one hand. He glanced from her to the shore, and back again.

"I did, didn't I," murmured Cynthia, eyeing him watchfully, her hands in the instinctive gesture, one upon the other, on her breast. "I never swept a man off his feet *quite* so completely."

He rubbed his eyebrow with a forefinger. "That's just my boyish way of attracting attention," he said. "Some men send flowers. I fall down in the water."

"It seems to work."

"As a matter of fact, you *still* scare me—sort of. How do you stay on top of the water like that?"

Cynthia glanced down to see for herself the effect of her short white nightgown just clearing the dark surface of the water.

"I'm a twelve-year-old midget," she replied gravely. "And it's a family secret."

"I didn't mean to pry," he said. He rubbed the spot between the arch of his ribs, absently, with one hand.

"Don't think I wasn't frightened, too," she assured him. "When I first saw you creeping along like that, I nearly jumped out of my skin."

"Is that a fact?"

"Well—now that we've recovered, how do you do, Neptune?" As she spoke she felt something feathery glide past her ankle, and winced. Whatever it was, it went away.

She wished she could see his face, but with the moon at his back, she could make out little except the outlines of a strong young male, built like the men who rowed so passionately on the Charles and Upper Hudson to win cups for dear old Something-or-other . . . all sinewy shoulders and long, rippling-muscled arms. He had a good clear baritone voice that reminded her of someone's—she couldn't think who.

"My name is—"

She checked him with an airy gesture. "Never mind! You're Neptune now. I insist."

"Oh, in that case—better say Neptune, Junior. Pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

"'At your service' is the usual phrase. Now, what's the idea of coming out without your proper things on—your crown, your trident?"

He scratched one shoulder, in slow motion, and stroked the side of his neck. "Couldn't get the trident tonight," he said. "Dad wouldn't let me take it out. He said, 'No, Junior, not tonight.' You understand, I haven't been in the business very long."

Cynthia laughed delightedly. "You're starting at the bottom," she said. "Working your way up. What are you at present—a shipping clerk?" He nodded. "In the basement?"

He nodded again.

"How damp for you!" All this while Cynthia's foot had been stealthily searching for a certain rock that she knew was somewhere just about here. Any elevation would do. She said, "My older sister worked a week once in Macy's basement. It was divinely romantic—"

She had found a suitable rock, and now she stepped cautiously upon it, revealing the rest of her legs and a pair of arched and delicate feet. She was proud of her feet, too.

If the sight of her long, beautiful legs affected the man standing in the water, he gave no sign of it. He slapped at a mosquito that had landed on his chest and agreed politely that it did sound romantic. "Were you going somewhere when I crossed your bow?"

"That place—that niche in there." She pointed.

"So was I." He hesitated briefly. "May I help you ashore?"

She nodded, and watched him come toward her, wading with a strong, thigh-lifting movement and stepping gingerly. She sobered, and when he held out his hand to her, she withheld her own to ask, in a different tone altogether:

"Are you trustworthy?"

"As trustworthy as—as a man can be," he replied, and although the words might have been spoken flippantly, she was convinced that they were not.

She had great faith in her ability to judge people—in her hunches about them—and her hunch now was that this shaggy young man who could hold his own in a bit of whimsy without strangling it to death, was basically serious, reliable, and far more engaging than anyone she had talked to since her arrival in this deserted cranny of the world. More than that, she received, as she slipped her hand into his, a most extraordinary impression that he had come here knowing she would be here. But that, of course, was absurd.

Wading ashore at his side, she frankly looked at him. He was facing the moon now, and she could see an unlined face with broad brow, high-bridged nose, mobile mouth and narrow jaws. She noticed that his chest and forearms were covered with springy, curly, lightish hair in which drops of water glistened like diamonds. The hand that supported and guided her was as hard as old leather; its palm felt slightly abraded, like the pads of a big dog.

She considered letting him tell her his name and where he came from, as he had been perfectly prepared to do a moment ago, but she was unwilling, still, to put things on such a humdrum plane.

And besides—if tomorrow she thought it over and came up with the conclusion that she had gone a little *too* far, chatting away in her nightgown with an unknown man, why, then she could pretend the whole thing had never happened. She would have gone for a stroll in the moonlight and felt a little fey. . . .

He dropped her hand and stepped back to let her go ahead of him. She thought he was following, but he was not; when she glanced back she saw that he was crouched down, looking at something in the rocks.

Cynthia went back and bent over to look, too. A small mass of something was wedged there in the shadowed crevice of the rock. As she looked, it writhed once in a slow muscular ripple that gave the effect of a vast sigh, then it lay still.

She knelt for a closer view. "Looks like a starfish," she said. "A big one. Is he dead?"

"No, but he would be, soon." He touched his forefinger to one of the soft, rubbery tips. It recoiled slowly.

Cynthia said, "In a week's time, he'll be a beautiful shell, all dry and clean. I'll see that he gets a choice place in Mrs. Jardine's shell collection."

"Not this one," said the man. He put his hand down between the rocks and carefully extricated the starfish. Then he took it down to the sea's edge, knelt, and slid it into the softly lapping water.

Turning away Cynthia thought, This man has not been long in these islands. No one here would bother to rescue a stranded fish, unless it were edible.

She went over to her favorite rock and sank down on it . . . and was instantly welcomed by a score of mosquitoes. The niche was a lovely place, but it had one disadvantage: it was on the lee side of the point and was cut off completely from the so-called prevailing winds.

The man came back, hopping easily from rock—to rock—to dry sand. He began going through the motions of one who has come out of the sea with water in his ears, tilting his head to one side and smartly slapping the opposite ear, then reversing the process. He was standing in front of her, but not looking at her. She had never seen such muscles on any man, and though he was fair-haired in the moonlight—almost as blond as she—his skin was as dark as honey except for a tiny strip of white that with his calisthenics had crept up above the belt-line of the swimming-trunks.

She leaned back on the palms of her hands and crossed her ankles straight out in front of her. "I see you haven't lived here long," she said.

"All my life."

"Oh."

"You want my credentials?"

"No," she said, glancing off. "Why should I want your credentials? It was just what you did about the starfish, that's all."

He let the matter drop.

Cynthia tilted her head back and looked straight up into the vault above. Viewed thus, the star-studded sky

came closer, the stars looked suddenly larger and much brighter. By swinging her head the tiniest half-inch, she could make the whole firmament move in a great cosmic sweep. A half-inch the other way—and the heavens solemnly reversed themselves. The effect was oddly hypnotic.

With her face still turned to the sky she said, "They say nothing can transport you from the surface of this earth as quickly as the study of the stars. . . . Neptune? . . . I'm talking to you."

"I had a telescope, once." As he spoke, he sat down on the sand at her feet, his back partially toward her, his powerful legs crossed under him, tailor-fashion. "I lost it."

"How?" She lowered her chin and looked at him.

"At sea."

"What a shame," she said, and tilted her face to the stars again.

Out of nowhere came a little breeze, so frail that she herself could have blown a better one with her breath. It fingered the veil of her loose-hanging hair; it shook a little sweetness into the air from the frangipani blossoms; it played briefly in the treetops of the hillside at the back of the niche, and then it was gone.

To foil the mosquitoes, Cynthia sat up and drew her knees up under the tent of her gown. She reached for her cigarettes on the rock beside her, and handed down the pack, with lighter.

"Cigarette?"

When he had lighted both their cigarettes, and returned to her the package and the lighter, he said, "You shouldn't be out alone at night, you know."

"I couldn't sleep." She was hugging her knees, the fiery-tipped cigarette caught between two fingers of her right hand. "Those little rooms at Mrs. Jardine's are murder."

"If you must wade at night, wade along the beach back there," he said mildly. "Barracuda sometimes come in here." He was smoking with an air of concentrated pleasure, looking off to sea. When the cigarette was not between his lips, its burning end was cupped within his loose fist; an odd way to hold a cigarette, she thought.

She was puzzled by his indifference to her; no man had been this indifferent since she came out of school. Not that I'm such a raving beauty, she thought, but I'm a *girl,* and unique at the moment, and with all this moonlight—

She glanced down at the toes protruding from beneath the hem of her gown, wriggled them, and said impulsively, "Aren't you glad I have legs?" The moment she said it, she wished it unsaid; he might have forgotten already his own first words to her.

"There was never much real doubt, was there?" he said. He sounded mildly disapproving, like Charles when she had made one of her careless remarks.

She thought, All right for *you,* then! If you want formality—

"I am Mrs. Charles Innes," she said, letting fly all her social banners. "I'm down here in the Virgins getting a divorce." That should fix him.

He was not impressed. "Mrs. Innes." He glanced at her sideways and nodded his head acknowledgingly. "And you are very upset about it. I don't blame you."

"At being Mrs. Charles Innes?"

"I meant at being divorced."

"But I am not. Of course I'm not."

"Odd. I thought you were."

"Then you thought wrong—" She hunched forward, clutching her knees more tightly and wishing he would turn around so she could look him squarely in the face. His head was below the level of her knees, and the moonlight showed her something she had not noticed before. "Why, Neptune! Did you know you had dozens of little cowlicks all over your head?"

Quickly he put up his left hand, rummaged a moment at his hair, put the hand down again. "Then we don't talk about divorce," he said quietly. "Is that it? The subject is taboo."

"Of course not!" she said. "Heavens. no. Everybody who's getting one talks about it. It's all they ever talk about. Right now there are hundreds of women, and some men, scattered through these Islands, getting their divorces, and talking like mad about it to anybody who'll listen. . . . You know, you remind me so much of someone—of *two* people, first one and then the other. I never met a man before who could make me think of two other men at once."

He slapped negligently at a mosquito on his chest. "Very well," he said. "I'm sorry I asked. Look at that moon, what a fine ring she has around her. The bonita should be biting tomorrow. Lots of Tortola boats'll be out—"

"Oh, I don't *mind* telling you!" she cried. "What is it you want to know?"

"Why you're so unhappy about it." He drew briefly on the cigarette, and presently a thin stream of smoke rose above his head.

Cynthia dropped her own cigarette into a crevice in the rock. "No one told you I was unhappy," she said. "It's very simple. I love another man, so I asked my husband to let me go."

"And he let you go? Without a struggle?"

"No. No, he doesn't want me to have the divorce, but he's helping me get it all the same. I guess because he's fond of me."

He threw her an impatient glance over his shoulder and said, "I don't think you're telling quite the whole thing. Do you squander his money? Or keep a slovenly house? Or—"

"I keep as good a house as anybody," she replied tartly. "And I'm not extravagant. I admit I buy too many shoes, but aside from that—"

"All the same," he said, " a man doesn't just let go of his wife—" he broke off and hurled his cigarette far out, so that it struck the water beyond the uneven perimeter of rocks—"like that."

At first she was not going to answer at all. Then she changed her mind.

"Oh, well," she said, "if you must know—he didn't. Otherwise I wouldn't be here in this deadly—in this place. He said, 'All right, if you're determined to have this divorce, you may have it. But only if you give me your word to get it somewhere where you'll be away from everybody you know. Some place where you'll have time to think over what you're doing.' He said, 'Florida's out. Reno's out. So is Sun Valley. You'd have friends in all those places.' He wouldn't even let me stay on St. Thomas, where there are a few good hotels. He said if I wanted a divorce badly enough, I could pay for it with some plain living and high thinking."

"Good for him! He evidently thought you'd like it better if it were plain thinking and high living—is that it? But here you are, and right in my bailiwick."

She gave a little chuckle, then sobered. "And here I am," she agreed. "And I haven't stirred a step from St. James since I came, and I'm not going to." She sighed.

"Who's the man—the other man—the one you love?" he asked. "Is he a friend of your husband's?"

"How did you guess?" said Cynthia. She was finding his little thrusts disturbing.

It was even more disturbing to hear herself going on to further explanations, pouring out her heart. She was not the type who poured out her heart to strangers. . . .

"They have known each other since they were little boys. They are exact opposites. Exact. John is like brandy, Charles is like milk."

"Charles is your husband."

"At the moment."

"And they both loved you, and you chose Charles—is that it?"

"Oh, no. I never knew Johnny until after we were married. He was Charles' friend, not mine." Her fingers were busy making a little pleat in the fabric over her knee. Her thoughts flew back and forth over the past, trying to pick out the parts of it that counted; that added up to her being here now. . . . What makes a marriage? . . . What breaks up a marriage? . . . At what point should I have realized that Johnny's not milk, to be sipped and forgotten —the glass of warm milk you drink at night to put you to sleep. Johnny's the strong stuff, hard stuff, brandy, as I said. Some people can't let it alone, you know. It's a desire that grows and grows.

"It must be tough on all three of you," the man at her feet said sympathetically.

"On four of us."

"Oh? Too bad. A child, you mean."

"No."

"Of course—Mrs. John?"

"Mrs. John. I remember . . .

I was eighteen when I met Charles. He had come to call on my older sister, Corinne. She's the beauty of the family, and when the brains were being passed out, she got those, too. I wish you could meet her . . . well, anyway. Charles had a date with her. She takes forever to get dressed, and she wasn't ready when he came, so I went in to talk to him until she came down.

Charles is one of those men who have no small talk—you know? We discussed the weather and daylight saving—he was all for it—new plays, and football and fortune tellers; maybe Brahms got into the discussion—I'm just giving you a rough idea; I don't actually remember the topics—and still Corinne didn't come, and I knew she was taking even longer than usual because it was Charles.

Finally my mother came in and took the wheel, and I said, "Excuse me; I'll go see what's keeping Corinne. . . ."

The next time he called up, he asked for a date with me. I couldn't go out with him that night. He called again the next day, and Lilly (that's my mother; she likes for Corinne and me to call her Lilly) answered the phone. She said, "You mean Corinne, don't you?" and he said, "No, I mean Cynthia. . . ." For some reason, my mother liked his switching from Corinne to me.

Well, that first evening he asked me to go with him to hear Mitropoulos conduct the Philharmonic, and afterward for some supper somewhere. When he came by for me, my mother was there and said:

"Charles, I hope you'll help me to talk Cynthia out of this silly idea she's got in her head, about taking a secretarial course."

Charles asked, "What's wrong with that?"

Lilly said, "Well, the hours, for one thing. She thinks she can dance all night and get up in the morning, and still keep her freshness. I've tried to talk to her, but you know how girls are."

He said, "No, how are they?" and he wasn't trying to be funny; he really wanted to know.

Lilly switched then, and said that every time a girl like Cynthia took a job, she was depriving some other girl who really needed the job—wasn't that true? Charles said he thought it was a fallacy, and spent ten minutes explaining to Lilly why. At the end—she never really listens, you know—she said, "But it isn't as though Cynthia needs the money—"

And of course, I didn't, actually. Our family had a good deal of money, mostly in Lilly's name, I think. I don't really know. She and my father used to fight a lot, sometimes about money and sometimes about other things —his mistresses more than anything else—and once I think he hit her, though I didn't actually see him do it and I'm not at all sure.

It was around that time that Corinne left home and went to work in Macy's basement.

Father's a very handsome man—the only man I know who wears waistcoats piped in white and a fresh carnation every day. A red one.

Once I thought Lilly had hit him back: he came down to breakfast one morning with two blood-red eyes. Not one black one; two red ones. The whites of his eyes—the part that's supposed to be more or less white—were covered with millions of little red veins that looked as though they were ready to burst. It looked horrible. Lilly laughed and laughed in a very hard way, and said he was getting too old for that pace and he would fall down dead some day—and wouldn't he look ridiculous then? . . . Sex, I think she meant.

Well, anyway—Charles went on calling me up, and sending flowers, and asking me to have dinner with him. He used to sit across a dinner table watching me like a dog watching a bone—he looks kind of like a bird dog, if bird dogs wore glasses. Every now and then he'd ask me to marry him.

Charles is a lawyer. He's the Innes of Dauber, Innes, Claremont and Carter. When Lilly found out he'd proposed, she went right to town on it. She pointed out all the money she and Father'd spent on bringing me up, and sending me to good schools and all, and said I owed it to them to marry Charles. She said, "You know I'm not one of these mothers who'd ask you to marry just anybody, darling. Charles Innes is a good man. His father was president of the Something-or-other Railroad. He's an only child. He must be rolling in stocks and bonds."

About that time, Corinne married a man she was madly in love with. He owns his own travel agency (Nicky's firm gets a fee for every guest he books in at Mrs. Jardine's, by the way), and they're divinely happy. That's probably why I accepted Charles.

"Because your sister's happy and your brother-in-law gets a fee?"

"Because it was lonesome at home after Corinne left," she answered simply.

Charles has this little hacking cough. It doesn't mean anything; it's nerves, or something. He loves to play chess. Some evenings after dinner we'd sit in the living room for two hours, and all you'd hear would be hack-hack-hack . . . Charles, contemplating a move. He likes symphonies and sailing and serious conversation, and that's about all. He doesn't dance.

One of his stunts is to bring home clients to dinner, without letting me know. They're usually the very poor ones that he's giving his services to for nothing, so he says if he puts it on a semisocial basis, it doesn't seem so much like charity. . . . Oh, brother!

No, they're not all creeps, but some of them are the damp-hand, hat-dropping kind—you know; they can't decide whether to walk beside you going into the dining room, or behind you, or what. I lost a perfectly good cook because she couldn't stand his telling her at eight P.M. there'd be one more for dinner, or maybe two.

One of the clients took a shine to me. He sent me some tired gladioli the next day, and the day after that, he sent a note asking me to go to a matinee. He was a real long-hair; I wish you could have seen him: Hollow cheeks. Fingers like Dracula, and not too clean, either. I went, mostly to see where he was taking me . . . and it was Carnegie Hall. An afternoon concert, and he'd called it a "matinee"! Said he was afraid if he'd said "concert," I wouldn't go, the crafty fellow.

Coming home in the cab, he made kind of a pass at me. I told Charles about it, and do you know what he said? He said, "Poor devil. If he asks you to go to another concert, go with him, Cyn. And wear the prettiest dress you've got!" . . . Now whoever would have expected Charles to say a thing like that? If that man had been somebody else,

like John, for example, Charles would have wanted to kill him.

"It must have hurt Charles to find out you were in love with his friend," suggested Neptune. He held up his hand, and she automatically put in it the package of cigarettes. "Thanks," he said, taking one and returning the pack.

She frowned and bit her lip. It *had* been rough—all the more so because Charles and Johnny were such good friends. How could two men so utterly different be such friends? She had asked Charles that once, and he'd answered very sensibly, too. He'd said, "If a man's a real man, not just a woman-killer, the same magnetism that attracts women attracts men, too. John is more fun to be with than any other man I know."

"Tell me about this other one."

"Johnny? He's a real-estate broker."

"What's he like?"

Cynthia clasped her hands in her lap, and looked up at the sky. "He's without doubt the handsomest man I ever saw," she said in a passionate voice. "And the most vivid. Johnny's—

When he comes into a room, women's faces change and become children's faces when the cake with the lighted candles is being brought in.

John Soams, broker. It could be John Soams, actor—or artist, or writer, or tap dancer, or any darned thing you could think of. He exudes talent. And gaiety. There's nothing he can't do, and no dull moment he can't instantly turn into fun. He has an aura of sex that's as real, as nearly tangible, as smoke. His kiss—

Why do big, virile men so often marry plain, unattractive women? Ruth Soams is fat as a pig, loud, dresses abominably, and drinks. She might be a good mother, but that's about her limit. And what a cry-baby! Ruth came to the house one day to see me, and to plead.

("What will become of me, Cynthia? What will become of the children? Johnny isn't the best husband and father in the world, but he's all we'll ever have. Cynthia, *please* give him up!")

Give up John? Not a chance. Besides, he'd be leaving Ruth in any case.

("No! No, he wouldn't, Cynthia. He's been crazy about willowy blondes before, and he will be again. You're the only one he's gone completely out of his senses about—I admit that. Cynthia . . . please?)

Love's a funny thing. It burns you and melts you and twists you into whatever shape it pleases. Just looking across the room at John's big handsomeness, just catching the vibrations of his voice, or hearing his good loud laugh burst out of him, gives you that dropped-away, half-sick-with-excitement feeling beneath the heart.

Ruth and her tactics! "Oh, do come out and spend the week-end with us, Cynthia dear. Charles is in Washington this week, isn't he? We'd love to have you—Johnny and the children and I!" That was supposed to show Cynthia the beauty and the sanctity of the home. Old home-wrecker Cynthia.

It was quite a week-end. John, surrounded by his two adoring children, a boy and a girl, seven and five, the boy as much like his father as anything that small could be, the girl exactly like Ruth. John was wonderful with them, talking to them, listening to them, chasing them out when they got too much underfoot. It was thrilling to watch him being the father.

Then, that evening, being the host. John—mixing the cocktails too strong, getting a little fried, calling up friends to come over and join the party, making them stay on for the supper *he* cooked—steaks broiled over charcoal in the outdoor fireplace—he can even cook, the wonder-man!

It was wonderful to wake up in the morning and know that John was right there in the house, and to brush your hair and put on your new Mainbocher tweeds and come down to find him reading the Sunday papers in the living room while the children fought over the funny papers on the floor. Ruth stayed in her room, with the door closed. Hangover, most likely.

I asked if we were going to wait breakfast for her. He said no, Ruth was sick, and that he was sending her up some calves'-foot whisky, later.

We had breakfast in the sun parlor, the children and Johnny and me . . . but first Johnny took me out there and broke off a carnation and tucked it in the front of my blouse, and kissed me.

After breakfast there was the matter of Johnny Junior's pet guinea pig's new litter to dispose of. That was not so nice. That almost spoiled the week-end.

John said a pair of guinea pigs was all right—he guessed. More was too much. He built up a fire in the outdoor fireplace and put a big pot of water on to boil. When it boiled, he dropped the litter of guinea pigs in, one by one. You could hear their little claws scratching at the pot lid. . . .

At that point I ran away. But the children stood and watched, round-eyed. . . . Yes, it *was* a little sick-making. When Charles came home from Washington I told him where I'd spent the week-end. I told him about the guinea pigs, and he said:

"Not in front of the children?"

"Yes."

"I guess you love him, all right," he said. And then he said he would talk to a lawyer he knew about getting the divorce.

"I'm sorry you came here," said the man.

"Why? A Virgin Islands divorce is one of the easiest of all."

He shook his head. "The Islands have a way of sending some people back without divorces, sometimes."

"Nonsense! My lawyer in St. Thomas—"

"These islands are older than any lawyer. They're very beautiful. They resent being used for such purposes. Sometimes in the night, if you listen carefully, you can hear them whispering to each other about it. Listen now!"

"Oh—" She drew herself up straight, and was uncertain whether to laugh or to resent what he said. In spite of herself, she listened a moment to the delicate rustle of the sea stroking the sides of the coral rocks.

"I know what you're thinking," she said, collapsing her spine into a comfortable curve again. "You think I ought to stick to the man I have. You're thinking of Ruth and the children, and all the other things."

He put up his hand and scrubbed at the cowlicks. "Couldn't you teach Charles to be a little gayer?" he asked. "A little more fun?"

"Teach *Charles* to be gay? Charles is a corporation lawyer."

"He loves you."

"Neptune—have you ever been kissed by somebody whose mouth turned your very bones to jelly? *Have* you, Neptune?"

"Yes. Yes, I—yes, sure."

"Then you know."

The man in front of her was silent. He stalked a mosquito on his ankle by leaning slowly forward, hand raised. The movement made the long muscles of his tapered back ripple wondrously, like ropes under the skin.

Cynthia let her eyelids fall. Suddenly she felt the taste of flowers in her mouth, and following that, the bitter taste of sea water. Or was it tears?

Neptune had risen lazily and was standing before her, a brawny stranger in ragged trunks and a silly little metal tag suspended on a cord around his neck. She looked up at him with frightened eyes.

"Who are you?"

"Me? I'm Neptune's boy."

"No, but seriously—"

He smiled at her.

"Get me out of here," she whispered.

He put down a hand and helped her to her feet, saying soothingly, "Look where the moon is now. In another hour she'll have set. It's been a wonderful night. Wind's shifting now, though. We'll get a storm soon."

"I should have gone home long ago," she said in a husky voice. "When the stars get dim like this, it means it's almost dawn. Good night, Neptune."

"Good night." He had become the host; he followed her to the water's edge. "Hadn't I better see you home?"

"No, please not." She was looking down, picking her way among the bits of coral that dotted the shallow water. She was in a frenzy to be gone and yet she felt so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open.

Only once did she glance back.

He was watching her. He had taken up a sailorish stance, with his hands behind his back and his feet apart (as Charles, in the days when he used to take his little boat out, used to stand on its tiny forward deck, looking out over the water with a possessive expression), and when her head turned, he waved.

"Good night, Cynthia!"

"Good night." She was busy getting her footing in deeper water, and did not look back again. The sea felt deliciously warm against her flesh.

Chapter 1

"**Isn't anybody** going to meet the mail?" Francette asked.

"In this downpour?" said Evelyn. She closed her book over her finger and yawned, then half turned in her chair to look at Francette, who was standing just inside the screen door of the veranda, hoping for a glimpse of the *Wasp* through the rain.

Cynthia didn't even look up She had been sleepy-eyed and unnaturally silent all day, and now she was stretched on the worn wicker sofa, and she held a magazine in her hands, but Francette thought she was dozing. No page had been turned for a good ten minutes.

Evelyn said, "Besides, there won't be anything today, anyway."

"I'm expecting a letter," said Francette in a patient voice.

"Of course," Evelyn replied hastily. "All I meant was, on rainy days when you need it most, the mail seems to—"

"Shall I go for you, Francette?" Cynthia put down her book. "How's your foot, by the way?"

"It's fine, thank you. You can hardly see the place. No, you look too comfortable, Cynthia. I'll trot along and see if the boat has already come."

She went upstairs and put on her raincoat over her shirt and slacks, and took off her sandals. She put an old shower cap on her head. When she came down again, it was raining in even greater torrents.

By the time she was halfway to the landing, the water had seeped through her poplin coat and drenched her to the skin. Rain thundered on the top of the rubberized cap, and poured down the planes of her cheeks. Rain dripped off her chin. She had never seen such rain.

There were no children playing by the landing today, and not a living creature in sight except the little tan dog, Boston, who was lying snug and dry in the shelter of the overturned old boat.

Francette said, "Hello, Boston," and he got up, politely but reluctantly, and came out into the rain to speak to her. His clean, tidy tan body became almost instantly the color of dark mahogany.

"Nice boy," Francette said, bending and patting his warm, steamy head. "Good dog." Boston waved a sturdy tail, shook himself violently, and promptly trotted back to his comfort.

The *Wasp* was not at the dock. Francette could not tell whether it had come and gone, or not come in that day. She lingered a moment at the landward end of the deserted dock, then turned and went in under the trees to the postmaster's house.

Its weatherbeaten door was closed, its single window shuttered. Half a dozen chickens sat on their feet in the dry dust beneath the house. A goat, tethered to a stump in the rain, with water pouring off his chin whiskers, looked at her malignantly. There was a strong primitive smell in here among the houses that was greatly aggravated by the wetness.

Disgusting, thought Francette. She stared a moment longer at the closed, paintless wooden box on stilts that was the St. James post office. It looked boarded up and abandoned. But of course it was not; it was dwelt in. Francette had a feeling that the dwellers were at this moment peeping at her through the generous cracks in the raw wood, and laughing at her. She was quite sure she heard the sly, low, rich, mocking native laughter . . . or was it the rattle of palm fronds high overhead? Sighing, she turned away.

Yesterday she had thought, I can hold out another day without hearing from him, but that's the limit. After that, I don't know what I'll do. And now, at this moment, she felt very near the end of things.

To go back to the veranda, and Cynthia, and Evelyn, and the blunt-tongued Mrs. Jardine, was unthinkable for the present. She decided to take a walk.

A ragged road led between the houses and back into the mountain, but it looked sodden and dreary in the rain. She went back to the beach, planting her feet with care, for the storm had turned up fresh debris—bits of broken glass and rusty tin cans, playthings left by the children. She would explore the beach farther along, beyond the boat landing. No one went there much, because of the great underwater growth of grasses and slimy stuff.

As Francette walked along, her head downbent, the rain doubled its attack on her. It seemed vindictive, almost personal, as though it were trying to dissolve the very cloth on her shoulders, and the ugly plastic thing on her head. It was tiring merely to push a way through so much water. Had there been a wind to match, she would have been blown away like a straw.

I can't take much more of this, she thought, gasping for breath and looking around for some place to shelter for a while.

Her eye fell on an excellent spot, under the spreading limbs of a locust tree. And standing there, with his thumbs hooked in the top of a pair of skin-tight pants, was the man she had seen yesterday.

He watched her come, smiling a little, and when she was a yard or so away, he spoke to her.

"Hurry," he said. "It's nice and snug under here." And as she thrust forward out of the downpour, "I've been watching you battle your way along that beach. Here. This is the best spot. Dry as can be." He smiled, showing nice white teeth in a brown face. She noticed that his fair hair and the shoulders of the patched white shirt that he wore with all its top buttons unbuttoned over a big blond chest, were dry. He must have been here for some time.

"Whew!" Francette was panting, and pulling off the unbecoming baby-blue shower cap. It looked awful, she knew. But she had not expected to meet anybody except a native or two. Certainly she had not expected to see *him* again.

"I saw you here yesterday," she said, stuffing the cap into her pocket. "At least, I think I did. I'm Francette Hayden—Mrs. Don Hayden."

"My name is Martin Jardine," he said, glancing off, seeming not to see the clumsy movements of her hands as she tried, without success, to tidy her hair.

Francette stopped, her hands in mid-air. "Jardine?" she said. "Then you must be—oh, but you don't—I'm *staying* at Mrs. Jardine's." She picked up a corner of her raincoat and wrung the water out of it. "I'm surprised I haven't seen you before."

"I'm never there, Mrs. Hayden," he replied in a pleasant baritone. He stood strongly erect on bare feet, his legs braced and a little apart, one hand absently rubbing the hollow place under the arch of his ribs.

Francette felt suddenly sorry for Iris Jardine. "I think your mother is a fine woman," she said, loyally.

He ignored the remark. It was clear to Francette that he did not choose to discuss family matters with a stranger. "I saw you, too, yesterday," he said. "Something happened to your foot, didn't it? You turned back. How is it today?"

"It's fine, thank you," Francette replied. "How nice of you to remember, Mr. Jardine."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that."

"You wouldn't? Well—" She was turning down the sodden collar of her raincoat, trying to smooth it a little. "*I* think it's nice of a total stranger to take an interest in me. My foot, that is."

He smiled again his quick, winning and disarming smile that was so disturbingly like Don's, and said, "Let's sit down and talk this thing over. What do you say?"

For answer, Francette lowered herself to the sand—and promptly sat on a burr.

"Darn it!" She shifted her weight and swept the spine-covered pod out from under her. "Do you see this thing I just sat on? With my luck, I suppose I should be grateful it wasn't a sea urchin! One day it's ants running out of a slice of fresh bread just as you're about to put it in your mouth; another day it's the needlelike point of a shell in your bare foot; or you sit down on one of these things— And they talk about St. James, the second Paradise!"

"A fly in every cup of ointment, eh?" The young man dropped down beside her. "Still, it is beautiful, you must admit." He leaned back, his weight on one elbow, and stretched his legs and crossed them.

"I admit nothing of the sort," Francette replied. She tucked her feet under her and arranged the sopping skirts of her raincoat as gracefully as possible. She was in no mood to care too much about how she looked, but still she wished she were wearing something a little more presentable for a meeting with Mrs. Jardine's son. Well, anyway, it was something to be having this conversation at all. It wasn't happening to glamorous Cynthia, or to fastidious little Evelyn—it was happening to her. And wouldn't they be envious if they knew!

"You don't like our little island, then?"

"I hate and detest every inch of it," replied Francette, dispassionately but with her usual candor. "How long have *you* lived here?"

"All my life. I was born, not on this island, but on a slightly larger one called 'Virgin Gorda,' the 'fat virgin.'"

"I was there a week ago," said Francette. "Sightseeing. You say you're never at Mrs. Jardine's—where *do* you live?" She was like Evelyn; when she became interested in someone, she couldn't help asking questions.

He seemed not to mind. He said, "Oh, all around," and pointed lazily in the direction of a small, rain-obscured island to the southwest. "At the moment I'm camping over there."

Francette knew about the little island. Mrs. Jardine had told her it belonged to an architect who lived in Baltimore. A handful of natives left St. James every fair morning, rowed to the island, and puttered aimlessly all day. She had watched them through Cynthia's binoculars: as far as she could make out, they were never doing much. They were supposed to be clearing the land. If Martin was their overseer, he wasn't killing himself with work.

While this was running through her mind, Francette stole another sidewise look at Martin Jardine. He must be living in a tent or a shed, cooking his own food . . . still he looked contented enough. And strong enough, with all those muscles, to clear the whole island by himself, if he took a notion to.

"You know," she said, "it seems funny to me now, but I mistook you yesterday for my husband. It was the color of your hair, I suppose. And the shape of your head, and shoulders."

He gazed at her in a friendly way, and waited for her to continue.

"Don is older than you, and shorter. And heavier than he used to be. I guess I'm partly to blame for that. I'm"—she paused and gave a little deprecating laugh—"a celebrated cook in my own small world."

"Are you?" he asked interestedly. "I wish I could ask you to teach me how. I'm a lousy cook. Are you going to be here long?"

"I—" began Francette, then stopped. Suddenly it all came flooding, in a great wave: The heartache. The loneliness. The bleakness of the future. That—and her half-formed resolve to end it all, if she could find the courage to do so. "Another four weeks," she answered miserably. "I'm down here g-getting a divorce."

"But you're not quite sure. About getting the divorce, I mean."

"Of course I'm sure," she said. "It's all settled. Why do you say that?"

"There was something in your voice—" He uncrossed his legs, sat up, and looked at her attentively. Francette found herself gazing back into a pair of quite beautiful dark gray eyes. Without warning her own eyes smarted, her throat thickened.

"Divorce is a very serious thing," he said gravely. "Have you talked it over with someone impartial—someone besides your husband?"

"The lawyers. The one in New York and the one in St. Thomas."

"Oh, lawyers!" He made a gesture of impatience with one hand. "They're the scavenger birds of busted-up marriages. I meant a friend."

"I haven't any friends," said Francette. It was a simple declaration, not a bid for pity.

"How about me?"

It was the most extraordinary thing. This youngster, she thought—this stranger. At his age, he ought to be thinking about girls, and swimming, and showing off his muscles, not the troubles of a middle-aged woman whom he meets by accident in a rainstorm.

Under his warm gray gaze she felt the hard shell of an intense reserve that was the very heart of her nature, splintering. Still, the habit of a lifetime was to keep her own counsel; the fewer people you confided in, the less likely you were to get hurt. . . .

At exactly the right moment, he held out his hand.

"Friends?"

She put her hand in his and let him shake it. "Friends."

"Good," he said, and folded his legs under him. "Now start with why you come out in this downpour—it must be for something very important—a letter, maybe!" She nodded. "From your husband?"

"Yes. From Don."

"And you've been married—"

"Ten years."

"Bless my soul," he said thoughtfully. "What could have gone wrong with a marriage such as yours?"

"Nothing," she said. "That is, none of the usual things. I mean, for instance, infidelity—there's nothing like that. But when you've put the best years of your life into building up a marriage, and then you see it being nibbled away

. . . . and nibbled away . . . you hardly know what to do. I'll tell you . . .

At the time we were married, Don was living in a furnished apartment with two other young men. The place was like a pigpen, but that didn't bother them. They had good times there. You know—girls and parties and all that sort of thing. Bachelors have a lot gayer life, especially in New York, than single women.

They all had jobs, but not very good ones, and they spent every dime they had every week, and lived from hand to mouth without being the least bit concerned. Ed and Mort sold advertising, so their incomes varied from week to week, but they averaged about the same pay as Don. They all ran through it like lunatics. You know: payday Friday, broke by the following Wednesday, but in theory share and share alike on expenses—only they weren't too scrupulous, those two.

For instance, the laundry always came on Friday, Don's day off. Ed Wecter and Mort Harper were never there on Friday. So Don would pay it all, then tell them what they owed him—and very often there it ended. He would forget, or they would be short, or something.

Oh, he was so careless with money! He still is. He's like those people who know that in a pinch they have well-to-do relatives to fall back on—only Don hasn't.

No, Don hasn't any family, and neither have I. But—we got married and then Don had somebody and I had somebody . . . and I wanted to sort of take care of him. A week before we were married I went to the savings bank and drew out a hundred dollars.

"Here," I said. "*Pay* the dentist and the landlady and the tailor, and let's start out not owing anybody. Because I can't stand to owe anyone money; I literally can't stand it." . . .

She paused and stared steadily at the sand in front of her. I'm getting too emotional, she told herself. Why can't I tell it quietly, as though it'd happened to somebody else?

Martin Jardine reached over and took her by the hand. She thought he wanted to say something, but all he did was hold onto her hand. And presently she heard her own voice again, monotonous and low, playing a duet with the rattling of the rain.

The two-room apartment I found for Don and me was quite nice, and I learned to cook. Don said for me to take over the money matters, because he was no good at it, and he knew I would manage wisely. He used to give me his salary check every week, and I'd bank it with mine, and draw out what he needed for lunches and carfare, and what we needed for groceries and incidentals.

I forgot to say that Don works for a trade magazine. He's on the editorial staff, and I worked in the classified ads. I left there soon after we were married.

Ed and Mort came to dinner at least three times a week, and for a while that was all right, even kind of fun. They made a big fuss over me, praising my cooking and telling Don what a lucky guy he was—and my grocery bills were sky-high all the time—and the money we spent for liquor was way out of line with Don's salary. I'm not stingy, but I hate to be sponged on. . . .

A sudden gust caught up a spray of rain and flung it in under the tree, wetting both of them. Francette lifted her free arm and wiped her face on her coat sleeve. Martin Jardine ignored the rain. Seeing the raindrops glinting in the curly hair on his chest made her notice the little tarnished metal disk he wore suspended from his neck by a darkly-weathered string. She wondered if it were a charm of some sort, like those the natives fancied . . . anyway, there was some mystery about him. She looked down at his left hand clasping hers on the sand between them, and thought, Who would have believed, this morning, that this afternoon I'd be sitting here holding hands with a good-looking young man, telling him these things, not minding how it might sound?

Maybe I should have kept on working, she went on, after a moment. That would have helped—some. But I got so tired, what with keeping house, and cooking, and cleaning up after parties—I forgot to tell you I'm five years older than Don, though to be honest, I don't think *that* mattered much—

She broke off, frowning, ruminating silently on the injustice of things. Everyone sided with Don, everyone. *She* had no friends. All those people who had come to the house, eaten her nicely-cooked meals, lounged in her well-kept living room, run in and out of the house as though it were their own—it seemed that they were all Don's friends. Don—who never so much as emptied an ashtray or boiled an egg to help out. It wasn't fair.

Anyway, she resumed, Don wanted me to quit work, so I did. We had to manage after that on just Don's salary.

Oh, all I wanted for us both was a reasonable amount of security! Every woman wants her husband to get ahead, doesn't she? Well, I did. And he was coming along nicely, too, with me in charge of him—he was healthier, better dressed, he got to work on time more often, he got two raises—small ones, but still, a sign.

But something always happened. I remember we quarreled our first quarrel over a hundred and fifty dollars. A man Don knew only slightly had to have his leg amputated. I can hear Don now, saying, "But, dear, he needs this money, and there's nobody else he can get it from. Suppose it was me, with my leg cut off! Anyway, he'll pay it back when he can."

But of course he never did.

Then it was—oh, I don't know—ten dollars here, and twenty dollars there, and helping out some man in the office who'd lost his week's pay in a crap game and whose wife would kill him if she found out . . . and all the time our bank balance was dwindling, our furniture was getting shabbier and shabbier, and I needed a new winter coat, and *he* needed an overcoat—

There were so many wedding presents to give! Ed married a girl whose father was something big out in Hollywood. We sent them as nice a present as we could afford. They had us to dinner—they had bought a perfectly beautiful house out in Connecticut—and we invited them back. And that was the last we saw of them for a long time. . . . I know this will sound petty, but it's only fair to say that Ed hadn't given us so much as a teaspoon when *we* were married. . . . Oh, well!

But Mort—the other roommate—came regularly and faithfully to see us. *He'll* be a bachelor the rest of his life. He can't afford to marry the only kind of woman he'll go out in public with: the stunning ones. Do you know that for all the meals Mort's eaten at our house, he's never so much as bought me a drink? Maybe he buys Don one now and then. Not me.

"Oh, Martin, I'm so ashamed of all this!"

"Why are you ashamed?"

"Because I sound so calculating, so mercenary. But it—"

She broke off and began to cry. At least it was a kind of crying: tears kept falling down her cheeks. She took her hand out of Martin's and brushed at them, and still they kept coming. Her cheeks itched with them, in two streaks, and the skin felt drawn.

Martin picked up a shell and examined it.

"I know I look horrible," she said and sniffed.

"You don't at all."

She rummaged in the pocket of her raincoat. Fortunately, a tissue was there. She scrubbed at her eyes and nose with it.

"What a sight! A middle-aged woman in an old wet raincoat, her hair in strings, weeping like a leaky faucet. There! I'm through now." She stuffed the paper handkerchief back in her pocket and smiled at him. Her smile was the one pretty thing about her. It seldom came, but when it did, not even a pink nose and puffed eyes could quench its odd, three-cornered charm.

"I expect this is all very dull and embarrassing for you. I don't know why I'm bending your ear with it—yes, I do, too. It's because you're so nice, so very nice to me. Nicer than anybody has ever been, I think. Except Don."

He said, "I hoped you'd remember to say that." He was watching her closely, his expression as alert and kind as it could be.

It flashed across Francette's mind that if Martin were as much like Don as his gentleness and air of sympathy indicated, he must have hundreds of friends, too. He would be on the side of open-handed, masculine, thoughtless generosity; he would be *against* wives, and their instinct to feather the nest.

The thought opened in her a vein of tartness, so that her next words were tipped with irony.

You understand that all this time Don was *rich*—not in anything you could pay the rent with; in friends. He was loaded with friends.

One thing I've noticed: successful people are always a little bit disagreeable. They can say "no," when it would be so much more pleasing, and charming, to say "yes." Don has never said "no" to anybody in his life, including himself. He has sort of a talent for writing songs. He even sold one once, for a flat amount, two hundred dollars, and it was pretty good, too. He could have written more, but there's always somebody wanting his company, wanting

him to do things. Not all of his friends are hard up, though most of them started on the rung where we are now.

Did you ever hear of Joel Godwyn, the composer? No? He's newly arrived, but he *has* arrived. Well, Joel was a great pal of Don's; they used to talk grand talk about doing a musical together. Don would fool around with lyrics in his spare time.

But Joel spends *all* his time composing music; he's a serious composer. People could go and knock on the door of his basement room and plead with him to come out, to let them in, to give them a drink or go with them to a party . . . all they'd get was a shout to go away, and sometimes not even that. Joel starved himself—as Don will gladly and proudly point out to anyone—to get where he is today. That is, he *would* have starved, except for us.

Don doesn't think we did much to help him, but I think we did. We had this old upright piano in our living room that Don had bought at an auction. So when Joel couldn't keep up the rental on his own piano he took to coming to our house to compose. Sometimes he'd arrive around noon, when I was having a sandwich in the kitchen, and stay right on through dinner that evening. He might as well have been living with us, sleeping in our bed . . . oh, it was just lovely! And on top of that, the sounds he made on the piano—

Don said to me, "I know it's torture, honey, but if you can just put up with him for a while, he may hit a lucky streak yet."

One day Joel went out and married a perfectly stunning girl who hadn't a dime of her own . . . and who do you suppose he borrowed the money from for the week-end in Asbury Park? Us, of course. My husband thought that was hilariously funny.

And who do you suppose they dropped in on, at dinnertime, the day they got back from the honeymoon? Us.

That night after we were in bed I cried and cried, and tried to explain how hopeless it was, and how afraid I am of seeing us both end up on relief. Suppose something happened to Don's job. Who have *we* to turn to? It isn't as though I were young and pretty and could go out and get a job. . . . I can't.

I thought Don understood, that night. I'm almost sure he did. I know he got up and walked the floor most of the night. He acted sorry and sad. I thought he would speak to Joel, tell him to give us a break, explain things. If he did, he didn't make it strong enough.

So Joel, all wrapped up in his wonderful opus, kept coming every afternoon to work on our piano, and three times out of five, when it came dinnertime, here would come Amy, the wife. Generally by that time Don was home. First it was "Have a drink," then it was, "Why don't you two kids stay and have potluck with us?"

I got so, when Joel arrived and rang the downstairs bell, and I pushed the buzzer for him, and he came bounding up the stairs with his "Hi, toots! Mind if I bang a while?" I wanted to kill him.

Don said, "But, dear, don't you see? We've got to let the guy finish this score he's doing; it's our only chance of ever getting back our stake in him. If he sells it, he'll have all kinds of dough. And who knows after all—he may be a genius."

I didn't think he would ever sell *anything*, and at that point I didn't care. That's why I sold the piano.

One day, without telling Don, I called in a second-hand man, sold him the piano, and made him haul it off, then and there.

That afternoon Joel came racing up the stairs. He walked into the living room, and his jaw dropped.

I said, "We sold our piano, Joel; we needed the money more than we did the piano."

He didn't say a word. He just looked at me, turned on his heel, and walked out. He and Amy never came to our house again.

Francette stopped. She had to, she was so ashamed of the way her voice was behaving.

"Look who's here," said Martin. It was a small turtle, no bigger than a walnut, on the sand between them. "He must have been hiding all this time in the leaf mold. Now he feels like going for a swim. It's a sign the storm's almost over."

"It's time I was getting back," Francette said vaguely. She watched the little turtle's labored progress toward the sea.

After a while she said, "It'll be dark before he gets there."

"A lot he cares."

"Do you know," she said in a harsh, tight voice, "do you know I haven't heard from Don once since I came down here to get the divorce? Not once."

"You will," Martin assured her. "He can't help missing you, Francette. Maybe it's hard for him to write, to put things into words."

"That's his business, putting things into words," she replied tartly.

The turtle was like an old Dutch copper coin, and he was slow. Slow as the hours that dragged the days along here . . . and the waiting was so horrible . . . and for what? Afterward—what?

Francette picked up a twig and laid it on the ground directly in front of the little toiling, awkward creature. It stopped and drew in its head.

"You're not a turtle; you're an ostrich," she told it moodily. "Look at him, Martin. He can't run away, so he hides his head and pretends he isn't here."

"Running away wouldn't help much, anyway."

"Hiding in one's shell doesn't help, either, does it?"

"Oh, let's call it patience. After a while the danger'll be past and he'll come out and start again. You watch and see."

"Poor, ugly little wretch."

"Do you think so?" said Martin. "I think he's beautiful. A beautiful, intricate piece of machinery, with a brain and a heart—imagine the size of that heart!"

Francette looked at him. "You're a strange young man. You *do* remind me of Don, somehow." She pushed her hair off her forehead. "Where was I? I was telling you about Joel."

Joel *did* finish his grand opus, even without our piano. He sold it to a Broadway producer . . . and we heard about it right away. From Ed. Yes, Ed—who'd married the Hollywood heiress. He was back in our lives again.

His wife had divorced him. She kept the car and the house in Connecticut—naturally, since they were hers. His father-in-law fired him out of a soft job, and Ed found something else, but not nearly so highly paid.

Oh, yes, he's broke now most of the time, but his *standards* are higher. He borrows lunch money and cab fare from good old Don, but it bores him to do his drinking free, sitting in our apartment; he likes the gayer places. So Don has to meet him in a bar and buy him a couple of drinks and sit and listen to his troubles—

She saw that Martin was engrossed in the turtle, which had emerged and was tackling the barrier Francette had put in his path. First a stumpy foreleg, then a stumpy hindleg reached up and found leverage on the obstacle. A shove with the other hind leg, and he was up, balancing precariously, all four legs wildly waving. Another struggle, and he was on the other side. But he was upside down, his little legs waving helplessly.

Martin Jardine leaned forward, and with a big thumb and forefinger, very delicately righted him. "There you go, fella. Get a move on, before the dogs find you."

"I guess that was mean of me," Francette said. "Shall I carry him down all the way, to make up for it?"

He shook his head. "Maybe he likes doing it his own way." He sat back and composed himself once more, elbows spread wide, the big bronzed hands with the battered and broken nails gripping the insides of his thighs. He looked encouragingly at her. "You were saying—"

She touched her throat and said, "If you're ever in New York, be sure and go to see Joel Godwyn's musical comedy; it's called 'Eight O'Clock On.' It'll be running for years. The music's lovely; I can't believe it was put together on our old second-hand piano." . . .

Don's publisher had tickets for the opening night and he gave them to us. We went.

I guess you know how important the composer of a show's music is, and how nervous he is on opening night, and what a fuss people make over him if the show's a success. Well, we saw Amy and Joel in the lobby just before the curtain went up, and we went over to them. Don shook Joel's hand and wished him luck, and said, "Maybe we can have a drink on it during intermission, Joel." Joel said, "Sure, let's do that."

But when the intermission came, Amy saw us walking toward them through the crowd and turned her back. She took Joel's arm, and they moved away from us. They went off as far as they could from us, and kept their backs turned. In a minute or two they were surrounded by people shaking hands and making a fuss over them . . . we stayed where we were. But every now and then Don would look over at the Godwyns, then look at me. . . .

"Martin—what am I going to do?"

He met her eyes gravely, pityingly.

"Don doesn't say much, but I know he feels that I've driven away all his friends!"

He was silent.

"We couldn't go on that way, each spoiling everything for the other. He realized it as well as I do." She ran her hand over her forehead. "Who's going to look after him now?" she cried. "They'll turn him inside out, and use him, and dip into his pockets to suit their convenience, and in the end he'll be destitute—"

She broke off and stared down at her hands, clenched in her lap. Deliberately, she unclenched them, made herself let go, sighed, smoothed her hair with both hands.

The rain had stopped, and there was only the little rain—the aftermath of drops falling all around them from the leaves of the locust. In the west the sky was an angry red. A small native girl was coming toward them along the beach, leading a goat on a rope, followed by two more goats and a dog. Francette watched her come, then looked over at Martin, who was frowning at the ground between his feet. He raised his eyes to hers.

"You were in a tough spot, Francette."

"Maybe so," she said bitterly. "Anyway, I failed." She nodded to the child, who was directly in front of them now. The little girl nodded gravely back. "I wanted him to be a somebody; hated the idea of his being a nobody. He has the *makings*, you know. He's smart and industrious and good. But—" She stopped, clenching her hands again. "But all I succeeded in doing was to make a sort of monster out of myself, I guess."

Martin rubbed his eyebrow with a blunt forefinger. "It's curious, the way you phrased that," he said. "Made a sort of monster of yourself. I wouldn't be surprised but what it's true. Don't you see, one of you *had* to be the manager, and it turned out to be you. I think you had a picture in your mind of what the stern and managing wife was like, and the more you had to pinch and struggle, the more you could see yourself as her. I expect you even began to behave as you thought *she* would behave. Oh, she's a meanie, that one, but she isn't actually *you* at all. Isn't that true?"

"Whichever one of us she is, she's got me in a fix," said Francette.

The little girl kept looking back toward the landing. Francette turned her head to see what she was looking at. A group of men had come out from under the trees with the small, squat hunchback, Satchel. They were half leading him, half dragging him toward the water. "I wonder where they're taking Satchel," she said uneasily.

"It looks as though they were going to duck him."

"Oh, I hope not! He's not the most agreeable person in the world, but I'd hate to see—" She broke off and stood up, facing the dock and shading her eyes with her hand. "Can't you stop them?"

"In a minute. Satchel's been bragging again, I expect, about his music lessons."

"Evelyn's teaching him to play the guitar—is that what you mean?"

"Yes." He got to his feet and began rolling up his sleeves. "Will you do something—I was going to say, for me—but, for yourself?"

"What?"

"Give yourself a chance."

"But—"

"You *think* you're a failure, but you aren't." He looked at her searchingly. "Pretty soon something'll come along and prove it to you. It may not be this letter that you want so much, but it'll be—something." He reached out and touched her shoulder. "I have a hunch everything's going to turn out all right, Francette, just the same. You wait and see."

"Well," she said, "I haven't much choice, have I, except—" She was watching two men who were Satchel's brothers come hurrying up to the knot of people around the deformed man. "Martin," she said abruptly, "those men aren't playing for fun; they're getting too rough. Look at Satchel—he's scared!"

"Okay." He patted her shoulder, nodded, and before she could say anything more, he was sprinting toward the landing, where Satchel was being the prize in a tug of war, and getting mauled.

Francette took off her still-sodden raincoat, folded it over her arm, and followed. The game—or fight, or whatever it was—had risen to a new pitch. It was like a football scrimmage, with the addition of yells, blows, and the occasional *yike* of a trodden-on dog. Martin had been absorbed into the knot as water is sucked into a sponge. She could barely make out his blond head, and a minute later she could no longer see even that.

A group of native women stood off to one side, watching. She hurried to join them.

"They ought to be ashamed," she said to the woman nearest her. "Grown men behaving like mean little boys! Satchel's going to get hurt."

Even as she spoke, Satchel came crawling out of the melee, clutching one ear and holding up his trousers with his free hand. The women cackled with laughter. He crept out low, between two pairs of dungaree-clad legs, and went off and sat down on a fallen log, to nurse his wounds and watch.

Apparently he was not even missed. The brawling continued—for the sheer joy of brawling, reflected Francette. She was disgusted. She watched a moment longer, hoping for a glimpse of Martin. Once she thought she saw a blond head in the very center of the scuffle; then she lost it. She heard a laugh that she thought was his—although she had never heard him laugh.

Going over to Satchel, she inquired how he felt.

"All right," he replied surlily.

"What's happened to Mr. Jardine?" she asked. "I can't see him any more."

Satchel gave her a quick upward glance from muddy eyes. "I *don't* know," he said in the odd sing-song of the island. "I could not *rightly* tell you, madam."

Francette was annoyed. She gazed distastefully into his eyes, and he continued to look up into hers.

"I think someone should—" she began, then stopped. The brawl was over. As suddenly as it had commenced, it ended. A man, circling and thrusting with fists and body to get into the heart of the affair, abruptly dropped his hands and turned and walked away. Someone laughed. A second man came backing out of the crowd. He reeled off, and another came away. Then another. Slowly the center of the knot came apart, there under Francette's eyes. It was as though a mass of squirming eels, held together by a rubber band, had come undone.

In twos and threes, wiping their streaming faces and talking loudly, the men drifted over to the boat landing. Some of them climbed down into the boats and began fiddling with the tackle. Women moved together and began to talk. Dogs nosed each other, and small boys began wrestling in the sand.

And there was no sign of Martin. Francette could not see him anywhere. He had disappeared.

Chapter 5

When Francette reached the hotel, Iris Jardine was sitting on the veranda railing, her back to the steps. She was wearing a clean gingham shirtwaist and a freshly laundered denim skirt. Evelyn and Cynthia lolled in porch chairs, their feet up on the railing. All three held short, thick cocktail glasses.

"What a long time you've been!" Cynthia said. "You nearly missed the cocktail party."

"What party?" Francette pulled up a chair and sank into it.

"Why," said Cynthia, "Mrs. Jardine is passing out free cocktails to the boarders. What we've done to deserve it, I don't know."

"Nothing's too good for my guests," Iris said blandly. She picked up the shaker from the railing beside her, shook it, and looked over at Cynthia inquiringly. "Another?"

"Thanks. But what about Francette's?"

"I'll make her a fresh one."

"In that case," said Cynthia. She held her glass under the cold trickle from the spout of the shaker.

"Please don't trouble to make a drink just for me, Mrs. Jardine," protested Francette.

Cynthia gave her an owlish look. "Why, it's no trouble at all," she said. "Don't be selfish, dear."

Iris ignored them both. She got up and went indoors.

Francette could not decide whether or not to tell these two about her meeting under the locust tree with Mrs. Jardine's son. Was Martin on bad terms with his mother, or wasn't he? If Mrs. Jardine came back just when she was in the middle of it, it might be awkward. Meanwhile, she could put out a feeler.

"Didn't anyone notice the fracas down by the landing a little while ago?"

They said they had not. And Evelyn asked what had happened.

"I'm not sure. Some of the men seemed to be bullying your music pupil. I'm surprised you didn't hear or see some of it."

"Satchel?" asked Evelyn. "Why, he was with me just a little while ago. We were up in the school yard, and I was giving him a lesson—along with half a dozen children, all itching to get their hands on the guitar. Was Satchel hurt?"

Francette shook her head. "He said afterward he was all right. His brothers and—" She had been about to say "and Martin helped him." She checked and said, "and some friends rescued him."

She really ought to tell them about meeting an attractive young man; it was mean, with so little to talk about, to deprive them of a topic. But—after that it would not be *her* meeting with Martin; it would belong to all of them. She could think of him now as "my friend, Martin," but if he had come back here with her, and met the others—

"You'd better not sit holding that damp raincoat," suggested Cynthia, eyeing her. "You'll get rheumatism, or something."

Evelyn said, "You look tired. Francette."

"I'm all right," replied Francette shortly. She threw the raincoat over the back of a chair.

Iris returned, carrying a full pitcher of cocktails and another glass. She moved around filling the guests' glasses, then poured a generous drink for herself.

Cynthia asked, "What's in this, Mrs. Jardine? It's delicious."

"Rum, fresh pineapple juice and gin."

"Wow!" said Cynthia.

"I expect I'd better not have any more," Evelyn said, putting down her glass. "I'm beginning to feel the first one."

"Oh, drink it!" Iris said roughly. "Do you good." She took a long swallow from her own glass and made a wry face. "Look at us!" she said in a tone of disgust. "Four women alone on a dot of an island at the end of the earth . . . four women burning like lamps in the night . . . God help lonely women!" She lowered her glass and stared into it.

The three guests, taken by surprise, looked at one another. Then they quickly looked down at the glasses in their hands.

Iris said, "Last night was the full moon." She made the flat statement and glanced around, defying anyone to contradict her. "I said last night the moon was full."

"I know," murmured Evelyn.

"I thought it was the night before," said Cynthia.

Francette was silent. She was trying to fit this Mrs. Jardine—this intoxicated woman—into a frame with Martin Jardine. Why was he never mentioned here? Why did he never come here? If she told about seeing him on the island, mightn't it stir up trouble for him? His mother was such a difficult woman—moody and aggressive by turns, and now about to get drunk—

"No, it was not night before last; it was last night," Iris was saying. She stood up, then sat down again on the railing, her long legs and sandal-shod feet braced against the floor.

"All right," said Evelyn soothingly.

Iris frowned. "The moon," she said, "does something to women that . . . I don't know . . . the natives can tell you. Or, you take the sea. The pull of the moon on the sea is one of the most powerful forces in life. . . . You didn't know that, did you, you little New York city people? Everything in the sea dances when the moon's full—"

"Dear Iris," said Cynthia softly, "you're getting sort of full, too, aren't you? Hadn't you better put down that drink?"

"You attend to yours, I'll attend to mine," Iris said imperturbably. She stood up. "You women!" she said, tucking in her blouse. "Changing your husbands like they were slip covers, breaking up your marriages—monkeying with the laws of Nature; that's what you're doing. Marriage is not only a sacred promise between two people; it's natural. You people are distorting Nature's plans, and that's no good." She stopped and appeared to brood for a moment.

"How are we distorting Nature's plans?" asked Francette, who had not meant to be drawn into this diatribe.

"By making my beautiful St. James a burial ground of marriages."

"That's putting it succinctly," murmured Cynthia.

"It's putting it the way it is." Iris picked up the pitcher and looked into it. With a steady hand she divided what was left of the cocktails among the four glasses. "If

those who are lucky enough to be married to a decent man would stop and count their blessings once in a while . . . well? Doesn't anyone agree with me?"

"I do," said Evelyn.

"I knew you would. Of course, now and then a man will stray from the strictly faithful path; it can't be helped. That's Nature, too, I guess. It's a pretty poor excuse for busting up a marriage, I think. Am I right, Mrs. Wilder?"

"I suppose so," nodded Evelyn. "Yes, of course. Although Alan would never dream of being unfaithful, thank goodness."

"He wouldn't, eh?" Iris cocked an eyebrow.

"No," replied Evelyn firmly. "He'd be too considerate, for one thing. He's kind and thoughtful and believes in monogamy."

"Who doesn't?" asked Cynthia. "Monogamy just means one wife at a time, doesn't it?"

"Then I mean—what's the word?—'constancy.' He believes in being faithful to his wife."

"Oh," murmured Iris. "Drinks, eh?"

"Certainly not!"

"Gambles?"

"No, he doesn't gamble. Really, Mrs. Jardine—"

"Then why are you divorcing this paragon?" demanded Iris, looking at her over the rim of her glass.

Cynthia said, "Witness doesn't have to answer that."

Evelyn looked down at her hand, which lay palm up in her lap, and at the gleam of gold at the base of the fourth finger.

"Because he has to have a child," she brought out faintly. She watched her thumb twisting the plain gold ring. "Unfortunately, I can't have children."

"Really?" said Iris. "How do you know?"

Evelyn flushed.

"That's a silly question," Cynthia said. "How does she know! She must have tried, mustn't she?" And to Evelyn, "Why must he have a child?"

"To carry on the line. It means everything to his family, and to him." She paused and took a fresh breath. "And besides, there's an inheritance that will go to charity —go completely out of the family—unless there's an heir. He feels just as awful about it as I do, but—"

"That's the most cold-blooded thing I ever heard of," said Francette, leaning forward and laying her hand for an instant on Evelyn's bare arm. "Don't you care, Evelyn! You'll marry someone else some day and be lots happier."

Iris Jardine took a handkerchief out of her pocket and carefully wiped the bottom of the empty Martini pitcher before she set it down. "Ladies," she said, "I have good news for you. Next week there'll be four more guests, unless they cancel."

"Oh—I hope they *do!*" Evelyn spoke without thinking. "That is—I mean—well, all I meant was, it's so peaceful and pleasant the way we are," she finished lamely.

"That's very nice, coming from a female guest," replied Iris with almost a droll look on her long face. She quartered a glance, first at Cynthia, then at Francette. "I'm not so sure the others agree, though. Mrs. Hayden, why don't you have a little drink and cheer up?"

"I'm not in the least sad," replied Francette crisply. Clearly Mrs. Jardine was tight. Thank heaven she hadn't come running back to the hotel with her story about Martin! All the same, if she could start Mrs. Jardine talking about her own affairs, perhaps something would come out about Martin. She said, "You were speaking of husbands just now, Mrs. Jardine. I wondered if *your* husband—"

"I haven't any. He's dead."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Oh, no, you're not! You're—oh, let it go." Iris started for the door. "Dinner's in half an hour; you must excuse me." She went indoors.

"Well!" It was Francette who exploded. "Of all things! Imagine her pitching into us like that."

"She's madly unhappy, I think," said Cynthia.

"How do you know?"

"I really don't, Francette. Let's drop it, shall we?" She yawned with frank abandon and stretched. "One nice thing about this place. When it rains, it always seems to stop before dark. Look at that sunset!"

"It makes me homesick," said Evelyn. "Though for what, I don't know."

"Well, as Mrs. Jardine says, cheer up. If it's a good day tomorrow, let's have a picnic."

"Good idea, Cynthia," said Evelyn. "Let's go up the mountain and find the walnut grove."

"What walnut grove?"

"I was asking Mrs. Jardine where people went for picnics and junkets when she was a girl. She said there was a lovely grove up on the mountain. The house of the people who planted it burned down, but the grove's still there, though it's badly overgrown, she said." Evelyn turned to Francette. "How about it, Francette? Does that sound good to you?"

"If it's a nice day," agreed Francette. "Right now I'd better go and change my clothes." She did not actually want to change, or to come down to dinner, but it was easier to do this than to make herself conspicuous. She really didn't feel very well, though. Her head ached. When she touched her forehead, it felt feverish.

Iris Jardine did not appear at the dinner table. A solemn native woman served the meal, and the three women ate in a not unpleasant silence. By ten o'clock they were all in bed.

". . . Sheep, sheep, go to sleep," recited Cynthia, to the end, then started all over again. But sleep would not come. She had gone to bed without any intention of trying to find Neptune . . . at least not tonight. Something about him had stirred her deeply, but in no sensual way. He had been a friendly ear, a receptive heart. She would have enjoyed talking to him again, but her instinct for style, for good theater, prompted her to stay in tonight. Anticlimax would be a pity . . . and besides, there would be other times.

And yet, now that she was in bed, the desire to see him again was strong. She decided to get up and dress and go out. Then she changed her mind. Finally she did "eenie, meenie, minie, mo." It came out on "stay in tonight," so she settled on that and contented herself with lighting her candle and rereading Charles' latest letter, telling her all the details of his business day, hoping she was enjoying herself, telling her how much he missed her . . . dear good Charles. Dear good *boring* Charles, she reminded herself.

Early the next morning, Evelyn and Cynthia went for a swim before breakfast. Francette did not join them. She told them as they passed her open door that she had a cold and ached all over.

At breakfast Cynthia and Evelyn, both now wearing shorts, sat opposite each other. The place at the head of the table was empty, and the servant, when asked, said that Mrs. Jardine was asleep.

After breakfast Evelyn went upstairs and took two aspirins to Francette, then got her knitting and returned to the veranda. A little later Cynthia wandered into Francette's bedroom and asked if she wanted anything for breakfast.

"No, thank you."

"You have plenty to read?"

"Thank you, yes, I do." Francette was grateful.

Cynthia stood looking at her over the foot of the white iron bed. "My, that's a becoming nightgown!" she said, and drifted over to the window. "It's going to be a scorcher, all right. Think you can go back to sleep?"

Francette said she felt sleepy and would try to take a nap.

In the hall, Cynthia ran into Iris, coming to see about Francette. The older woman was wearing a man's bathrobe, and there was a chastened look on her long, sunburned face.

"How's the hangover?" asked Cynthia matter-of-factly. She listened to a few muttered words from Iris and said, "Yes, indeed! You were *really* fried, weren't you! I guess we all were." She continued on downstairs and went in search of Evelyn, whom she found sitting on the veranda, knitting.

"I was just in to see Francette," she said, sinking into a chair. "She's one of those women who look their best in bed."

"So she is."

"I think she's all broken up over this divorce business."

"I think so, too," replied Evelyn. "I wish he'd write her. He must be an awfully mean man."

Cynthia agreed. "It wouldn't hurt him to send her a postcard. Shall we postpone the picnic until Francette's feeling up to it?"

"Suits me."

Cynthia walked over to the railing and glanced out at the calm, dazzling water. "Hey, look! There's a boat out there! Looks like somebody's yacht."

Evelyn got up and joined her. Both girls moved out into the unscreened part of the veranda and strained their eyes to make out details of a trim white vessel that seemed barely to be moving, yet she obviously was, for several

bright pennants fluttered at an angle from the mast, and they could distinguish a faint line of white foam in her wake.

Cynthia ran upstairs and got her binoculars. They were powerful glasses, and the girls, passing them back and forth, were able to pick out the slim bronzed figures of men and women walking around on deck. Others were stretched out on the deck in bathing suits. A glint of polished brasswork winked in the sun.

Cynthia was enchanted. "I wonder if she's going to put in here for lunch—I hope," she murmured, eyes glued to the glasses. "That's an interesting-looking bunch of people! Here—you take a look."

Evelyn accepted the glasses and peered through them. "They wouldn't come here expecting to find lunch unless they'd notified Mrs. Jardine," she said uneasily. "Shall I go ask her?"

"Oh, we'd know, if Mrs. J. expected them. What are they doing now?"

Silently Evelyn handed over the binoculars. She felt depressed. She had suffered most of her life with a painful shyness about people, along with a tendency to go overboard now and then about some one person who attracted her. Of course she had tried to cure herself of being shy, but the lump of apprehension that lay heavily between her ribs now, like an undigested meal, proved that she had not been very successful.

"I believe they're anchoring," Cynthia was announcing excitedly. "They'll have to come ashore in the dinghy, of course. Too bad the harbor's so shallow here." She stood on a chair for a better view through the glasses. "My God, I believe that's Harold and Edith Stanners! Now who in the world's boat can it be that they've—"

She lowered the glasses and turned, and found that she was talking to herself. Evelyn had disappeared.

A moment later she was back, carrying a flannel-wrapped object under one arm.

"What's that for?" demanded Cynthia, glancing aside. "What are you going to do with the guitar?"

"I thought I'd give Satchel a lesson this morning."

"For heaven's sake!" the other girl protested. "Just when there might be *visitors* coming? Besides, he had one just yesterday, didn't he? He won't even be there."

"He's always hanging around the school yard," insisted Evelyn. She edged toward the steps. "See you later," she said as she went rapidly down the steps.

When she returned to the hotel, the sun was directly overhead. Satchel, who really did hang around the yard with the amiable school children most of the time, had been surprised and delighted to see her come up the mountain path carrying the guitar. He took a very dirty handkerchief out of his breast pocket and opened it and showed her how much money he had saved, in dimes and quarters, toward buying a guitar of his own (the one she used belonged to Mrs. Jardine). Evelyn then promised to send him one as a gift, when she got back to New York. She was walking slowly now, trying to remember in what pawnshop window she had seen quite a good one that might be within her means, and wondering how she was going to get it crated for shipping.

To her relief, the yacht had disappeared.

But the atmosphere at the Azaleas was disturbed, and she sensed it. Coming in the back way, she heard Mrs. Jardine upbraiding the cook about something, her voice hoarse and tired. Evelyn started up the stairs to her room. In the upper hall she encountered the cook's husband, Queensberry, who had come up the back stairway. Queensberry jauntily carried a load of obviously empty traveling cases. He went as far as Cynthia's open bedroom door, and without looking in, knocked on the door frame and said, "Here are your luggage, Mrs. Innes." Then he went back downstairs.

Cynthia came to the door in her slip and looked out.

"Cynthia!" cried Evelyn. "You're not leaving!"

"Oh, there you are!" Cynthia bent her knees and picked up two leather-bound linen bags, one in each hand. "My goodness, you were gone for ages." She turned and spoke over her shoulder. "Evelyn's back, Francette."

Evelyn took two more of the empty bags and followed Cynthia into the room, which looked as though a shower of white and tinted cottons had rained on it. Francette, wearing a house robe, was sitting in a wicker chair with her feet tucked up out of the way, eating a banana.

"What in the world is going on?" demanded Evelyn.

"She's catching the mail boat this afternoon," said Francette.

Evelyn looked at Cynthia, who, with a grim expression, was padding back and forth between bureau and bed, her hands full of garments. "You're going—for good, Cynthia?"

"I certainly am," Cynthia said flatly. "I'm fed up with this place. I'm going home!" She sounded angry.

Francette put her feet on the floor and stood up. "I'd better go get into something," she murmured. "It's nearly lunchtime." She walked out, the banana's skin folded limply in her hand.

Evelyn sat on, watching the blonde girl pack. She felt intimidated by Cynthia's manner, which seemed almost hostile.

"Does this have anything to do with those people on the yacht?" she ventured at last. "Are you going somewhere to join them?"

"No," replied Cynthia. "They never came ashore."

"Is it—is it something I did?"

"*You?*" Cynthia jerked a cobalt blue bathing suit off a hook, rolled it up, and jammed it in a suitcase. "You had nothing to do with it. Remember our little dog Boston that was so gentlemanly and nice with all of us?"

"Yes, of course."

"Hear what happened to him?"

"No. What?"

Cynthia rolled a pair of stockings and stuffed them in a corner. "It seems that this morning, before any of us was awake, he chased a goat out into the water and kept it there until it drowned. So a little later, while we were at breakfast, I believe, Boston's owner took Boston by the collar, waded out into the sea with him, and held *him* under the water until he drowned, too."

"Oh, *Cynthia!*"

"Pretty, isn't it?"

"It's horrible," said Evelyn, feeling sick. She looked at the row of expensive perfume bottles that were still to go into the fitted alligator make-up case. "But," she said, "that's not the reason you're leaving, is it?"

Cynthia jerked open a half-stuck top drawer and looked in it.

"Maybe it is," she said without turning. "Something's happened to me—I don't quite know what." She closed the drawer, picked up a cigarette and lighted it, and came over to sit down on the bed near Evelyn. "I think it's because I hate cruelty. Only I didn't know it. It just came over me all of a sudden." She crossed one knee over the other and blew out a stream of smoke. "I'm going back to my husband—if he'll have me."

"For good?"

"For good. And I'm not just pulling off daisy petals. I've suddenly discovered that I'd rather spend the rest of my life with a man who's kind. Johnny's got about a hundred times more sex appeal than Charles, but imagine going to bed with a man who—who *dunks guinea pigs in boiling water!*" She took a quick, nervous puff of smoke, seeming surprised at her own vehemence. Then she added slowly, "Besides, I'm beginning to suspect I'm in love with Charles."

"That's nice. When did you decide that?"

Cynthia hesitated briefly. "I didn't tell you, but night before last I went out for a walk on the beach and met one of the most attractive men I ever saw. Before I knew it, I was pouring out the story of my life to him. He managed—I don't know how—to make me feel a bit *ashamed* of the way I was treating Charles."

"Who was he?" Evelyn asked curiously.

"I don't know. Francette says he's Mrs. Jardine's son, Martin Jardine. I take it his picture has been turned to the wall and you're not supposed to mention him."

"Did *she* meet him, too?"

"She says she did." Cynthia frowned. Suddenly she uncrossed her legs and stood up. She went over to the window and put out her cigarette on the sill and dropped it out the window.

She was wearing a thin white silk slip with an elaborate monogram embroidered on the bodice. Through the slip Evelyn could see, with a pang of envy, Cynthia's perfect legs and the rounded torso on which no disfiguring white sector marred the rich bronze that came from hours of patient sunning.

"We never got our picnic in the grove," she said suddenly. "Now you won't be here!"

Cynthia straightened. She flipped back the golden brush of her hair and said, "I do believe you're sorry to see me go."

"I am."

"Bless you." Cynthia picked up a fresh cigarette from the bureau. "If I write to you, will you answer?"

"Of course."

"And will you come see me when you get back to New York?"

"Yes, if—if you still want me to by then."

"I'll want-you-to-by-then," smiled Cynthia, clicking open her lighter. "You're going to stick it out, I suppose?"

"Stick what out?"

"Your divorce."

"Yes," said Evelyn. "Oh, yes." She rose. "I expect I'd better go freshen up for lunch now," she said, and went out, wearing a thoughtful expression.

Chapter 6

Francette was doing up the buttons that held her thin, lemon-yellow linen frock together at the back. It was her most becoming dress. She had put it on to go down and see Cynthia off on the mail launch.

Cynthia had been so nice to her today, she was thinking. She had come upstairs to bring her the news about Boston, and had sat with her a long time, talking. She, Francette, had wept a little for Boston, but she had not been nearly so upset as Cynthia—the last person in the world she would have picked to be shattered by the drowning of a dog. It just went to show that you never knew what people were like, underneath. It was a shame that, just as she was learning to know and like Cynthia, she was leaving.

Francette had got up out of bed with her headache cured; in fact, she had felt better than she had since she came here—lighter-hearted, somehow cleansed. While Cynthia was sitting by her bedside she had confided in her about yesterday; about her meeting with Martin Jardine. And Cynthia, it turned out, had run into him, too. They discussed whether or not to tell Mrs. Jardine and decided to keep quiet about his presence on the island—since obviously mother and son were at outs.

All the same, reflected Francette, contorting her arms in a violent attempt to reach the buttons between her shoulder blades—all the same, if the right opportunity comes up, I'll talk to her. He can't be eating any too well on that island where he camps out.

Evelyn, passing, looked in and said, "Can I help you with that, Francette?"

She came into the room and began pushing the buttons through their buttonholes.

"I was just thinking," said Francette, eyeing her own image in the mirror above the chest of drawers, "how much we're going to miss Cynthia. I was telling her this morning about running into a young man yesterday, and she said *she* had met him, too. It's the oddest thing! His name's Martin Jardine—"

"Yes, Cynthia told me." Evelyn finished the last button and dropped her hands. "What's he like?"

"Not a bit like his mother," said Francette, turning. "Handsome big blond boy, gentle and kind as he can be." She reached for her lipstick and bent toward her face in the mirror.

"She's not so bad, Francette." Evelyn stood still, her shoulders drooping.

"No—" agreed the other, pressing her lips in and out, "she isn't, really. In fact, I rather think I could be friends with Mrs. Jardine, if she'd let me. You're going down to the dock to see Cynthia off, aren't you?"

"I'd like to, but my head is splitting. Is the top of it moving up and down? It feels as though it were—like the lid on a boiling kettle."

Francette swung around with a look of concern. She put her hand on the smaller girl's forehead. "You *do* look flushed, as if you had a fever," she said, "and your skin is pretty warm. Were you out in the sun all morning?" Evelyn nodded. "Then you'd better lie down," said Francette. "I hope you haven't caught something from Satchel. Maybe you caught what I had this morning. *Do* take care of yourself, Evelyn."

Evelyn said she would take a shower and go lie on the couch on the veranda, where there was a little breeze.

It took the cook's husband, his brother, and his brother's son to get Cynthia's luggage down to the landing. The *Wasp* had already come into view around the bend when the porters left the house. The sight of the boat had jogged them out of a slow shuffle, and now they were covering the ground in long strides and sweating in the sun.

Cynthia followed at a distance. She was wearing a print dress, white sandals on her bare feet, and carrying a giant white canvas pouch that was her purse. She had told Evelyn good-by on the veranda and had shaken hands with Mrs. Jardine. She had been inclined to kiss Evelyn good-by, for she had become very fond of her, but she didn't, because then she would have had to kiss Francette, too, and it seemed to her that Francette still disliked and distrusted her, in spite of a late but vigorous effort on her part to win Francette over.

She felt a little guilty now because Francette was trudging along beside her to see her off—an attention that should count for a good deal, she reflected, in view of the older woman's discomfort at walking in the sand.

"This is awfully sweet of you, Francette," she said. "I do appreciate it."

"Not at all. We're going to miss you."

"Well, do you know, believe it or not, I'm going to miss this Robinson Crusoe place myself? It wasn't such bad fun—thanks to you and Evelyn."

"I know your husband's going to be happy to have you back. Will you wire him from St. Thomas?"

"I think not," said Cynthia with a chuckle. "I'll just walk in on him and see his eyes pop. You must come and see us sometime, Francette. I'd like you to meet Charles."

Francette said she would like to, in a noncommittal voice. Suddenly she stiffened. "Who are those people on the launch?"

"Where? What people?" Cynthia's eyes were not as good as Francette's. "I don't see—oh, those two men. They're getting off."

"Yes," said Francette in a high, tight voice. "And one of them's my husband."

Cynthia stared at her. From white, Francette had turned almost red, and now the red was fading into a lively pink that made her face look animated and almost pretty. She began to smile her little three-cornered smile, but there was a tentative quality about her; she was afraid to let herself go, Cynthia could see.

Most surprising thing of all was the way Francette was hanging back behind Cynthia. The man who was her husband had obviously caught sight of her; he was waving and trotting along the landing, turning right, and approaching across the damp sand . . . and still Francette lagged in Cynthia's shadow.

"Fran!" he said, dodging around the blonde girl and seizing his wife. "It's me! Say something, honey! Gosh, I'm glad to see you!"

Cynthia walked on. Behind her she heard Francette saying, "Oh, Don—if the judge hears about this, there'll be the worst kind of trouble! They warned me against just such—but how did you *get* here?"

She heard Don Hayden's contagious chuckle and his, "Flew, like a couple of birds, to St. Thomas. Parked our luggage there and caught the only boat we could find that comes here."

Out on the narrow dock a tall, thin man with a shock of black hair drew to one side and made himself small to let Cynthia pass.

He eyed her in expert fashion and snatched off his hat. Cynthia glanced at him.

"Ships that pass in the afternoon," Joel Godwyn said pleasantly. "Just my lousy luck!"

"Good afternoon," nodded Cynthia, and continued to the end of the dock. She took the captain's outstretched hand and let him help her down into the launch. The porters finished stowing her luggage. She tipped them, and they filed ashore.

Francette came hurrying out on the landing and knelt down in her yellow dress to say good-by. Her head still was higher than Cynthia's, who knelt up on the leather-padded seat of the little launch and clung to the hot, bleached wood of the dock with one hand.

"Good-by, Cynthia."

"Good-by, Francette; good luck." Cynthia shook the hand held out to her. "You look wonderful in yellow."

"I wish there'd been time for you to meet Don."

"So do I. But Captain Graham's impatient—aren't you, Captain Graham? He'd just as soon leave me as not."

"They're staying overnight. What will Mrs. Jardine think?"

"She'll be enraptured, Francette. . . . My, what a beautiful smile!" She reached up her free hand and drew Francette's head down to hers. "Nice work, girl. I have to go crawling back for mine—but yours came to get you."

With a stepped-up roar, the engine began churning. "Good-by, good-by . . ." The *Wasp* backed briskly out into free water, reversed, and surged away toward St. Thomas.

Don took Francette's hand as they walked along the beach toward the hotel. "I've never seen you with a real tan before. You look so good, and so—so rested."

"Look at that lovely water!" exclaimed Joel. "I'd like to strip and go in right now!"

"Go ahead," said Francette. She was enjoying the proprietary feeling of the old resident. "We often swim without any clothes on—at night. Of course we were all women together."

"No men at *all?*"

"Well . . . no," replied Francette. She turned to Don, who was plowing through the sand, watching her cheerfully. "I wrote you there were only the three of us, and Mrs. Jardine. I've written you four letters, in all. Why didn't you answer?"

"*I'm* the answer," he said. "Read me!"

She glanced across her shoulder at Joel, who had taken off his shoes and socks and was wading happily, completely indifferent to the ridiculous picture he made. She asked, "What's *he* doing here? Where's Amy?"

"They've split up. She got too big for her britches, according to him. He's got all kinds of dough, you know, on account of 'Eight O'clock On.' As soon as he heard I was taking a few days off and flying down here to surprise you, he wanted to come, too. He's been working pretty hard—and we've both got to go right straight back."

"Did he—"

"Every cent," said Don, nodding vigorously. "With interest." He squeezed her hand. "*And*, my love, we're working together on a number that might make us rich. How about that!"

"Make who rich?"

"Why, you and me, of course," he replied with an air of surprise. "You're coming back with me tomorrow, aren't you? That's why I came down."

"Tomorrow!" she gasped. "That's why you came . . . what *is* this, Don? What's happening?"

"I'm lonesome for you, and I'm taking you back home—that's what's happening," he replied in a lower key.

"But the divorce," she said. "Why did you let it go this far?"

"Who wanted a divorce in the first place?" he asked reasonably.

"Oh, Don! If you only knew how hurt I was when you agreed. I thought surely you'd put up a fight."

"You know," he said, "I think maybe I was so used to your—well, your *running* things that when you said you wanted a divorce, I supposed that was the way it would have to be. And besides, maybe I was feeling a little henpecked."

She winced. "*One* of us had to be the manager," she pointed out.

"I know, I know."

"But did you ever stop to think that I was being *driven* into playing the part of a shrew? Maybe that wasn't the real me at all."

He nodded. A moment later he smiled. "How's the real you been feeling?" He dropped her hand and insinuated his arm around her waist, lightly. "Tell me about yourself."

She looked at him guardedly. She was still very much in love with this easygoing, attractive man; but she had been lacerated once; she could not survive another failure.

"The moment I realized I might be in line to make some money, I thought of you, Francette. This song of Joel's and mine is just a start. We may be another Rodgers and Hammerstein."

"And then again, you may not."

"That's my girl!" he laughed. "This place hasn't changed you a bit."

"You're wrong. I'm not exactly the same person I was when I came down here," she said slowly. "I've changed a little, I think. Still, you may not want me—"

"Now cut that out!" he cried. "Of course I want you! Want you, need you, and love you, you little knucklehead! Don't you love me?"

She let him wait. She gazed at the ground, pursed her lips, fingered the knot of her hair.

"Honey?" he said.

She smiled and met his eyes. The look that passed between them brought back into focus the thing they had had in the beginning. Her face was tilted toward his, and a small dimple appeared near the corner of her mouth.

Don's eyes glowed. He caught her to him roughly and kissed her.

"Hey!" yelled Joel. "No smooching on the beach!"

They broke apart. Francette laughed and waved a hand at Joel. She and Don fell into step and started on

toward Mrs. Jardine's. She squared her shoulders and breathed deeply. The air, smelling of salt and sun and seaweed, seemed suddenly the finest air she had ever breathed. It made her feel lighter and younger and stronger. And happy. She turned and called to Joel, "Watch out for sea urchins!"

"What?"

"Sea urchins! Those little round black things with spikes all over them."

Iris Jardine was standing at the veranda railing, watching them. Francette prodded Don. "This is the Azaleas, and there's our landlady," she said. Joel waded ashore and followed them gingerly up the scorching hot steps.

Evelyn was asleep on the veranda couch. She sat up, blinking, as they arrived. She had changed into white shorts and a fresh white blouse with a little round collar that had become rumpled during her nap. That, and the fact that her face always turned pink when she slept, made her look a little like a rosy, dark-eyed, very much surprised baby.

Francette introduced the men. Iris raised her eyebrows slightly on hearing Don's name, and slanted a quizzical glance over Francette's luminous face. "Not really!" she said when Francette mentioned that Joel was the composer of "Eight O'clock On's" music. Joel, standing in his bare feet with his shoes in his hand, stared with unconcealed interest at Evelyn, who felt of her hair and tugged down her shorts.

Iris was pulling chairs forward, and Don and Joel moved quickly to help her. "I expect you'd like to spend the night—" she said, knowing perfectly well there was no way for them to get off the island until tomorrow's boat. "I happen to have one or two very nice rooms on the ocean side. Lucky you got here this week instead of next."

Francette looked at Evelyn and winked. She went over to her and asked how her headache was. It was gone, Evelyn said; just a touch of the sun.

"Let's go swimming right now," Joel was saying. "Can't I buy some trunks somewhere around here?"

"Wear your underpants," said Francette. "Nobody'll see you but us."

"I'll find you some trunks," offered Iris. "Guests are always leaving them here." She strode indoors, calling back, "Come with me, Mr. Godwyn, and I'll show you your room," and, "Mr. Hayden—you can change in your wife's room. I'll send a boy up with your britches." Thus did Iris settle the question of where Don would sleep that night.

Up in Francette's room, Don Hayden took his wife in his arms. . . .

Francette and Evelyn sat on a blue beach towel in the shade of some shrubbery while the men cavorted in the water. Evelyn had been dragooned into joining them. "Nonsense!" Joel had shouted when she said she thought she'd better lie down in her room. "You'll get the dread sleep poison."

Don came out of the water first. He sprawled beside Francette. "I'm almost glad you came—because that brought me here, too. What a wonderful place!"

Joel yelled astonishment from the edge of the water: "A *starfish!* Can I pick it up?"

"Yes, but put it back, and don't hurt it," said Francette. He inspected the thing gingerly, dropped it, and splashed ashore. He plopped down beside Evelyn.

"Are you a gay divorcee, too?" he asked her. Evelyn blushed.

"Oh, shut up, Maestro," said Francette.

"You know," said Joel, changing the subject abruptly, "that's a bang-up good title you gave us, Francette."

"*I* gave you?" she demanded, looking at Don. "What are you talking about?"

"Didn't you tell her?" Joel asked him.

"I was saving that for tonight," said Don. "In one of your letters—I remember every word—you wrote, 'There are more stars in one Virgin night than there are in all the rest of the world put together.' Well, this producer Joel and I have been talking to has a show he was calling 'Caribbean Carousel.' "

"A stinking title," interrupted Joel, "isn't it, Evelyn?"

"Oh, yes," she agreed, confused.

"So," Don continued, "I suggested Francette's 'One Virgin Night,' and he bought it. Just like that. And that's how I became a great success. I owe it all to my little wife." He patted her on the head.

"Gee," smiled Evelyn, her shyness momentarily forgotten.

"—whillikers," added Joel, and patted her on the head, too.

Evelyn frowned. "I have to go get ready for dinner," she said, and got up. She walked back to the house without suggesting that anyone join her.

Joel stared after her. "I hope I didn't make her sore."

"I'd no idea she was so touchy," said Francette, "or shy, or something."

Dinner that night had a festive air. Iris Jardine, looking almost regal in the flickering candlelight, wore a low-necked red dress and went to unaccustomed lengths to be gracious. Joel sat next to Evelyn, and by the time the fruit and cheese were brought in, was attempting to hold her hand under the table.

During the move from table to veranda, where coffee would be served, Francette came close to her and whispered, "You've caught yourself a musician, I see."

Evelyn shook her head. She looked distressed instead of pleased.

The moon was late that night, but presently it rose, round and silvery, and they sat securely screened from the mosquitoes and watched it shimmer on the water and make picturesque black shadows on the mountains.

Iris Jardine asked Joel if he wouldn't play some thing for them and he said, "On what?" and she said, "On a guitar. One of my guests left it here against his return some day."

Evelyn sensed what was going to happen. She got up and left the screened half of the veranda and walked out onto the unroofed part, hoping she would not be asked to make an exhibition of herself in front of this professional musician.

She heard Joel say he couldn't play a guitar, but that he could sing a little, if Iris would play.

"I can't," said Iris. "But Mrs. Wilder will—won't you, Mrs. Wilder?"

Evelyn pretended not to hear. She stood as far away as she could get, her back to the others, looking down at the thicket that grew almost to the edge of the veranda.

"Mrs. Wilder?"

Out there in the shubbery something moved and caught her eye. A goat, perhaps? They sometimes browsed through the thicket at night.

"Yes?" She spoke without turning, her eyes fixed on the patch of white, wondering . . .

It was not a goat; it was a man. She knew instantly that it was Martin Jardine. He was standing there quietly, watching her.

"You *will* play for us, won't you?" Iris Jardine's voice was coaxing. "If I go get the guitar?"

I can't, she thought. I won't know the new songs they'll want to sing. I'll only look foolish. She put her hands together in an indecisive gesture and looked at the silent man as though for moral support. He was looking back at her with an air of attention. There was a hard, neat, compelling alertness about him, as though he was there to share with her the responsibility of something.

"I—" she began, and stopped. He was nodding at her, very faintly. "All right," she found herself saying. "I'll do the best I can."

"She plays beautifully," Francette told the others. "Let's go sit out there and ignore the mosquitoes. Here, Joel—you take two of these straight chairs. Don, take two. I'll bring one. Somebody open the screen door—"

Evelyn looked back over her shoulder to see what they were doing. Francette knows how to manage things, how to handle people, she thought, impressed. They love the way she's ordering them around, arranging everything. . . .

When she turned back again, Martin Jardine had disappeared.

Under Francette's directions, the men arranged the chairs in a semicircle. Iris came to a window, stuck her head out.

"Where did you put the guitar, Evelyn?"

"Isn't it in the bottom of the china cupboard?"

"Oh, the *bottom*. I thought it was *behind* the china cupboard." She withdrew her head.

"Evelyn is teaching one of the native men to play," explained Francette while they waited. "He's a hunchback, and she thinks it will give him standing with the rest of the men."

Iris came out carrying a flannel-wrapped bundle and handed it to Evelyn, who opened it and began tuning the guitar without further delay.

"What do you want to sing?" she asked, looking across at Francette, who sat beside Joel, with Don on her other side.

"Start with something we all know."

"Play 'Sweet Genevieve,'" suggested Iris.

"And after that, 'Carolina Moon,'" said Francette. "Joel, stop scratching your sunburn; you'll only make it worse."

Evelyn sat down, crossed her knees, cradled the guitar on her lap, and plucked a chord or two. Then she began to play.

They all sang, Joel and Don loudly and happily. Iris had a strong, clear, true voice. Francette's voice was feebler, but she let it out as far as it would go.

The first song was hardly over before the natives began to arrive. By ones and twos, flitting among the trees, silent and circumspect, they came and stood on the ground below the veranda to listen. Evelyn, sitting a little apart from the others and facing outward, could count a dozen spectators, Satchel among them, standing rock-still in the moonlight.

Joel Godwyn was watching her. She could feel his eyes on her down-bent face. In the middle of a song he got up and picked up his chair in order to put it down beside hers. When the song was ended he leaned toward her and asked if he could get her a drink.

"I don't know how, unless you brought something with you."

"Can't I buy a drink for everyone?"

Iris said she would let him have the key to the sideboard if he would promise to lock it before he went to bed. "Come with me," she said.

While they were gone, Evelyn began to play to the natives their own song, the one to which Satchel had taught her the words:

"We love you, St. James, Virgin Isles—
The land where the sun always smiles. . . ."

Immediately the natives took up the simple, rather melancholy air, and sang it with that pure perfection that no other voices could give it, the harmonies rising and falling, weaving and blending, men and women together.

Joel came hurrying back, carrying a tray with glasses and a bottle.

"My *God!*" he breathed, when they had finished. He wanted to go down among them and distribute money, but Iris stopped him in time.

"Then can't I give them all a drink?"

"Not out of my only half-bottle of Scotch," she replied. "But there's a bottle of rum in the sideboard. You may give them that."

Evelyn plucked a soft chord from the guitar. Joel came back and handed a bottle down to Satchel, saying, "Pass it around, will you, Mac?" Then Evelyn began to play "Good Night, Ladies."

"*Good night, ladies,*" sang the group on the veranda. And—

"*Good night, ladies,*" sang the group on the ground below. Slowly, casually, the natives turned and began drifting off toward their own houses—"*Good night, ladies—*" a long, upward-soaring, strongly held note—"*we're going to leave you now. . . .*" Singing as they went, they strolled off into the night.

"We islanders are stiff-necked," Iris said when the last figure had faded from view. "We take offense easily."

"You mean about my wanting to give them money?" asked Joel.

She nodded. "I'm sorry." She put her glass down on the railing and rose. The men stood up.

"Good night, everyone," she said. Evelyn, looking at her high-piled gray hair and the way she stood, straight and tall, felt a sudden rush of affection for her.

There was a chorus of good nights, and Iris went indoors.

Joel sat back down beside Evelyn. He looked very handsome in the stark black and white light of moon and stars, and he exerted himself in every way he could to please her, but she began wrapping the protecting flannel around the guitar.

"Here," he said. "Tell me where it goes and I'll put it away."

"Thank you—but I'll take it in," she said. "I'm going to bed, anyway."

And she did, in spite of their protests.

"What's with this girl, anyway?" Joel asked Francette. "I can't seem to get anywhere at all with her."

"All I know, really, is that she lives in New York, works in an office downtown somewhere, and is here getting a divorce."

"That's not much of a dossier, considering the length of time you've been here."

"It's all I can give you, though."

He worried his lower lip with his teeth. "What time do ladies get up here in the morning?"

"About seven."

"Good *Lord!*" he said in a shocked voice. "Still, since it's our only day—I'll manage it somehow." He glanced toward the door through which Evelyn had gone. "She doesn't give a guy much encouragement, does she? Well, tomorrow's another day, and I'm for bed now." He got up and dropped a kiss on Francette's forehead. "I'm damned glad you're going back with us tomorrow, Francette. Everybody's missed you. Really. Good night, you two."

Chapter 7

The next morning was a confused one, especially for Evelyn. Francette, of course, was preparing to leave, and Don was helping her pack. Joel followed Evelyn around like a dog, and she, who had never been so openly pursued, felt cornered. She began to look forward to the time when the Haydens and Joel Godwyn took their departure; then she would be left in peace. As for Joel, she wished that he had never come—or that he would settle down for a long stay. She distrusted his fast methods, could not believe he was sincere, and was all too aware that

there was no other girl on the island for him to pass the time with.

Joel sat beside her on the sand, after a mid-morning swim. She was combing her hair. "I like your hair." He reached out and touched it.

"Thank you." She moved her head away. "It needs trimming badly."

"I'll trim it for you. Do you have a good pair of scissors?"

"Never mind," she said, putting away her comb. "Why don't you lie down and rest while you can?"

"Rest? Me? I never get tired. And besides, I'd rather talk to you. Are you still in love with this—what's his name? Alan? You in love with him still?"

"No," she answered, truthfully. She did not add that there had been a time when she would have walked through fire for Alan Wilder.

"I get the impression you're hiding something," persisted Joel. "A hurt of some kind. He abuse you?"

She shook her head.

He picked up her hand from the sand, looked at it as though it were a shell, and put it down again. "Want to hear the story of my life? No, I don't think so, but if you want to get anything off *your* chest—"

"But I don't want to get anything off my chest."

"You're trying to make up your mind about me," he said shrewdly. "One minute you like me, one minute you wish I'd get the hell off the island."

She said politely, no, not at all.

But it *was* true that she was both attracted to him and repelled. She could not reconcile some of the things he said to her with the fact that he had a wife, even though they were about to be divorced. His drive and energy, his impatience and intensity, were impressive but not endearing. He was bold, and good-looking. Even now, in these ridiculous trunks, with a sunburn that must hurt a good deal, though he ignored it, he looked handsome and hard and self-sufficient.

But it was his boldness that disturbed her most; it reminded her too unhappily of Alan.

At lunch, Francette insisted that everyone take a nap directly the meal was over. They'd get up and have a last dip, about three, and be ready for the mail boat, which was due to dock about four. She managed to make it sound like an itinerary, crowded and timetabled.

Evelyn went to her room—but a little later she left it and went quietly downstairs into the dining room. She couldn't find a thermos bottle, so she took two oranges from the fruit bowl and tied them in her yellow bandana, then went out and down the front steps. She had on a white shirt with long sleeves, red denim shorts, and white sneakers on her bare feet. She was going for a walk.

I must be sure to get back before the boat leaves, she kept telling herself. It would be terribly rude not to see Francette off. I'll just go a little way up the mountain.

The road that began by winding in and out among the native houses soon became a deserted mountain track,

washed and gullied by the rains, muddy in places, tortured in its twists and turns, and always hot. The sun was a hard, bright ball of fire overhead. There was very little shade, and even the little there was had a queer, steamy quality. It was like walking through a steeply-tilted jungle, thought Evelyn. And all the while she thought, I really must turn around now, if I'm to get back in time. . . .

Climbing steadily, she met no one. Her legs began to ache, and the sun broiled mercilessly down upon her head. There had to be some goal, some excuse for all this . . . and suddenly she thought of one: the abandoned walnut grove.

She had no idea how far up the mountain it was, but this was the only road, so eventually she would come upon it. She should have brought a hat. Well, too late now. . . .

At the next bend, she turned and looked back at the view. Spread below was a dark green chenille quilt of treetops patched here and there with little pale green squares of young sugarcane and a few ornamental blobs of color—the rust-red flame tree or the cream-white of a frangipani, or the bells of a giant cactus. Beyond was the sea, a vast shimmering sheet of azure blue, innocent of boat, ship or vessel of any kind.

Evelyn plodded on. When she saw a large, inviting patch of shade cast by a giant oleander, she staggered over to it and sat down. She ate one of her oranges.

As she was finishing it, a small donkey with a finicky walk came ambling down the steep road. Mounted on it was a little boy brandishing a long switch with the leaves still on it. When he saw her, his eyes grew big. Evelyn spied what certainly looked like a jug of water tied to the saddle.

"Is that water you have there, little boy?"

He blew his breath noisily through slack lips as a command to the donkey, and the beast stopped. "Ma'am?"

"Do you have water in that jug?"

"Yes, that *is* water," he replied in the St. James lilt.

She opened her mouth to ask for a drink, then remembered. "Has it been boiled?"

He said he didn't know. He was a very small child, and he stared at her with big, beautiful liquid eyes. Evelyn knew that the water had *not* been boiled; no native ever dreamed of boiling water for drinking.

She sighed. "If you'll let me wet my handkerchief with it, and wash my face, I'll give you this orange," she said.

He slid down and untied the rope, and brought the bottle to her. She drenched her bandana and wiped her face and neck and hands. It felt wonderfully refreshing. She handed him back the bottle, and gave him his orange, and watched him go off down the road on his donkey.

After that, the stillness was uncanny. The only living thing was the sun, and it was so powerful it seemed to fill the universe with heat.

She spread the moist bandana out on her knees to dry.

Then a long, low, sinuous animal—it looked like a ferret—ran across the road. She leaped to her feet, all her aches and tiredness forgotten. She watched the creature disappear into a thicket on the right of the road. Standing there in the middle of the road, she became aware for the first time of a faint trail that crossed just here. To the right it dissolved into almost solid woods. But to the left, it seemed to lead the eye toward a stand of unusually tall and evenly spaced trees. Obviously this was the old walnut grove.

Evelyn stood looking at the entrance to the grove. She wiped her brow once more and stuffed the bandana in her hip pocket and thought, I really *must* go back if—

At that moment a faint but clear signal came floating up from far below. Three long blasts and two short ones. She listened, smiling a little. The mail boat was in. It would stay ten minutes; then it would go, passengers and all. Francette and her husband—and Joel. No matter how guilty Evelyn felt, it was too late now to do anything about it.

Oh, well, she thought, now that I'm here, I might as well take a look at the grove. She felt quite refreshed, as though she had had a long nap.

The entrance to the grove was choked with gigantic white-blossomed cactus and thorn bushes. Once she had worked her way around these, the track opened almost at once upon a handsome grove of trees.

And there, leaning against a tree with one foot propped against the bole, was the man she had seen from Mrs. Jardine's veranda last night.

"Why, hello!" she said. "You're Martin Jardine, aren't you!"

He smiled and said, "Yes, I am." He put his foot down and straightened up a little. "You're Evelyn."

"How did you know?" She was curious to see him closer, after what the others had told her, so she approached him with confidence, her eyes cataloguing him as she came. Tall and broad-shouldered, narrow and lean-looking from the waist down. Hair that had looked gray last night, but was actually a bleached yellow and cut short, probably in hopes of disguising those cowlicks; she had never seen so many. He had on white trousers and a thin white shirt through which his suntanned skin showed faintly. His sleeves were rolled up above the elbow, and she noticed that his hands, hanging at his sides, were like the hands of a workman, strong and calloused-looking.

Without waiting for an answer to her own question, she went on, "Why didn't you come up on the veranda last night? Why did you disappear like that?"

"I had an errand," he replied easily. "And how are Francette and Cynthia?"

"Cynthia's gone home, and Francette just left—" She stopped and bit her lip. "I should have been there to tell her good-by. I don't know why I had to come up here just when she was leaving."

"I do. You wanted to get out of saying good-by to that black-haired guy who's been hanging around you all morning."

Evelyn arched her eyebrows. "Oh—you saw that, did you? You certainly do get around!"

"Well, it's my island," he answered reasonably.

She agreed that yes, of course, it was.

He crossed his hands behind his back and leaned against them and the tree. "I'm pretty pleased with the way Francette and the Innes girl turned out," he said. "Now, what am I going to do about *you?*" It was not really a question; he was consulting himself, not her.

Evelyn stared. She chose a tree opposite his, and leaned against it imitatively. "Of course you've been *asked* to do something about me," she said, mildly ironical. He had a nice, if peculiar, way about him . . . and besides, he was Mrs. Jardine's son, and that gave him a certain leeway. In spite of his crudely cut hair, and his thickened hands, and the extreme casualness of his clothes, he was almost frighteningly handsome.

He looked at her, studied her. He took one hand from behind his back and scratched his jaw reflectively. "Yours is a curious case," he said finally. "It isn't exactly in my line, but it interests me." She gave a small uncertain laugh. He dropped his hand to his side. "I'm curious to know why you came here."

"Because I didn't want to see any more of—that man, just as you said. He was confusing me."

"I don't mean up here to the grove; to the island. Why did you come to our island?"

"To get a divorce," she answered quickly. "Like Cynthia. Like Francette."

He shook his head.

"Yes, really," she insisted. "My husband and I—"

"Hush." He took three strides and was standing in front of her. "Don't you know I can't help you if you keep talking about *him?*" he said, and put one hand on the trunk of the tree she leaned against, not far from her head. She

saw the long, pale, ridged track of an old scar running the length of his bronzed forearm, on the soft side, the side nearest her cheek. A faint animal warmth came from the brawny arm.

"Now," he said, leaning there on his hand and looking at her with eyes that caught the light like jewels, "let's think about what's best for you. But first—" He bent his head to her upraised face, and slowly brought his mouth down upon hers.

She had known, somehow, that this was going to happen. She let him kiss her twice more before she turned her face aside. Her heart was fluttering like a thing with wings.

"You see?" he said, bringing his weight back on his heels and dropping his hand. "You need love the way a plant needs the sun. So why be afraid of it?"

"I'm not afraid of love," she said dazedly. "It's the people who *say* they love you. Who say they love *me*, that is."

He nodded and thrust his hands into his trouser pockets. "Now we're getting somewhere. You see this ring?" He had taken one hand out of his pocket and was holding it out to her. She bent her head over his palm and studied the coarse, braided circlet that lay there. "It's a wishing ring. Made out of donkey's hairs. Elephant hairs are better, but we have no elephants, so we'll have to make do with what we have. Now then. We will decide the kind of honorable man you'd like to spend the rest of your life with. Tall, dark, short, fair, rich, poor, handsome—"

"Just a plain man," she said quickly. "Gentle, but not too soft. A man who likes to laugh and be happy."

"Now that's interesting. Why?"

"Because a *good* man can't very well be happy unless the people around him are happy, too. So he tries to make them that way."

"Good for you!" applauded Martin Jardine. He beamed. "Now we bury the ring and the wish will come true." He cocked one heel and twisted it in the soft soil to make a small depression. "This do?"

She pulled at the lobe of her ear. "It's your ring and your responsibility," she said, uncertain whether to smile or be serious.

"Very well." He bent over and dropped the ring in the hole, then smoothed the soil back over with his sneaker-shod foot.

Evelyn watched. "There's a catch in this somewhere," she predicted. "I'm supposed to do something, I'll bet."

"Oh, just believe," he replied lightly. "Believe in the ring—and me. That's only customary. It's in all the formulas, isn't it?"

She nodded. "I think so."

He glanced up at the patch of sky visible above the tall trees. "It's a quarter to five, and you'd better run along now."

"Yes, of course." She looked around her. The shadows in the grove had really deepened; they were thick and almost tangible, like gray-green smoke, and she felt cool. She took her bandana out of her pocket and slung it around her neck. "Well—good-by. I hope to see you again soon."

"Good-by."

She walked away, knotting her improvised scarf as she went. When she reached the largest of the cactus plants and was about to step around it out of sight, he called to her.

"Oh, Evelyn!"

She turned. He was standing as she had found him, looking very human and handsome and vital under the tall, aloof majesty of the ancient tree. Even at that distance she noticed the nice expression around his mouth and the movement of his brilliant, restless eyes.

"What?"

"He's coming to meet you here, on St. James. So don't run away. In fact, he's on his way now."

"Who?" she asked.

"Your tall dark stranger."

"*Who?*"

"Your happy man."

"Oh—" she began, almost exasperated. But he had lifted his hand to her and turned, and was walking off into another part of the grove.

Chapter 8

"**Just in time** for a cocktail," Iris called out cheerily as Evelyn came hurrying up the steps. "I was wondering if I'd have to drink this alone."

Evelyn opened the screened door and came into the enclosure.

"Did they get away?" she asked breathlessly. "Was Francette angry with me for not being here?"

"She was a little disappointed," replied Iris. "I wouldn't say she was angry, no. Left here arm-in-arm with that nice husband of hers, looking like a new woman. Downright pretty, almost . . . yes, there's nothing like a little love to brighten a woman up."

"I suppose not," agreed Evelyn, sinking into a chair. She took the glass Iris held out to her. "Gosh, I'm glad to get home."

"Mrs. Hayden left this for you." Iris rummaged in her shirt pocket and brought out a scrap of folded paper. "It's her address and telephone number in New York." She handed the slip to Evelyn. "Mr. Godwyn said tell you he'd ring you up when you got back to New York. He's an inquisitive young man."

"He certainly is." Evelyn read Francette's note and tucked it in her blouse. "Guess who I met this afternoon, up there on the mountainside," she said with a bright glance.

"Who?" Iris asked obligingly.

"Martin. Martin Jardine."

"*You* saw Martin Jardine?" Iris put her glass down and became very still. "Where?"

"In that old grove," replied Evelyn, for some reason feeling pleased with herself. "For that matter, he was right outside the veranda here last night, only I didn't talk to him then."

"Martin," murmured Iris in a queer voice. She put up her hand and covered her eyes.

Evelyn felt disconcerted. "I didn't say anything about it," she ventured, "because I gathered somehow that one doesn't talk about him here. I hope I'm not—"

"Oh, no indeed." Iris took her hand down. Her face had changed. She looked bright-eyed, as though she knew a secret that amused her.

Watching her, Evelyn said, "He was just—just standing there in the moonlight—and then he went away."

"So you've seen Martin," mused Iris, off on a thought-train of her own.

"Yes—and so have Cynthia and Francette. We all like him very much. *Very* much, Mrs. Jardine." Evelyn spoke with marked emphasis; she was prepared to stand up for the son against the mother if she had to.

Iris sat back in her chair. She inhaled audibly through her nostrils, a derisive sound. "I'll bet you do! Did you tell *him* you were down here getting divorced?"

"I tried to. He wouldn't listen."

Iris nodded. Her gray gaze washed over Evelyn and passed on. "Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Innes—I might have known! Up to his old tricks again, is he? He'll put us all out of business down here." She sounded more pleased than otherwise.

"I don't understand," Evelyn said, frowning and feeling that she had lost the thread of this conversation.

"The divorce business," Iris said. "I hate it, but it's about all I have, and I'm afraid he'll ruin it. Don't you see—those two women went back just as much married as when they came, didn't they?"

"Yes. But I'm still here."

"Oh, now, don't let's keep *that* up," said Iris. "Now that the others are gone."

"I don't know what you mean," Evelyn said, her breath quickening.

"You're not getting a divorce any more than I am," Iris said kindly. "*You* aren't even married."

Evelyn was silent. She sank down in her chair, feeling as though she had come undone. Her legs ached from the long climb and the rushing return down the mountain. Well—that's that, she thought, and in a way, I'm glad it's over. She leaned her head back to watch a cluster of rose-and-fuchsia clouds forming into one great spreading cloud above the place where the sun had gone down. It was so beautiful . . . and peaceful as a dream. It was beauty that enfolded you, like great wings.

"Are you?" Iris persisted.

A spider ran along one of the overhead beams, came to the edge of the roof, and threw himself off, leaving a gossamer thread where none had been before.

"No," Evelyn said wearily, "I'm not."

Iris said, "That's what I thought. Seen too many of the real married ones, the real divorcing ones, to be fooled by a nice girl like you. And besides—no lawyers sending me papers to sign; no legal mail. I'll bet you're running away from a love affair—not a marriage. Of course, I could be wrong—"

"You could be, but you aren't." Evelyn drew a deep breath and let it out in a sigh. She thought, I might as well get this over with. "He had a wife."

"They do, sometimes."

"Well, I didn't know it. He came to this little town where I lived, to teach music at the school there. I went to one of his classes. He was young, and bold, and better-looking than Joel Godwyn ever thought of being."

"You think Mr. *Godwyn's* good-looking—and you've seen Martin Jardine?"

"Yes— Well, anyway, we eloped. We were 'married' by a minister in the first town we came to on the way to Asheville. That was where we were going to spend our honeymoon—in Asheville. Only something got into an Asheville newspaper about us—just a few lines, but someone saw it and told his wife, and she caught up with him there." She spread her hands helplessly. "And that's the story."

Iris nodded sympathetically. "Oh, these musicians," she commented. "I'll bet I know the rest. You couldn't go home and face people, so you went to New York and got a job and buried yourself away from everybody. And you've been running away from everybody ever since. Tell me—" She broke off. "I can't keep calling you Mrs. Wilder. What's your real name?"

"Mannerly. Evelyn Mannerly."

"That's a pretty name. And his name was Alan Wilder?"

"It still is. He's still somewhere in the South, teaching music, living with his wife and two children—"

She let it go at that. Her hands lay quietly in her lap. The fuchsia cloud was dark purple now, streaked with gentian violet and cobalt blue. The first star appeared out of nowhere and twinkled tentatively in an almost colorless sky.

Then all at once she saw another star, a man-made one, twinkling on the little wooded island to the southwest. She pointed at it, exclaiming, "Hey, there's a light over there!"

"Oh, yes," Iris answered absently. "The owner came this afternoon while you were out walking. His boat is anchored around on the other side. He's camping over there with a servant or two, I imagine, hoping he'll get his place built before he dies of old age. . . . Evelyn?"

"Yes?"

"Did you tell your story, the one you just told me, to —to the man you talked to this afternoon?"

"To your son? No. He wouldn't listen."

"I have no son," Iris replied tranquilly.

"But he—but Martin Jardine—"

"Is not *my* son. I never had a son."

"Well, then—" Evelyn began, and was about to go methodically into the question of nephews, cousins, distant relatives and so on, when something checked her like a hand. Some quality emanated from the woman sitting beside her—or from the surrounding silence—or from what, she did not know. The air was so hushed that when a night bird piped—once—twice—and was still, she felt as though a trumpet had blown.

"Then who *is* he?" she asked at last, her eyes wide as a young colt's.

"He's—well, I'm not exactly sure," Iris said slowly. "But one Sunday a long time ago, I had a date to be married by a priest in St. Agnes' church to a boy named Martin Jardine."

"*How* long ago?" asked Evelyn in a breathless voice.

"About thirty years."

Evelyn's fingers flew up and pressed her cheek. She thought of Martin's youth. "That can't be the one!" she said in a half-whisper.

"I'm not sure but what it is, though," Iris answered, her voice so hearty that Evelyn almost jumped. After a moment she went on, in a much softer tone, "His family came to the Virgin Islands from Brittany. That's in France. His grandparents planted that grove, and built a good house. It burned down later." She paused and watched a small fishing boat tack homeward through the mauve-colored light. After a while she went on:

"He had the darndest pale yellow hair, growing every which way; I have a lock of it put away somewhere. All he cared about was the sea, and me . . . that's his old boat, lying down there by the dock, upside down. Our two families were the only white people on St. James, and he and I were the only children. His mother taught us to dance."

All this was said in a steady, factual way, as though there was nothing unusual about any of it.

"When the war came, I said to myself, Here's where I lose him. He'll never come back—"

"He was in the *war?*" said Evelyn, startled.

"The *first* World War," Iris reminded her dryly. "It must have been quite an experience for a young man born in these islands. He told me once about the days and nights in the trenches, and the way the men talked about Paris and the fun they'd have. He was wounded—a bayonet cut along his left arm—and they sent him out of the lines and he had a big time. But always he kept thinking about home. About this island that he loved as some men love women. He loved me, too, though, and it wasn't the world that took him away from me; it was the sea."

"What—" Evelyn stopped. A servant had come to the door and coughed. Iris turned her head. "Yes, Queensberry? What is it?"

"Charity wants to know can she put the *langousta* on to boil now."

"Yes. Tell her to go ahead." Iris waited until the cook's husband had vanished. "The wedding was set for the second Sunday in September," she went on in a calm voice. "But because I was marrying a man of a different faith, my father insisted that we hold a civil ceremony the Wednesday before. He did . . . and two days later Martin was lost in a storm."

"Oh—"

Iris was silent. Her hands, which had been fiddling with a loose button on her shirt, now lay quiet in her lap. Somewhere far in the back of the house a dish crashed. Something muffled was said in a St. Jamesian voice, followed by laughter.

Iris brooded. "The hurricanes came early, and they were bad, that year," she said after a while. "He was caught out there somewhere. Some natives found his boat on the coral reef behind Morning Star Island. They towed it home." She broke off and looked at the button in her hand with an air of surprise.

"Two days," Evelyn said wonderingly. "You were married just two days." Her throat ached around the hard knot of her pity.

"Married? Oh, you mean the 'Mrs. Jardine' business. The civil service was not a marriage in Martin's eyes, of course. I'm what you might call a married virgin." As she spoke, Iris stood up. She thrust back her chair with one knee and began straightening the magazines on the porch table.

Evelyn's head was whirling. She kept seeing two men, just alike, and no amount of trying could merge them into one. Martin Jardine in the first World War. Martin Jardine in the grove. Martin all over this island. . . .

"Why do you stay here?" she demanded suddenly. "How can you stand it?"

"How? I just worked out my own explanation. I said, Suppose Time's like one of those escalator stairways I read about once. If everybody rides it, we all go up together. But suppose a few people step off for a little while, then get back on again. . . . Maybe I keep thinking that somehow—somehow *I* can step off the escalator, too . . . wouldn't that be wonderful?" She patted the top of Evelyn's head. "I've never spent a night away from the island, just in case."

"Oh, poor Mrs. Jardine!" whispered Evelyn. She was thoroughly shaken, and scared.

"Don't 'poor Mrs. Jardine' me." Iris said briskly. She blew her nose loudly and thoroughly, and sat back down again. "What about you? You seem to have gone way off by yourself and got into a barrel and pulled the lid on top of you."

"I'm all right," Evelyn said, her voice low and small. "I'd like to get even deeper down in the barrel, now."

"Well you shouldn't. It's unnatural."

"I would, though." Evelyn spoke softly but defiantly. "The lonelier it is, the better I like it." Having said this, the truth of it suddenly pierced her. She was a blunderer where people were concerned; she only made mistakes.

For a moment there this afternoon when Martin kissed her she had felt like a different person: happy and confident and free. Martin had—

Forget Martin Jardine, she told herself in a sharp, firm, inner voice—the voice that, once it spoke, always got the upper hand. She rose and began pacing the veranda.

You, the voice went on, addressing the small, weak self inside—the self that loved its daydreams—you stop right now trafficking in counterfeit things: a counterfeit husband (though that was not your fault), a counterfeit divorce (just because your poor little subconscious thought that might wash away the stain of the other), and now a counterfeit kiss—

Oh, no! she cried silently, wringing her hands. That was real—that was *real!* And hadn't Mrs. Jardine said something just now about Martin ruining business? Surely that could only mean—

"Mrs. Jardine?"

"Yes?"

"You *did* say that you're afraid of his—of Martin's—ruining the divorce business, didn't you?" Her voice pleaded for the answer she wanted to hear.

Iris Jardine's mouth softened. She reached a long arm back, and as Evelyn passed, still pacing, behind her chair, caught her by the wrist and drew her forward.

"Yes, I did," she answered quietly. She looked up at the girl whose wrist she held imprisoned and said, "Now don't go to pieces, Evelyn. There's so much—so much!—that we don't understand, don't know. And how arrogant the human animal is!"

"Arrogant?"

"Yes. If it's the unknown—if *we* don't know all about it—then it's bound to be dismal, gray, 'spooky,' we say. Now why mightn't it just as well be sunny and gay?" She

gave the girl's wrist a little squeeze and let it go. "Why not?"

Evelyn laughed shakily. "There certainly isn't anything spooky about Martin— Oh, Iris!" Her voice broke. She turned away and groped for a chair, and stood there leaning on the back of it, looking out, not seeing the tattered sails of the little boats coming home for the night, or the richer brightness of the stars.

How dumb she had been, being taken in by Alan that way! As it turned out, any number of people, including one of her own brothers, could have told her he was married.

He'd insisted on secrecy, saying something about his contract with the school prohibiting marriage for one year. A child could have seen through that. But she! She was too busy dancing on a cloud!

Well, she had paid the piper: her good name swept away, her friends that she had been brought up among, gone, her home . . .

Thinking of home, and her mother, she felt a sudden familiar wave of homesickness. It passed, though. She had trained herself to shake off that strange, down-pulled feeling under the heart. Three times now she had put forth a tentative suggestion, by letter, that she would like to come home very quietly for a short visit, mostly to see her mother. But each time Mamma wrote back telling her not to come. "Yes, of course I still love you, baby, but I'm just now getting to where I can look people in the eye again, and perhaps you'd better not come. It'll only remind them of things."

Sometimes she got so hungry for a sight of her pretty, pink-cheeked, sweet-smelling mother that it seemed to her she could almost die of longing. But that, too, she was learning to control, because she had to. . . .

"I'm glad you asked me about Martin—and the divorce business," Iris said cheerfully. "I have a theory that I'd like to hear your opinion of. You see, we live closer to Nature here than most people do, and it's easier to notice the way Nature resents having her books thrown out of balance. Take the mongooses, for example."

"I saw one this afternoon."

"Yes, well—the early settlers brought mongooses to these islands to drive away the snakes. It worked all right—there's not a snake anywhere around here—but now some complain that the mongooses are more nuisance than the snakes ever could have been. Far more nuisance. Now you take divorce—"

"Divorce?" echoed Evelyn in surprise. "I don't quite see how—"

"Of course you don't, until I tell you. Now marriage is a natural thing. Nature invented it, practically. And if there ever was a sweet, simple, idyllic setting for happy marriages, it was these islands. Why, you know yourself how people speak of them as Paradise, and the Garden of Eden, and so on. Well, now everybody says the thing to do is to go to the Virgin Islands to get your divorce. They tell each other, 'It's the *ideal* place, my dear,'—Iris mimicked one woman talking to another—'to get your divorce; it's *chic*.'" Her tone was pungent with disgust, so much so that Evelyn was obliged to laugh.

"Well," continued Iris, "*I* think making the Islands a divorce center has upset old lady Nature's plans in some way or other. And it seems to me that if she were looking around for a good Agent to put things right, she couldn't have picked a better one than Mar—"

"Someone's coming," Evelyn said, low.

"Oh?" Iris got to her feet and started toward the screen door. "I wonder who— Oh—it's the man who owns that island—now what can he want?" She pushed open the screening and went out to meet the stranger striding across the sand toward her front steps.

Evelyn, standing in the dark and leaning on the back of the chair, could see nothing of the man's features; all she saw was the silhouette. He was bareheaded and gave the impression of being tall and dark and young—much too young to own an island, she thought inconsequently.

"Good evening," Iris was saying. From the foot of the steps came his answering "Hello," and his hand made the checked gesture that some men make who live in a city and wear a hat.

"I'm in something of a jam." His voice was low and pleasant. He'll get whatever it is he wants from Mrs. Jardine, thought Evelyn, listening. "All the groceries have disappeared over there"—he waved an arm—"or have been misplaced, or something. I can't locate the fellow who was supposed to have laid in the stores for me. While I was looking for them, and getting ready to cook me a snack of supper, I found that all the fresh water had been spoiled. Ruined."

"Oh, what a tale of woe," Iris said affably. "What happened to your fresh water?"

"Goats got into it. There are either wild goats over there, or goats that belong to somebody who has parked them on the island. That wouldn't matter except they—the goats, I mean—got to fooling around the drum of kerosene and spilled it into the drinking water. . . . Tell me, Mrs. Jardine—are you ever troubled with pixies around here?"

"Now and then." Iris spoke placidly and glanced back across her shoulder toward the darkness of the screened veranda. "Adds to the fun of things, though."

Martin, Martin—where are you now? thought Evelyn, the corners of her mouth turning up in the beginning of a smile.

"I'd already sent the boat to St. Thomas to pick up some building material I wanted to start work with early in the morning, and I had a h— I had a hard time signaling that boy down the beach there to come and get me, and row me over here. Could you put me up for the night? Maybe a couple of nights? Just until things—simmer down over there?"

"Be glad to," answered Iris. "Just you?"

"Just me. You sure it won't inconvenience you?"

"Not a bit. It almost looks as though you were meant to stay with us a little while, doesn't it?" she added pleasantly. "Well, come on in and sit down and have a cocktail, and by that time, dinner should be ready."

He turned and semaphored to someone far down the beach—the boy who had rowed him across. A lantern swung in reply. He put his foot on the first step and began coming up, two steps at a time.

"This makes me a happy man," he was saying. Evelyn, wondering what he would look like, heard someone singing, faint and far away.

Or perhaps it was inside herself.

. . . THE END

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